

PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR

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TRAINING WITH THE
CHAMP
IN THE JUNGLE WITH
MANNY
PACQUAO

20Q
RASHIDA
JONES

TAKE YOUR
BLACKBERRY
AND **SHOVE IT**
THE CULT OF THE
BUSINESSMAN
IS DEAD

THE
COLLEGE
ISSUE

GIRLS
OF THE SEC

COMMUNING
WITH THE **CHUCK**
UNDEAD PALAHNIUK
ON ZOMBCON

THE INTERVIEW
ANTHONY
BOURDAIN

THE NEW
SUPER
HACKER
UNDERGROUND



THE PINNACLE OF PARTY PLANNING: BASKETBALL 101.

All it takes is a fully stocked fridge to get the boys over to watch some hoops. You don't even have to clean up. But how do you entice the ladies? Here are some tips on how to throw a party so you can have your babes and basketball too.

Girls love a theme party! Attention to detail proves to female guests that you've got game. Real invitations (buy some stamps) score pre-game points. If you text invites, download a basketball emoticon. 🏀

In addition to the obligatory chips, salsa, burgers and dogs, cut up raw vegetables and arrange them on a plate. Serve with dip and call it crudités (cru-de-tay'). Bonus points if you hollow out a bread loaf for the dip. Light a scented candle in the bathroom. Make your bed. Hide this magazine.



Rent cheerleader costumes, buy pom poms, and choreograph a half time show for your female guests. Rehearse with them. Google "krumping." Watch Beyoncé videos.

Everyone likes to learn something new. Teach guests who are unfamiliar with the finer points of the game how to dribble. Offer to tutor slow learners at a later date, one-on-one.

Conversation tip: Be chill if a guest says the Harlem Globetrotters are her favorite NBA team.



THE SLAM DUNK

Serve fun theme cocktails like *Slam Dunk*, *Three Point Shot*, *Playmaker*, and *Full Court Press*. Don't forget the super cute swizzle sticks or the Pinnacle Vodka. This award-winning, quadruple distilled French spirit is smooth as silk. More points for you.

Should anyone become restless, suggest a game of Twister. TiVo the basketball Game. Put on your half time show. Sip Pinnacle Vodka on the rocks and enjoy.

SLAM DUNK

1 part Pinnacle Vodka
2 parts Club Soda
Splash Cranberry Juice
Mix in a glass filled with ice.
Garnish with a lime wedge.

FULL COURT PRESS

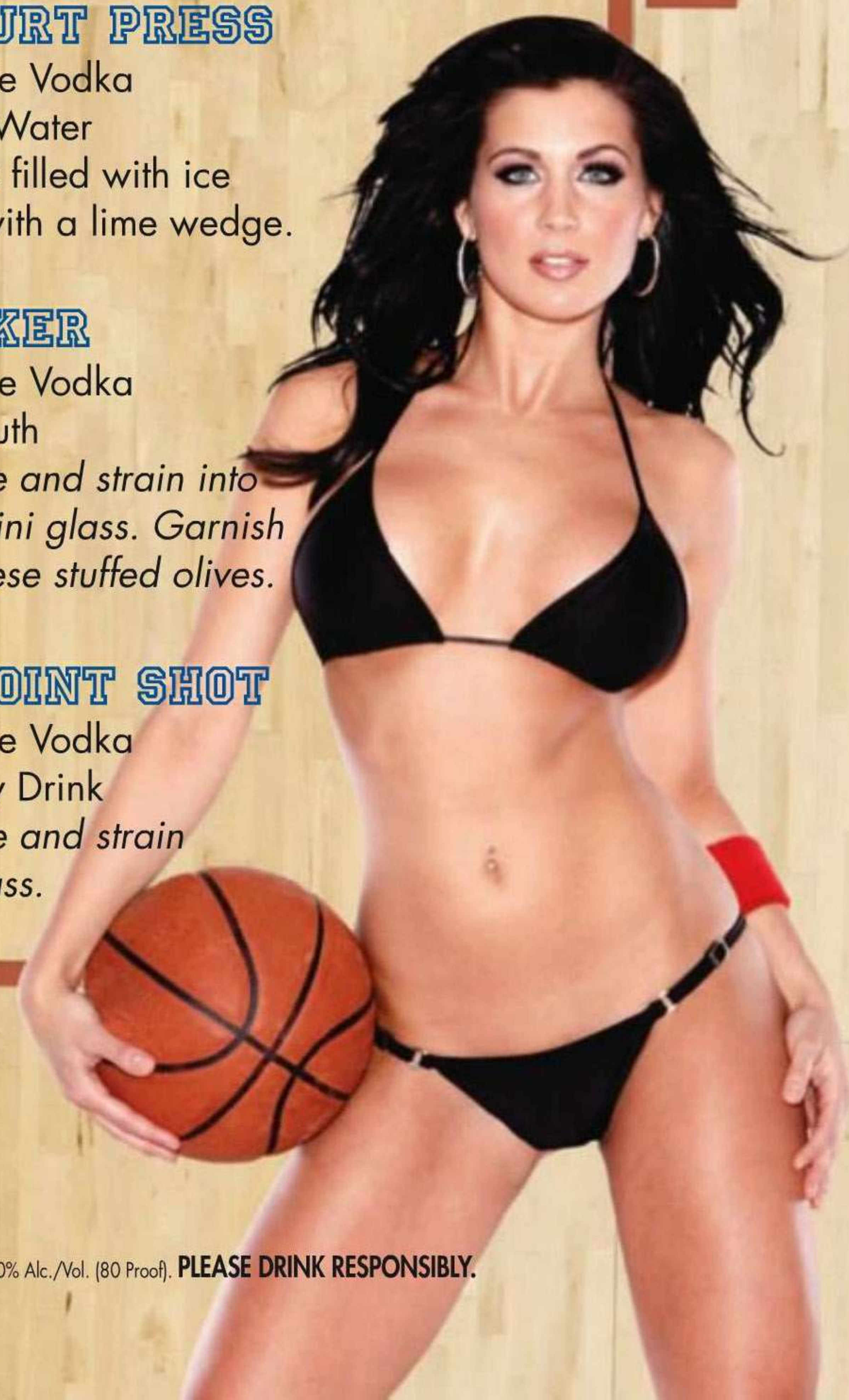
1 part Pinnacle Vodka
2 parts Tonic Water
Mix in a glass filled with ice
and garnish with a lime wedge.

PLAYMAKER

1 part Pinnacle Vodka
Splash Vermouth
Shake with ice and strain into a chilled martini glass. Garnish with blue cheese stuffed olives.

THREE POINT SHOT

1 part Pinnacle Vodka
½ part Energy Drink
Shake with ice and strain into a shot glass.



SCAN FOR RECIPES

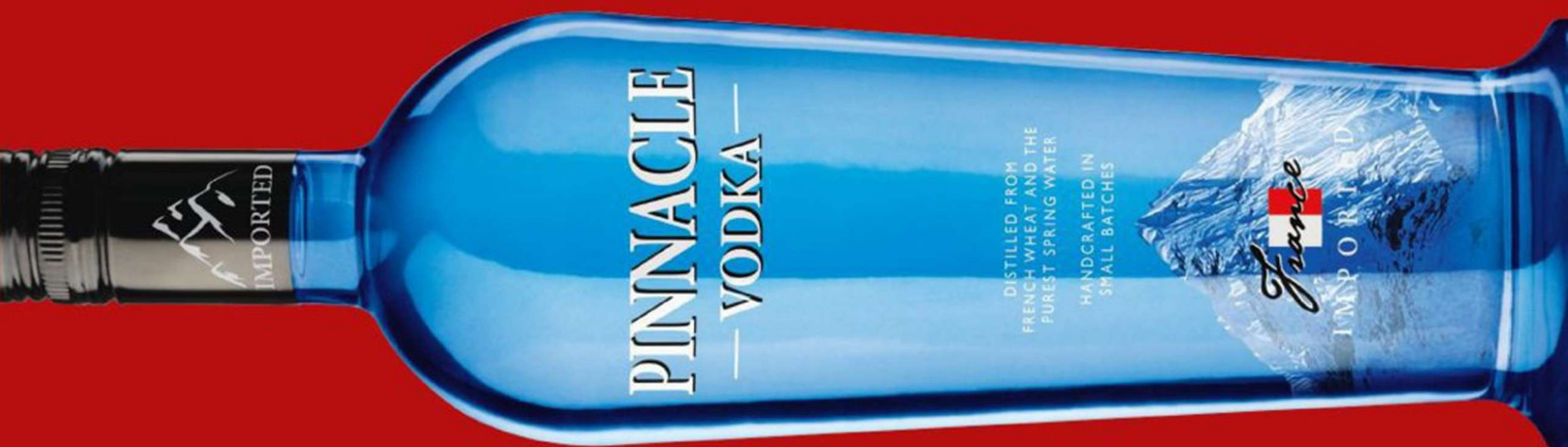


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— VODKA —

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Bottoms up!



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“#1 Premium Spirit”

-In Growth, IMPACT Magazine, 2011

JOHNNY DEPP

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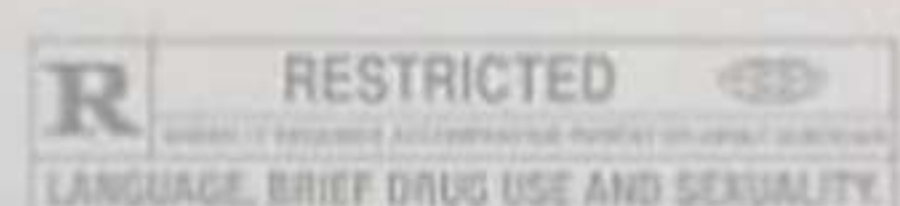


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WRITTEN FOR THE SCREEN AND DIRECTED BY BRUCE ROBINSON



IN THEATERS OCTOBER 28TH



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Senior Engineer
Mazda North American Operations

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Our goal? Ultimate efficiency. Achieve the unheard of, where fuel economy, low emissions and outstanding driving performance coexist in cars accessible to everyone. Pulling it off meant starting with a clean slate, not just carrying over old parts—and old ideas. It meant starting from the ground up and rethinking everything to work together in unprecedented harmony. We call it SKYACTIV® TECHNOLOGY.

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Reimagining the automobile wasn't the goal, it just ended up that way. But that's who we are, and that's what we do. Because for us, if it's not worth driving, it's not worth building.

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MACANUDO
ONE  ALL

We hold our College Fiction Contest just once a year. As usual, the winning entry is worth the wait. After sorting through hundreds of submissions, we chose *Hot Damn* by **Martha Stallman** of Texas State University. Stallman takes us with persevering Pete as he goes to the mailbox with his dog to pick up his disability check so he can pay Lucy, the hooker who provides him with “girlfriend experiences.” It’s a simple beginning that of course leads to a crossroad of complications. The story has punch, as does Manny Pacquiao, who may be the best fighter since Ali and who on November 12 will battle Juan Manuel Marquez and then, maybe, perhaps, in 2012 Floyd Mayweather Jr. **Kevin Cook** profiles the Filipino fighter and politician in *Pacquiao*. If you can imagine waking up from a Manny punch, you may sympathize with how a zombie feels. We couldn’t think of anyone better than the acclaimed **Chuck Palahniuk**, whose new funny creepy novel is *Damned*, to send to ZomBcon in Seattle. In *Slouching, Lurching and Salivating Toward Bethlehem*, he reports on the party life of the undead. Back in the world of the hot-blooded, **Rashida Jones**, star of *Parks and Recreation* and daughter of Quincy Jones, explains in *20Q* why she believes marriage is on its way out and why she fantasizes about shopping naked at the Apple Store. As it happens, the first e-book we downloaded to our iPad was the *Kama Sutra*. In *The History of Sex, Part One: Sir Richard Burton*, **Turtle Bunbury** chronicles the life of the Indiana Jones of sex, who in 1883 published the Indian treatise on love and sex in English. Given the many secrets we possess, such as what we’re working on for the holiday issues, it’s no surprise some shady characters want to peek into our servers. They want your secrets, too. Who are these guys? **Noah Shachtman** pulls back the curtain in *The Anatomy of Hacking*. Although she isn’t Muslim, **Sila Şahin**—of Turkish descent—caused a stir among fundamentalists in Europe when she appeared on the cover of *PLAYBOY* Germany. Undaunted, Şahin introduces herself to North America in *Turkish Delight*. What should every man know how to do in the kitchen? Find out in our *Playboy Interview* with **Anthony Bourdain**, host of *No Reservations* and a new series called *The Layover*. The acerbic chef also shares the joys of such delicacies as seal eyeballs and iguana and explains how to make an unforgettable hamburger. Can we start with the burger?



Martha Stallman



Kevin Cook



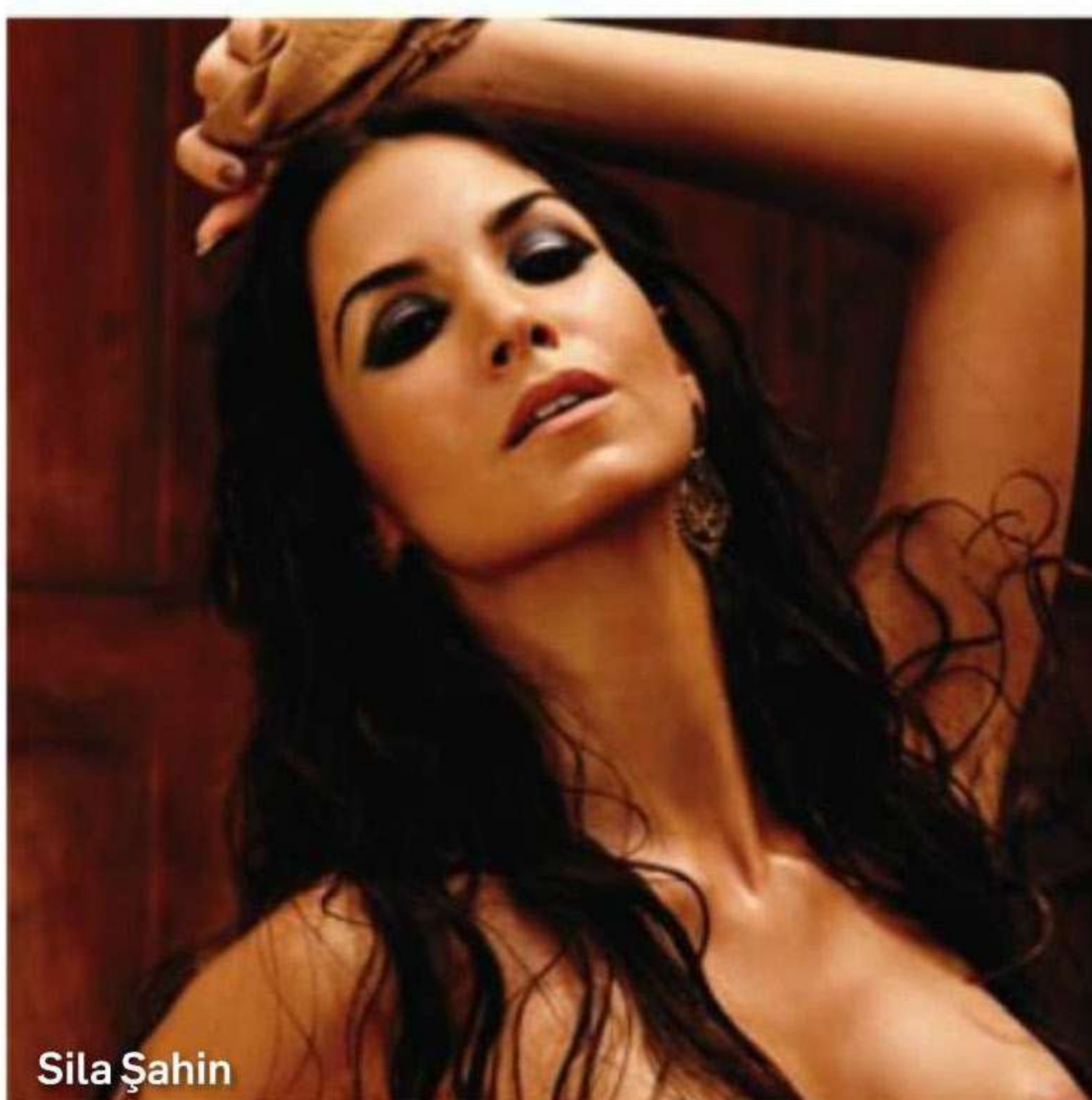
Chuck Palahniuk



Turtle Bunbury



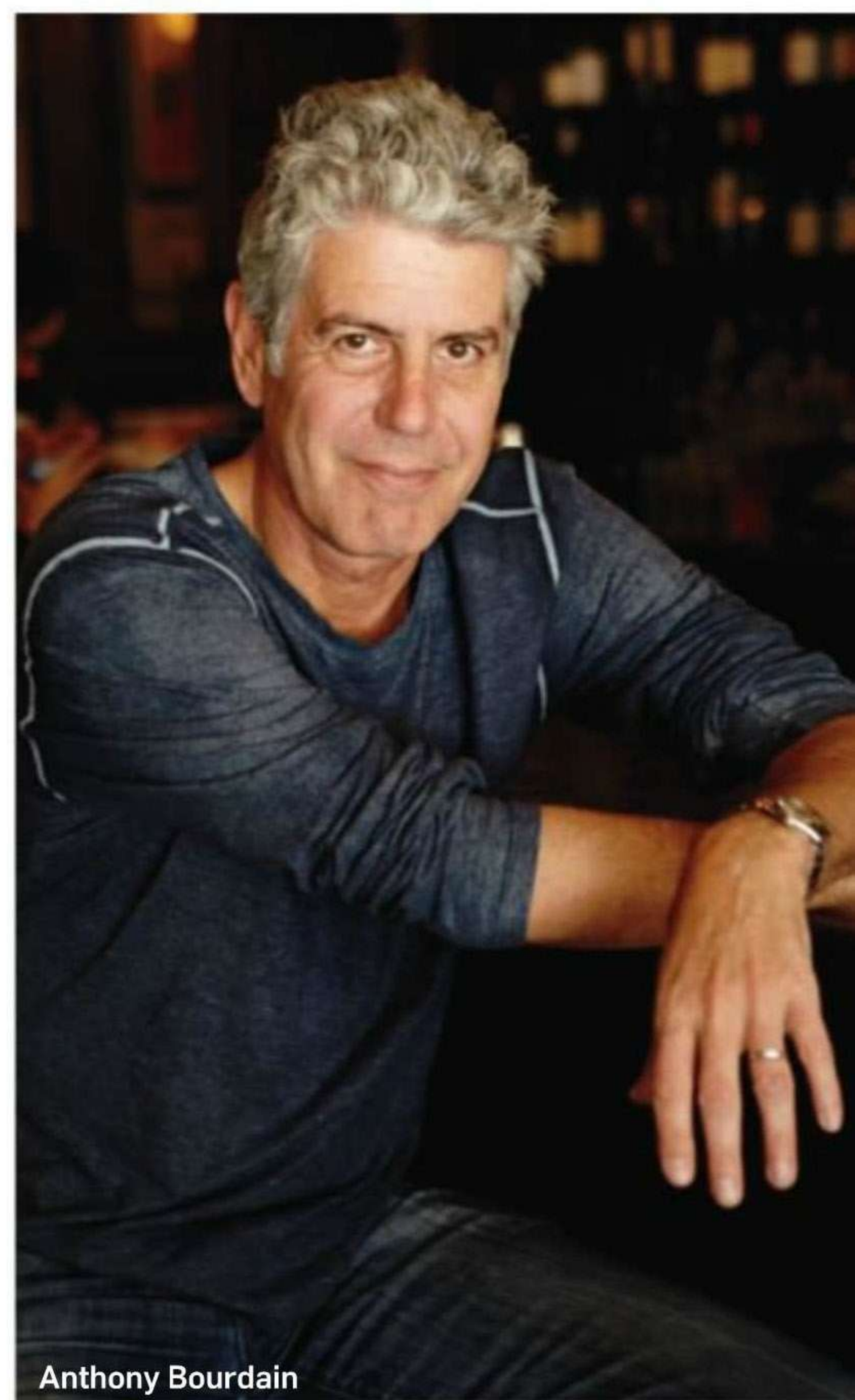
Noah Shachtman



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Rashida Jones



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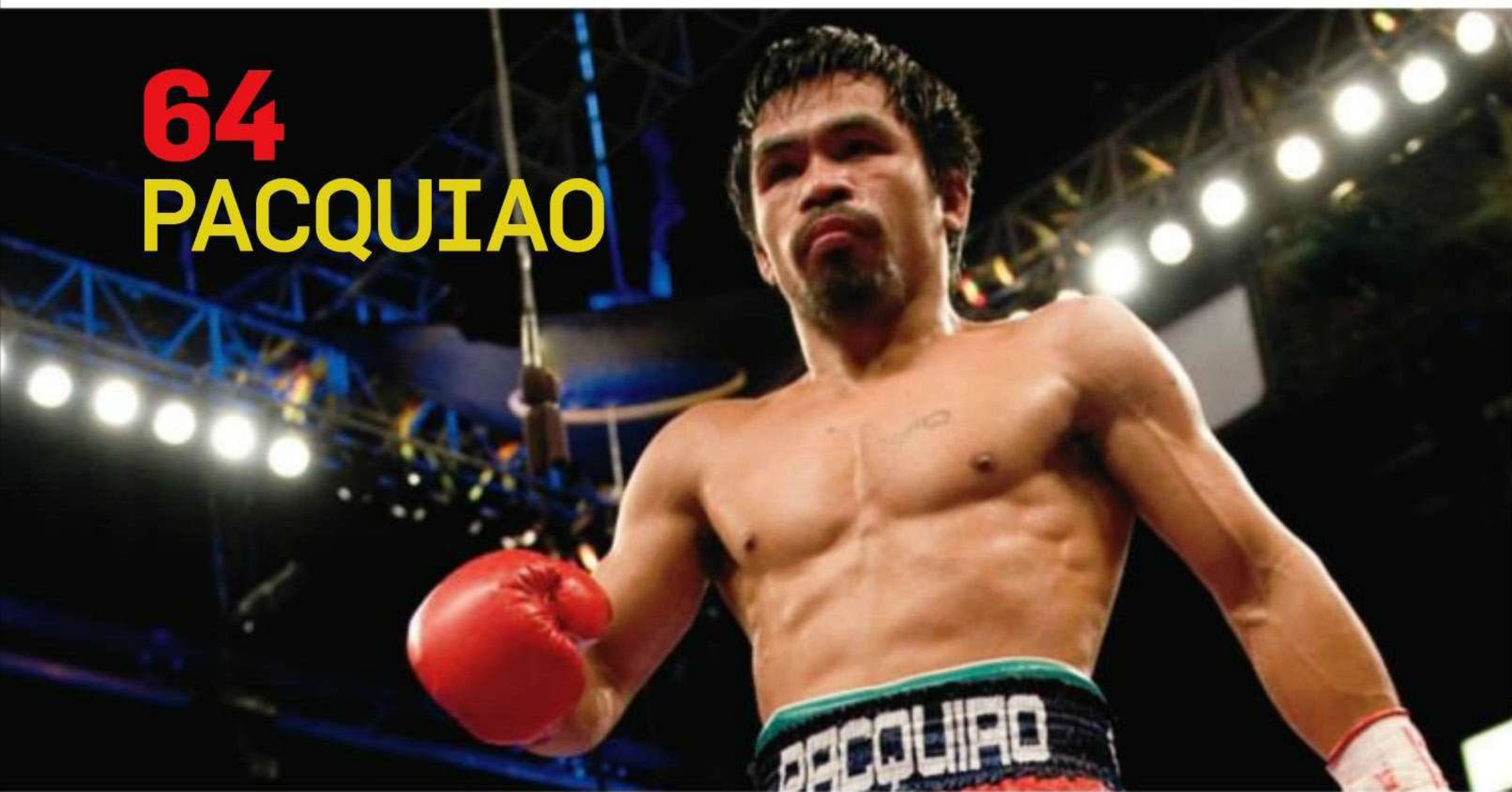
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PLAYBOY

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Not surprisingly, the schools that make up the country's most impressive college conference also happen to house some of the nation's most impressive student bodies. The sexy coeds of the Southeast loosened their buttons for PLAYBOY's photographers, and our Rabbit enjoyed the view from his bunny hole.

PLAYBOY

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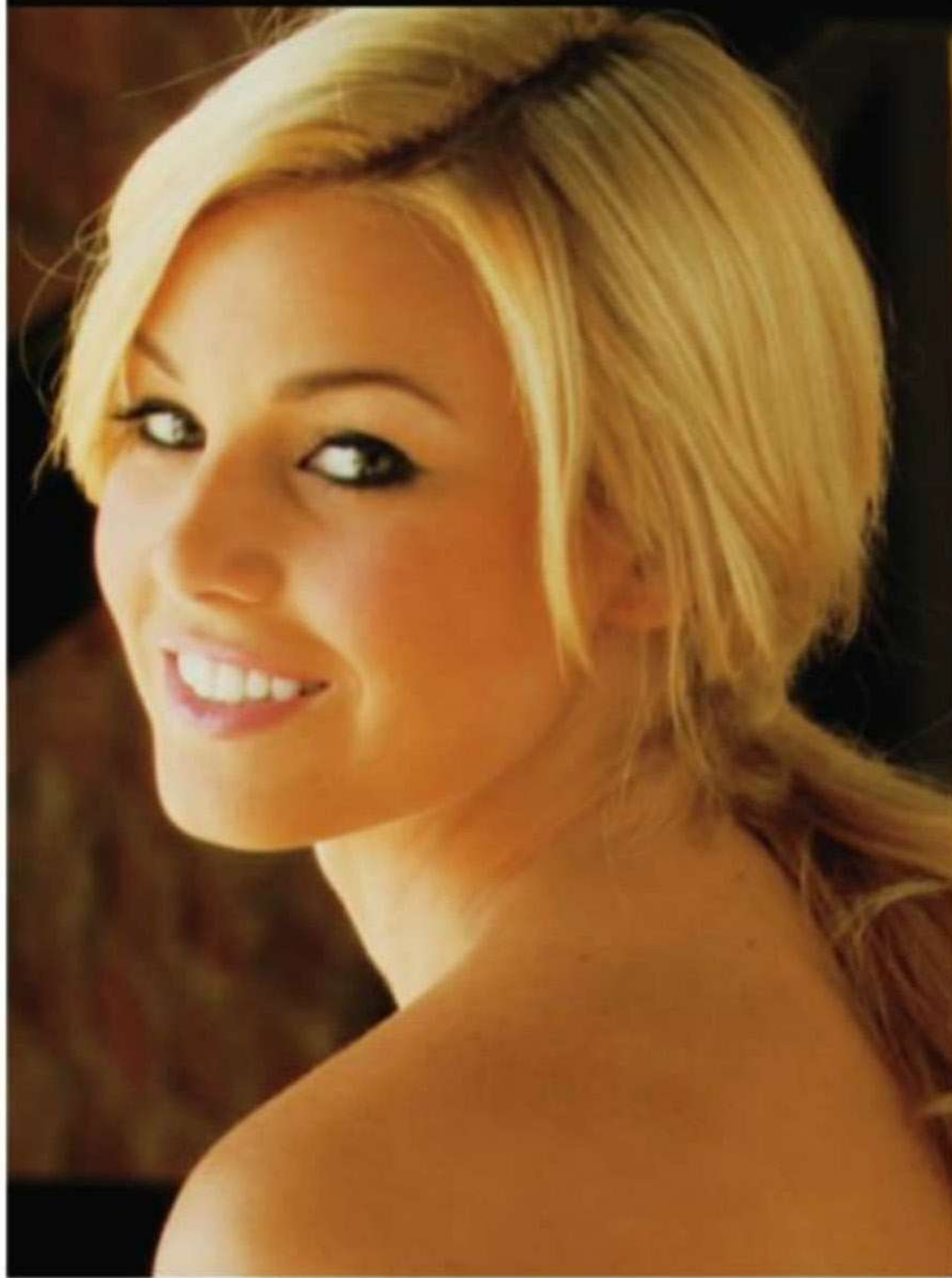
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TOP COLLEGE FOOTBALL PROGRAMS Playboy prognosticator Gary Cole picks his all-time favorites—and Playmate Jaime Edmondson sports their jerseys.

PLAYBOY'S NEW PARTY GIRLS Follow our sexy roving reporters as they chronicle their nightlife adventures.

GIRLS OF THE SEC See even more photos exclusively in the Playboy Cyber Club.

THE SMOKING JACKET Bored? Visit our safe-for-work sister site thesmokingjacket.com for girls, cool gear and daily internet hilarity.



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THE SWEET SMELL OF SUCCESS

Find your perfect personal scent with our complete guide to this fall's freshest, most enticing fragrances.

By **JENNIFER RYAN JONES**



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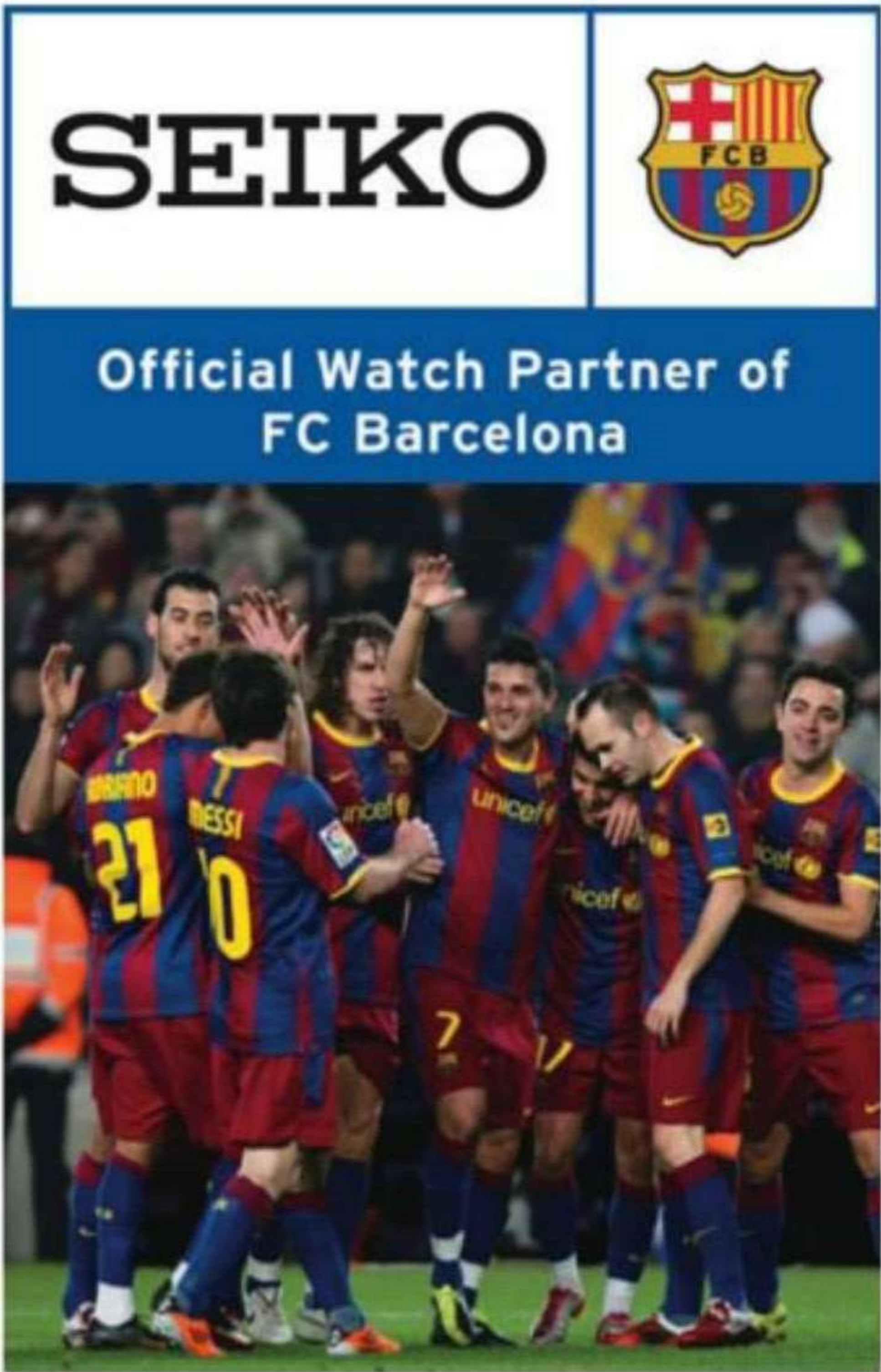
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BLA, BLA
BLA

**GIRLS
CARS
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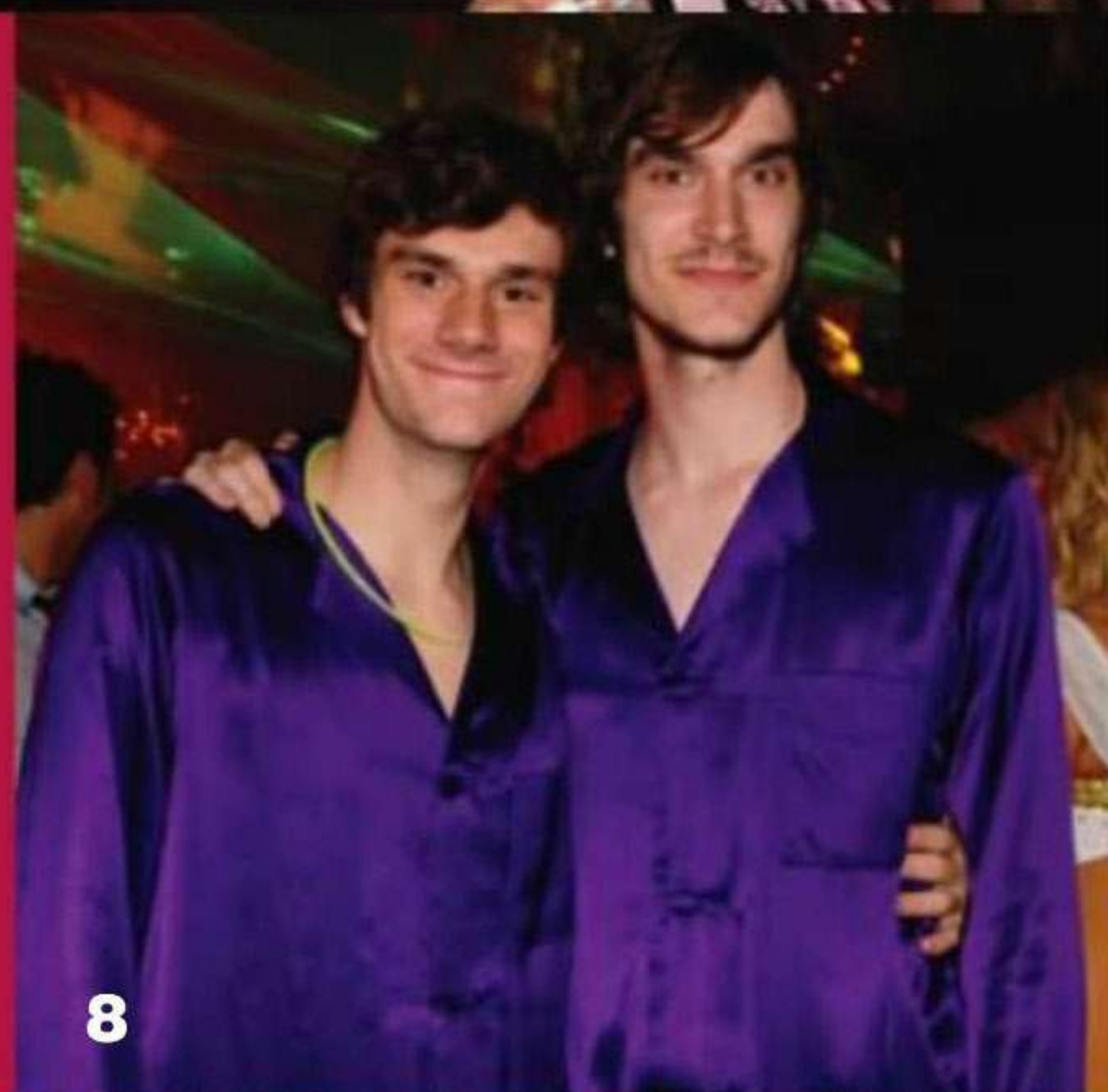
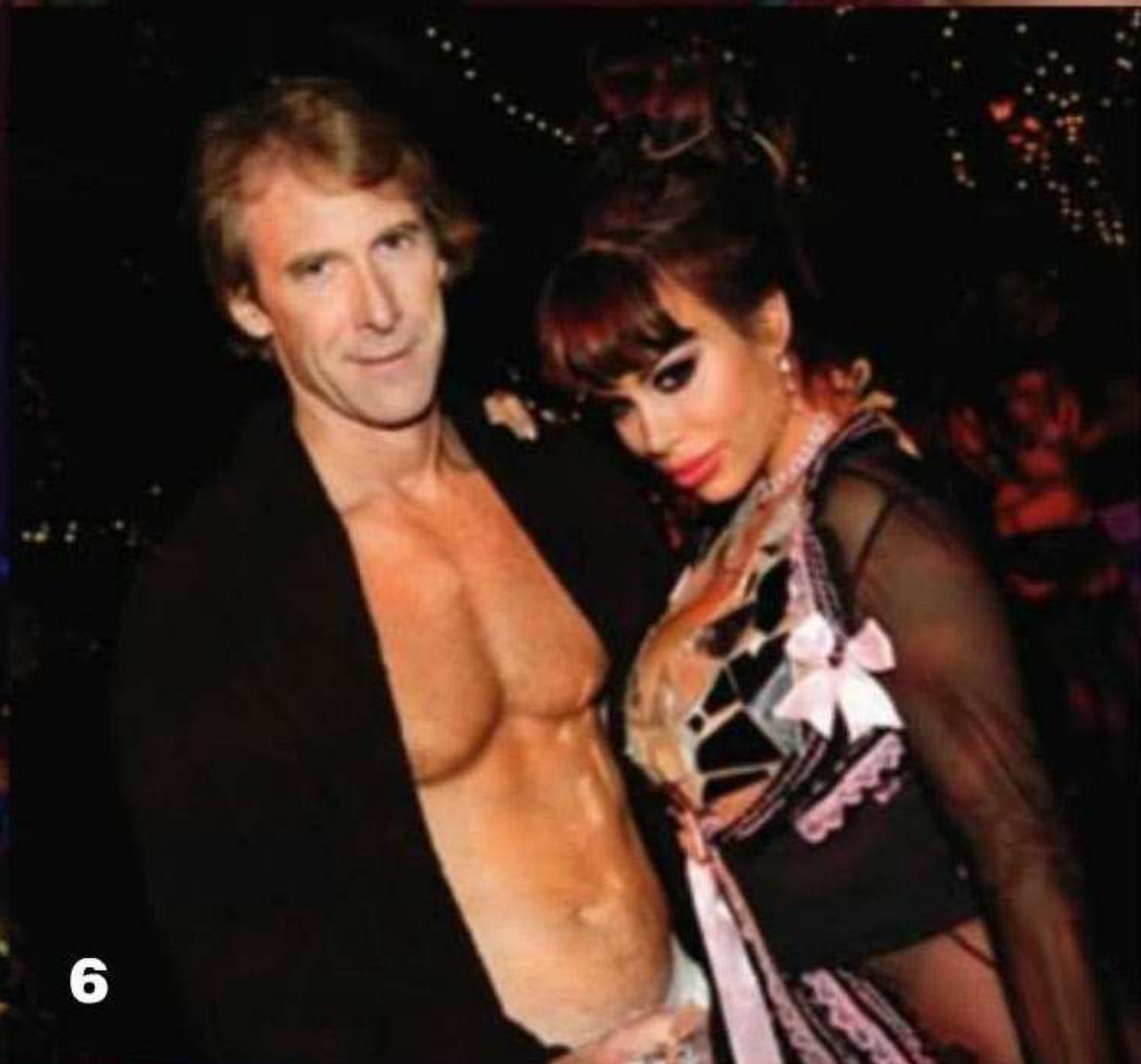
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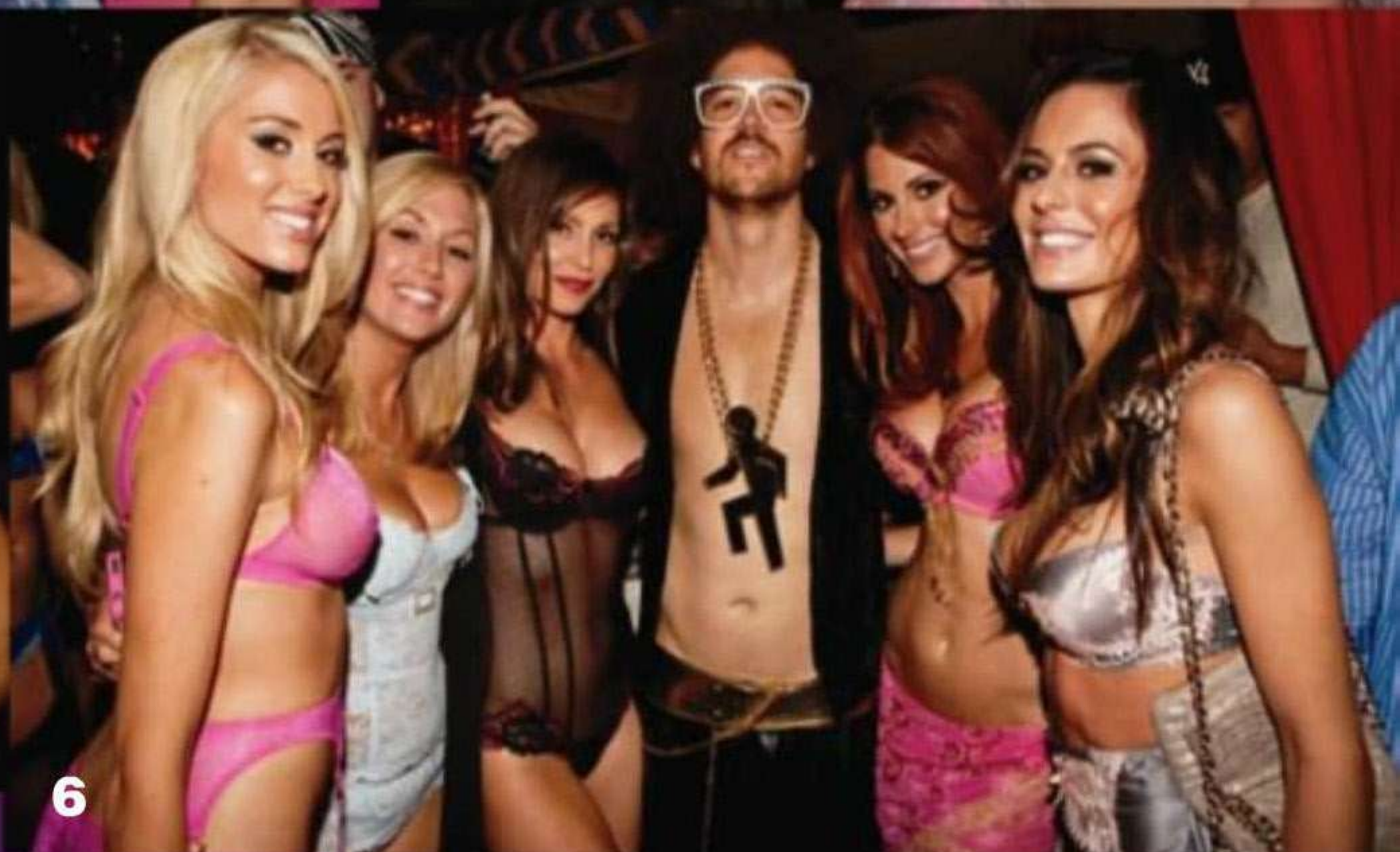
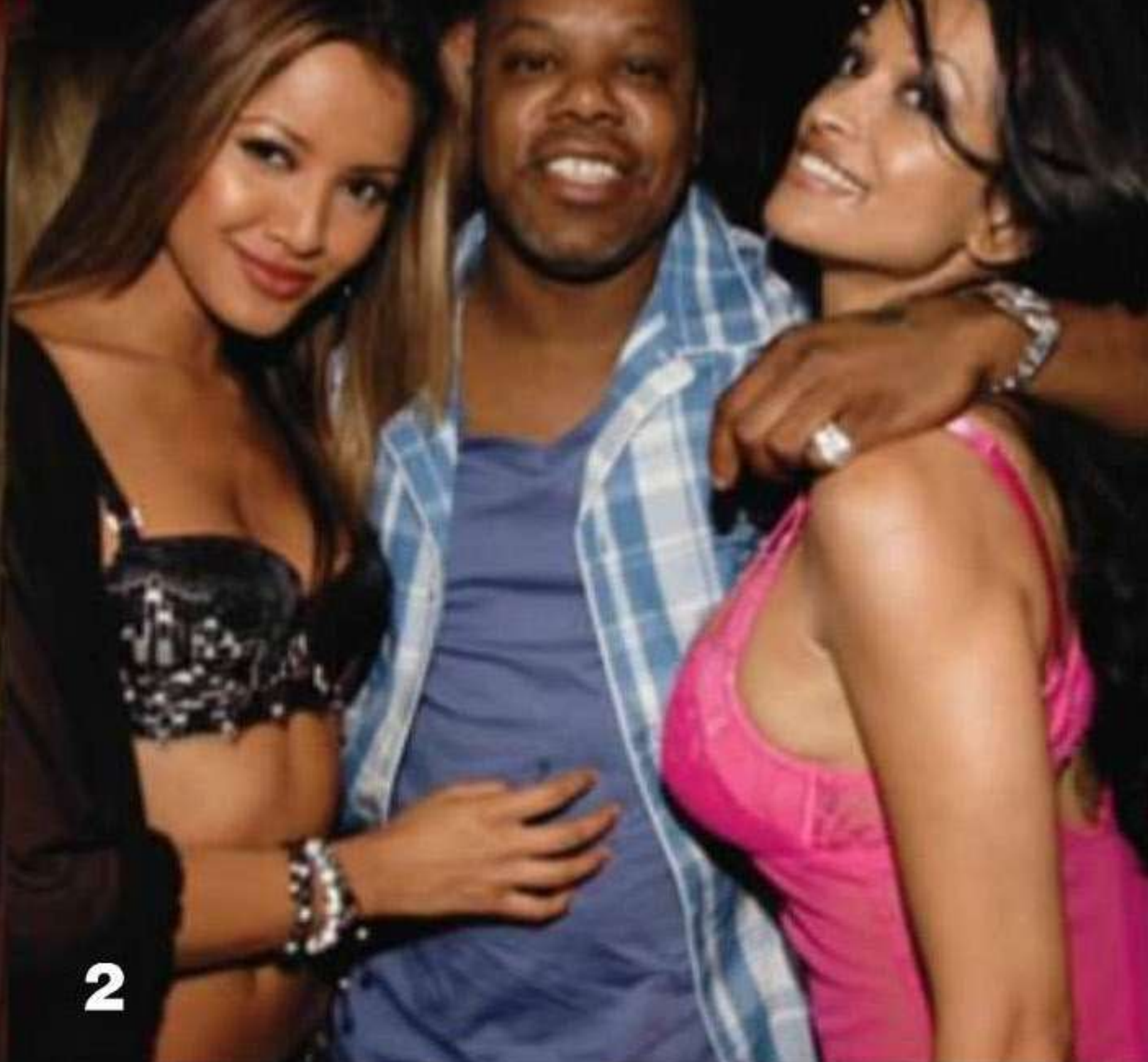
DREAM A LITTLE DREAM



Celebrities and Playmates covet an invitation to the annual Midsummer Night's Dream Party, and this year Hef, the Willy Wonka of eye candy, inserted a few Golden Tickets into PLAYBOY newsstand copies, giving lucky readers a chance to access his world of pure imagination. (1) Hef, Miss January 2011 Anna Sophia Berglund and Miss November 2010 Shera Bechard with a camel during the Arabian Nights-themed fete. (2) Zachary Knighton, Damon Wayans Jr. and Adam Pally from *Happy Endings* with Miss March 2009 Jennifer Pershing and Miss December 2010 Ashley Hobbs. (3) Hef with PMOY 2007 Sara Jean Underwood. (4) PMOY 2005 Tiffany Fallon and Playboy Radio's Jessica Hall. (5) Lorenzo Lamas and wife Shawna Craig. (6) Big-budget director Michael Bay and international PLAYBOY model Nomi Fernandes. (7) Hef and Bill Maher. (8) Cooper and Marston Hefner. (9) Miss March 2011 Ashley Mattingly and Miss August 2010 Francesca Frigo. (10) Miss July 2003 Marketa Janska and the Black Eyed Peas' Will.i.am. (11) Painted Ladies. (12) Hef and actor Dane Cook.

DREAM A LITTLE DREAM

continued



At the sexiest soiree of the season, the men revel in their sleepwear (those who regularly sleep nude have to improvise) and the women party in lingerie or less. (1) Sherie, Hef, Captain America Chris Evans and Anna. (2) Rapper Too Short with his hands full. (3) Actor Crispin Glover with another player, Marilyn Monroe look-alike Vivi Voss. (4) Legendary record producer Berry Gordy and date Eskedar Gobeze. (5) *Glee*'s Max Adler with Miss January 2010 Jaime Faith Edmondson. (6) Redfoo of LMFAO with Miss February 2010 Heather Rae Young, Miss April 2010 Amy Leigh Andrews, Miss May 1998 Deanna Brooks, Jaime and Audrey Fleming. (7) Hef with *Juno* writer Diablo Cody. (8) Christian Moralde and former WWE wrestler Chyna. (9) Überproducer Brett Ratner and his vodka. (10) Hef with Miss April 1997 and *Dancing With the Stars* champion Kelly Monaco. (11) Keith Hefner with his girlfriend, Caya Ukkas, and Bridget Marquardt. (12) Jennifer, Miss February 2005 Amber Campisi, Miss February 1999 Stacy Marie Fuson, Miss May 2006 Alison Waite and Deanna. Oh, those summer nights.

ARE WE DOOMED?

Lester R. Brown, along with many others, apparently believes humans have the ability to collectively self-correct in the face of impending extinction, making us unique among species (*Failed States*, August). But there is no evidence for the existence of this Jungian consciousness, and the overwhelming majority of people are not concerned with long-term consequences. Instead, we respond only to outside forces. Alternatively, disaster must strike: Bombs must fall, and people must suffer pain. Imagination is not sufficient. Further, if you subscribe to Liebig's Law of the Minimum, all too often the momentum of an increasing population tends to exceed the limits of available resources, e.g., food. As a result, the population collapses to a sustainable level. No reason exists to believe humans will prove to be the exception, especially since there is no God to stop us from falling victim to our self-serving and promiscuous behavior. We persist in the belief that there can never be too many of us, and as a result we have emerged as the equivalent of a geological force.

Stu Luttich
Geneva, Nebraska

Brown ought to know that at least some of us are wise to the global-warming scam. The failures of states such as Mexico and Cuba are due to their ruling thugocracies and not the chimera of imminent ecological catastrophe. If Brown thinks we can reduce carbon dioxide by 80 percent by 2020, eradicate poverty and cap the world population, I want some of whatever he's smoking.

Joseph Kutch
Pineville, Louisiana

Slowing world population growth is key, writes Brown, noting that 215 million women, 59 percent of whom live in sub-Saharan Africa and the Indian subcontinent, can't plan their families. Here's a thought: Quit fucking. The pregnancy rate among teens in the U.S. is higher than in most other developed countries, even though education and birth control are readily available. Perhaps when people are bored they should find a hobby.

Andy Decker
Tulsa, Oklahoma

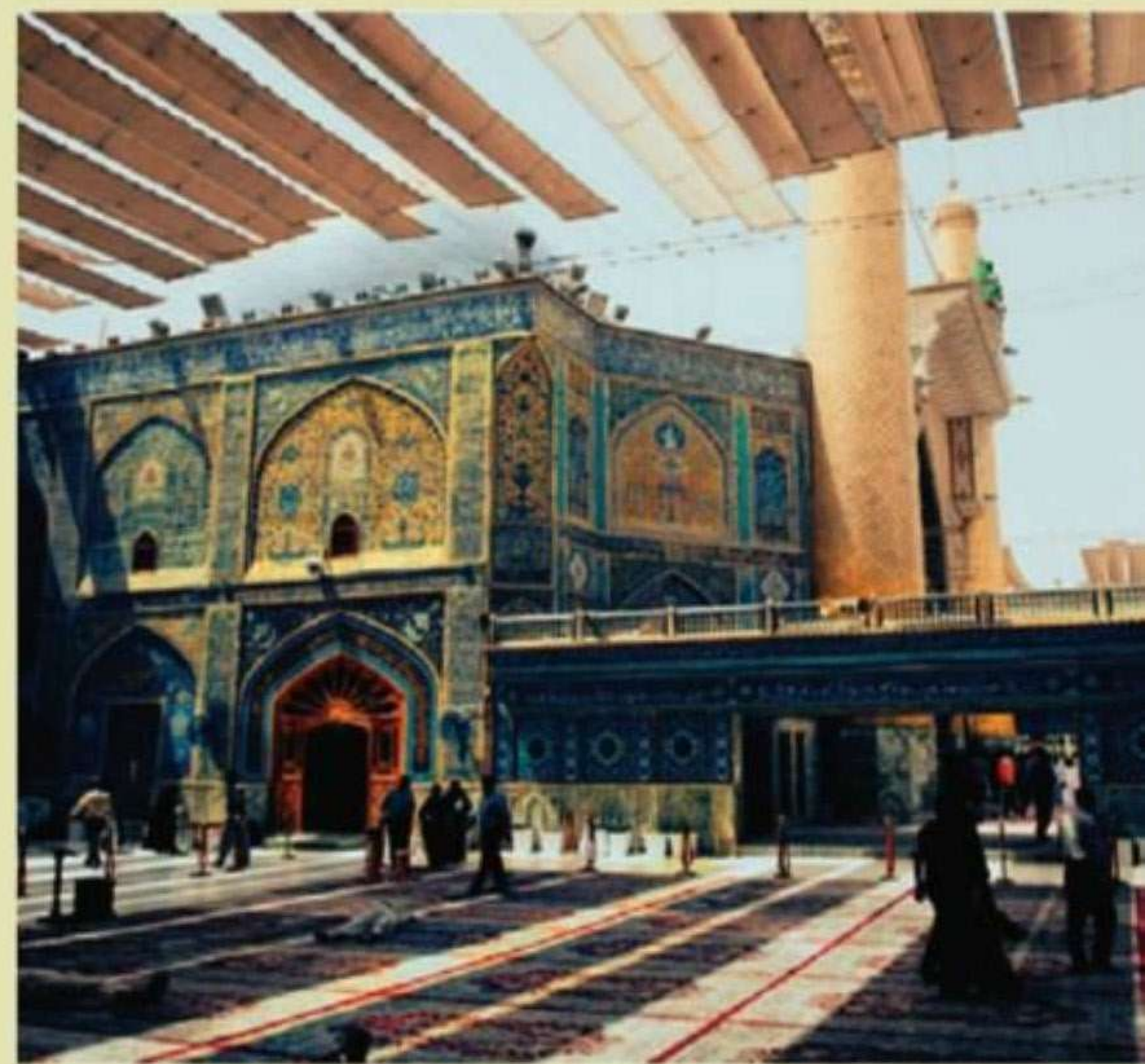
We take a different view: The ability to enjoy nonreproductive sex is a basic human right. Brown's point is that those 215 million women don't have the knowledge or tools to practice effective birth control. For the record, the pregnancy rate among U.S. teens decreased 39 percent between 1990 and 2006. Someone is listening.

We won't survive unless we achieve zero growth or better, and that will happen only through indirect population control (e.g., war, murder and other atrocities), voluntary birth control or coercive birth

DEAR PLAYBOY

Touring Baghdad

I enjoyed reading about Paula Froelich's vacation in Iraq (*Down and Out in Baghdad*, September). I worked on nongovernment projects there from 2003 to 2006 and had to go out to buy equipment from local shops, including in Tikrit, Ramadi, Baquba and dangerous Fallujah. Sometimes I was escorted by a professional security team, but I preferred traveling on my own in low-key cars driven by trusted Iraqis. I avoided military convoys because they were the most likely to be hit by fire. I would like to return to Iraq someday since I was too busy to do much touring while I was there, though I would hesitate to take a bus as too many things can go wrong—phony checkpoints, vehicle breakdowns, authorities not aware you are there. I found the Iraqis—Sunnis, Shias, Kurds and Christians alike—to be wonderful people, and I am in



contact with many of those I met who have since immigrated to the U.S.

James Soyars
Houston, Texas

control. Brown fails to discuss the last, and probably most realistic, option.

Jason Brent
Las Vegas, Nevada

MERCEDE JOHNSTON

As an independent voter who doesn't see Sarah Palin as a remotely reasonable



Mercede and her two degrees of separation.

choice for higher office, I am horrified by the interview that accompanied your tasteful nudes of the cherubic aunt of Palin's grandson (*Weekend in Wasilla With Mercede Johnston*, September). PLAYBOY's interviews are known for being insightful and honest and for shedding light on clouded subjects. George Gurley owes an apology to PLAYBOY readers for questions that could as easily have been asked by a

13-year-old blogger ("How mean is she?" "Is Bristol pretty?" "Do you think you and Bristol will ever patch things up?"). He should also apologize to the residents of Wasilla for portraying them as rubes.

Mike Morran
Tampa, Florida

It is great to hear Mercede's side of the story. I would love to hear Bristol Palin's rebuttal but doubt her pictorial would be as exciting. Your move, Bristol.

Kris Cavin
Camas, Washington

So Levi Johnston has a ditzy sibling who hates the Palin family. Yawn! Mercede's petty vindictiveness would get no attention if she weren't naked.

Mike Butler
Killingworth, Connecticut

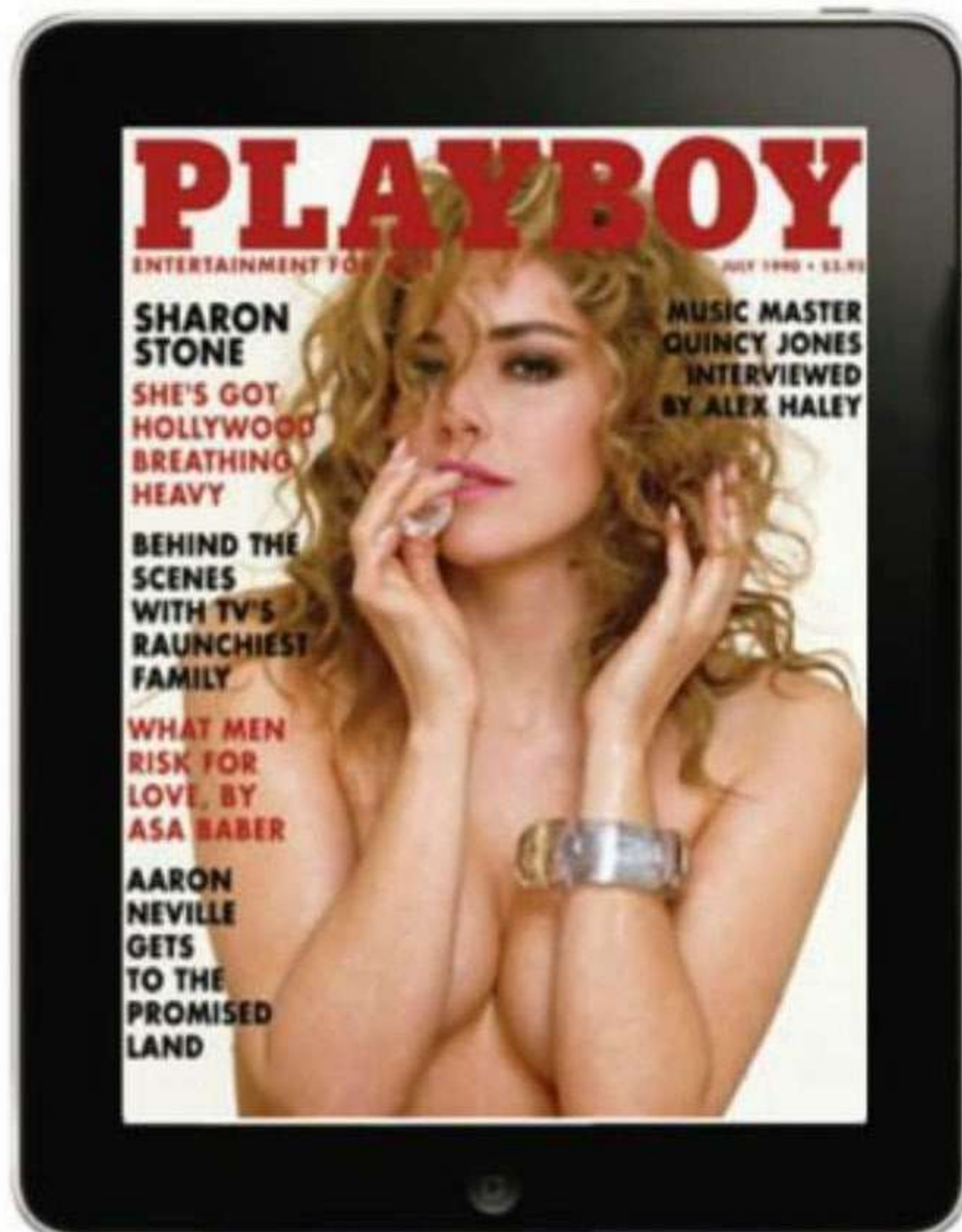
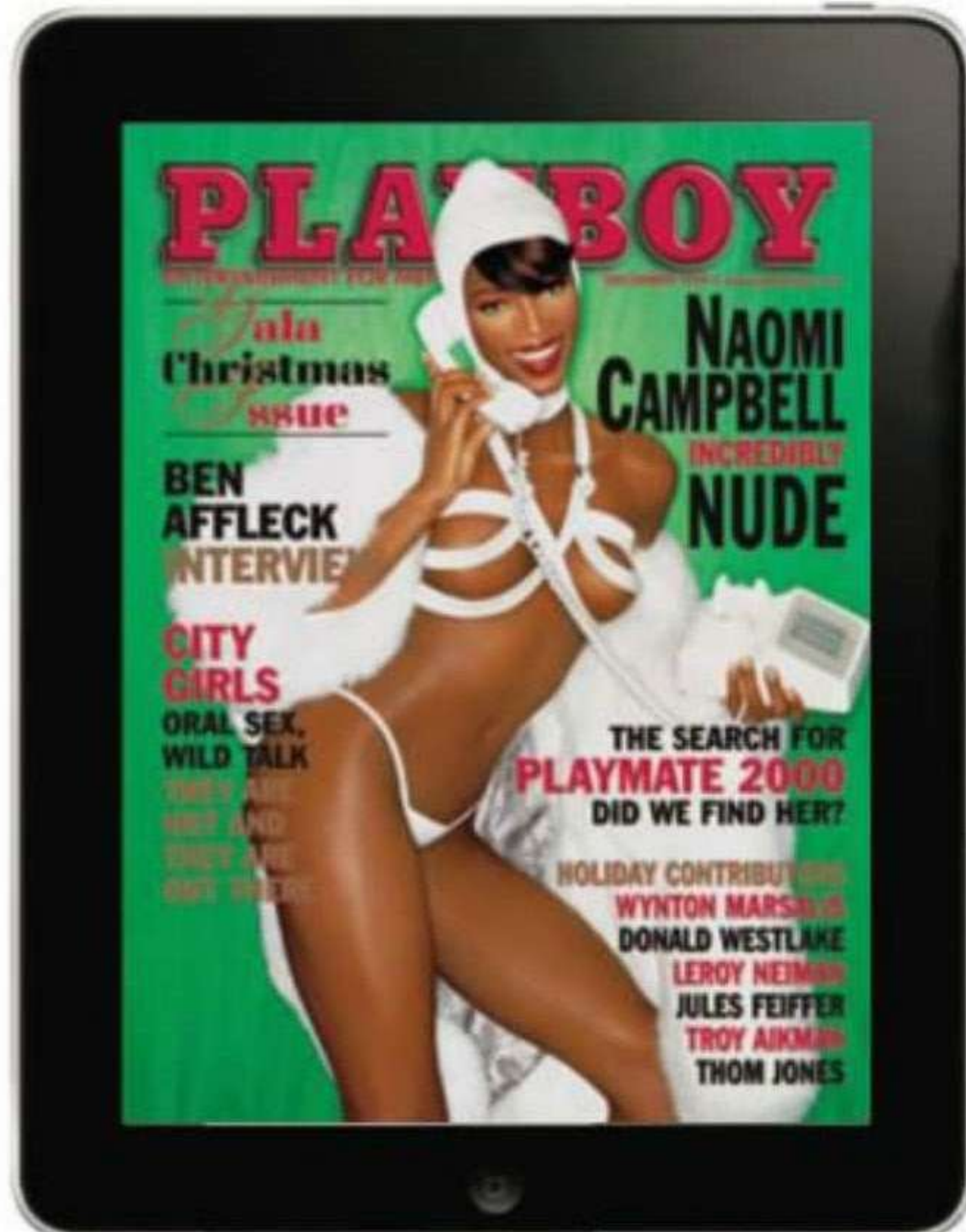
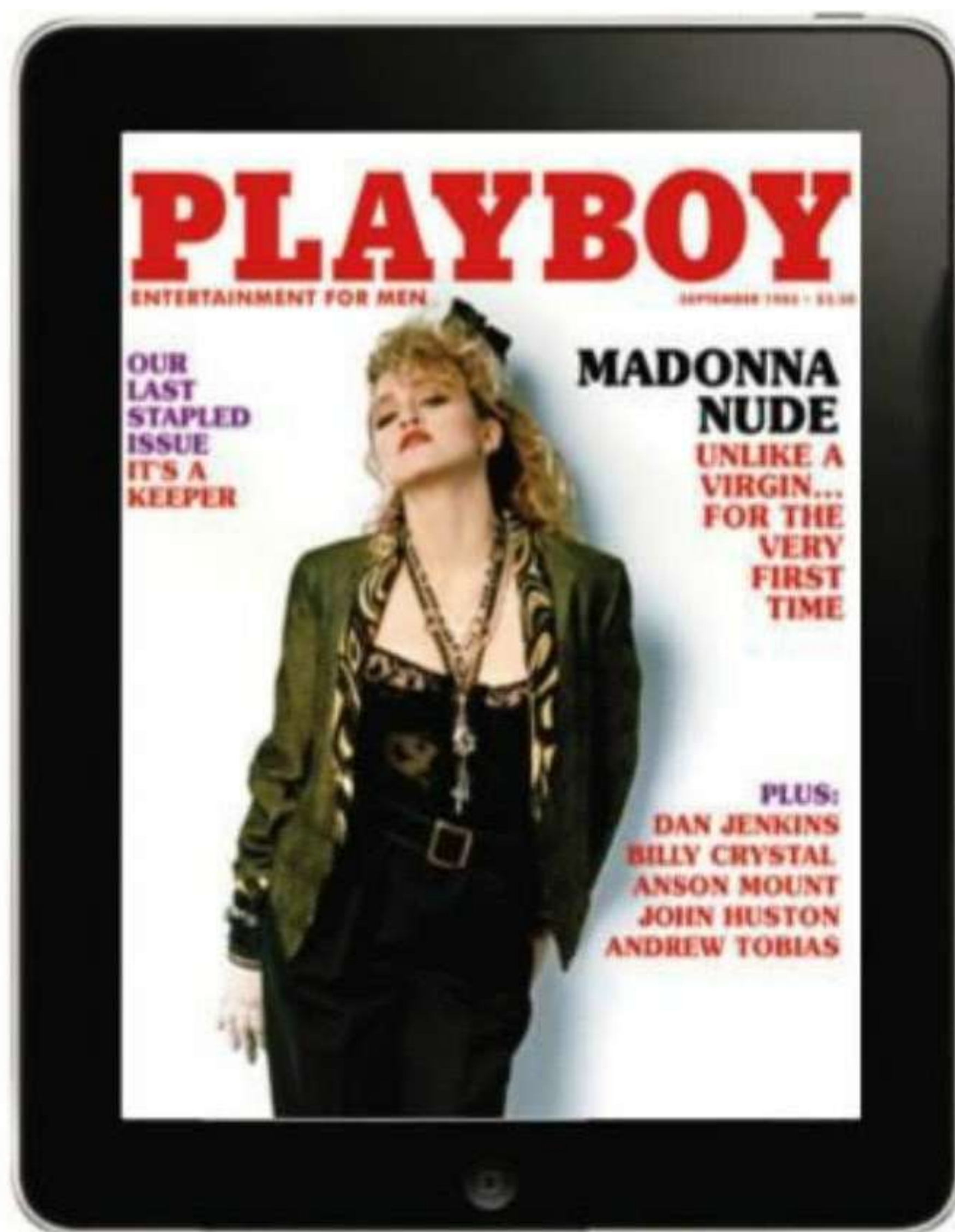
Mercede definitely needs to get out of Palin's Alaska. How about a move to L.A.? Hef, don't let her get away!

Ken Williams
Pensacola, Florida

Reading *Weekend in Wasilla*, I was whisked back to the halls of my high school, where girls whined about the "bitch" who broke up with their brother. Kudos to PLAYBOY for keeping it liberal by presenting Johnston as some sort of whistle-blower.

Eric Fish
Winston-Salem, North Carolina

With her wonderful girl-next-door looks, Mercede should be a Playmate. I'd



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love to see more of her, and women like her, in the magazine.

Dan Jackson
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma

As a journalist and PLAYBOY subscriber for more than three decades, I had to flip back to the cover of the September issue to reassure myself I wasn't reading the *National Enquirer*. Was your "article" meant as a joke? If not, you have officially destroyed 58 years of journalistic excellence and integrity with one piece of garbage. Norman Mailer and Alex Haley must be rolling in their graves.

Thomas Greco
Nutley, New Jersey

SCARY MOVIES

Thank you for Jason Zinoman's appreciation of Wes Craven and other horror-film innovators (*Shock Value*, August). I'm a 35-year-old female horror freak, and if it weren't for Craven and writers and directors like him I would be bored out of my mind. As a kid I begged my mother to let me rent *The Last House on the Left*. She finally said okay, and I was hooked.

Toni Pezzuto
South Haven, Michigan

WHERE'S RON?

In "Blue-Ribbon Republicans" (*After Hours*, August), you neglect to mention Ron Paul. I hate conspiracy theories, but seriously, do Hef and Rupert Murdoch meet once a month in a bunker below the Grotto to mix martinis and discuss which candidates are bad for business?

Andrew Shaw
Seattle, Washington

Who told you about the bunker?

SO GOOD IT HURTS

My first encounter with the firewater of Oaxaca, Mexico, in the fall of 1974, was like a scene from the Wild West (*The Playboy Bar: Mezcal*, September): dirt street, wooden sidewalk, a cantina with no door, chairs or tables, a bar with corked brown bottles and "Frito Bandito" pouring. Drink one shot, you're a tourist; drink two and you're *muy macho*; drink three and you're John Wayne. I order a three-shot setup and buy the bottle for the other hombres. Don't breathe, don't taste, just swallow and bang each glass on the bar. To general salutes I wipe my mouth on my sleeve and make it out the door, only to sit heavily on the sidewalk edge. And sit and sit. Shadows lengthen with the setting sun. Stray dogs sniff my boots, and one lifts its leg. This *mezcalita* is good stuff!

E.T. Friel
New York, New York

NEW PORN, OLD PORN

Bree Olson is smoking hot (*Charlie Sheen's Goddess Has Left the Building*, August). Not that I'm surprised—most women in porn these days are gorgeous. I remember when porn taught you that

women with less-than-average looks put out because they had to. Women like Olson make you realize that beautiful women put out too—just not with you.

Dave Williams
El Paso, Texas

Mike Sager's solemn sojourn, *The Porn Identity* (September), proves that porn queens such as Nina Hartley, Asia Carrera, Amber Lynn and Kay Parker never die, they simply become less copious wet dreams. For your next quivering quartet, I suggest Serena, Veronica Hart, Seka and Christy Canyon.

William Margold
Los Angeles, California

Margold is a longtime porn commentator and activist (billmargold.com).

Sager does a masterful job writing about the pioneers, especially Hartley, of whom this former evangelical pastor



A few women of porn become larger than life.

and his wife are huge fans. Nina carries the torch for the women described by Nancy Qualls-Corbett in *The Sacred Prostitute* and Kenneth Ray Stubbs in *Women of the Light*. And thank God for giving her a body that, as Sager notes, shows no measurable indication of decline.

Dan Nicholas
Scotts Valley, California

SOCIALIST STYLE

Several letters in August cite recent *Playboy Interview* subjects as evidence of your rampant socialist bent. On the facing page (*Hangin' With Hef*), the embodiment of the Playboy brand is shown throwing a garden soiree for the aristocracy at his Mansion. A few pages later, in *After Hours*, you recommend which \$98 belt to pair with \$290 cotton chinos. Face it, guys, it's time to replace the Rabbit Head with a hammer and sickle.

Baron Breon
Port Angeles, Washington

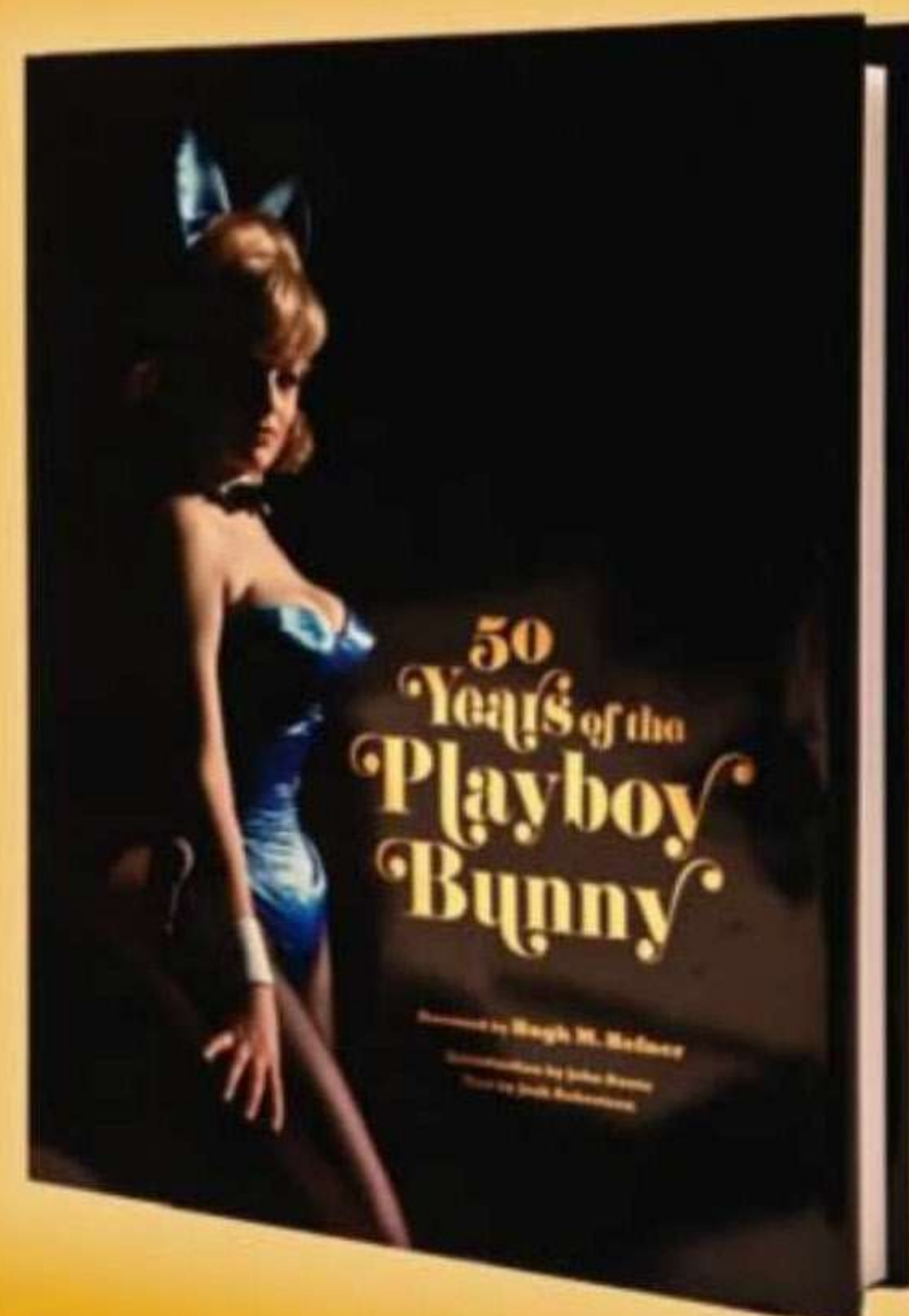
We believe you have your treasonous economic systems confused.





50 years of the Playboy Bunny

When Hugh Hefner founded the first Playboy Club in Chicago, he wanted a female waitstaff that would embody the Playboy fantasy. The Playboy Bunny was born, and 50 years later she lives on in our imaginations. With more than 200 amazing photos of classic Bunnies—along with many never-before-seen images—*50 Years of the Playboy Bunny* is the definitive work on a cultural icon. Go to playboy.store.com to order. (176 pages, \$35, Chronicle Books)



Holiday



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CIGARETTES

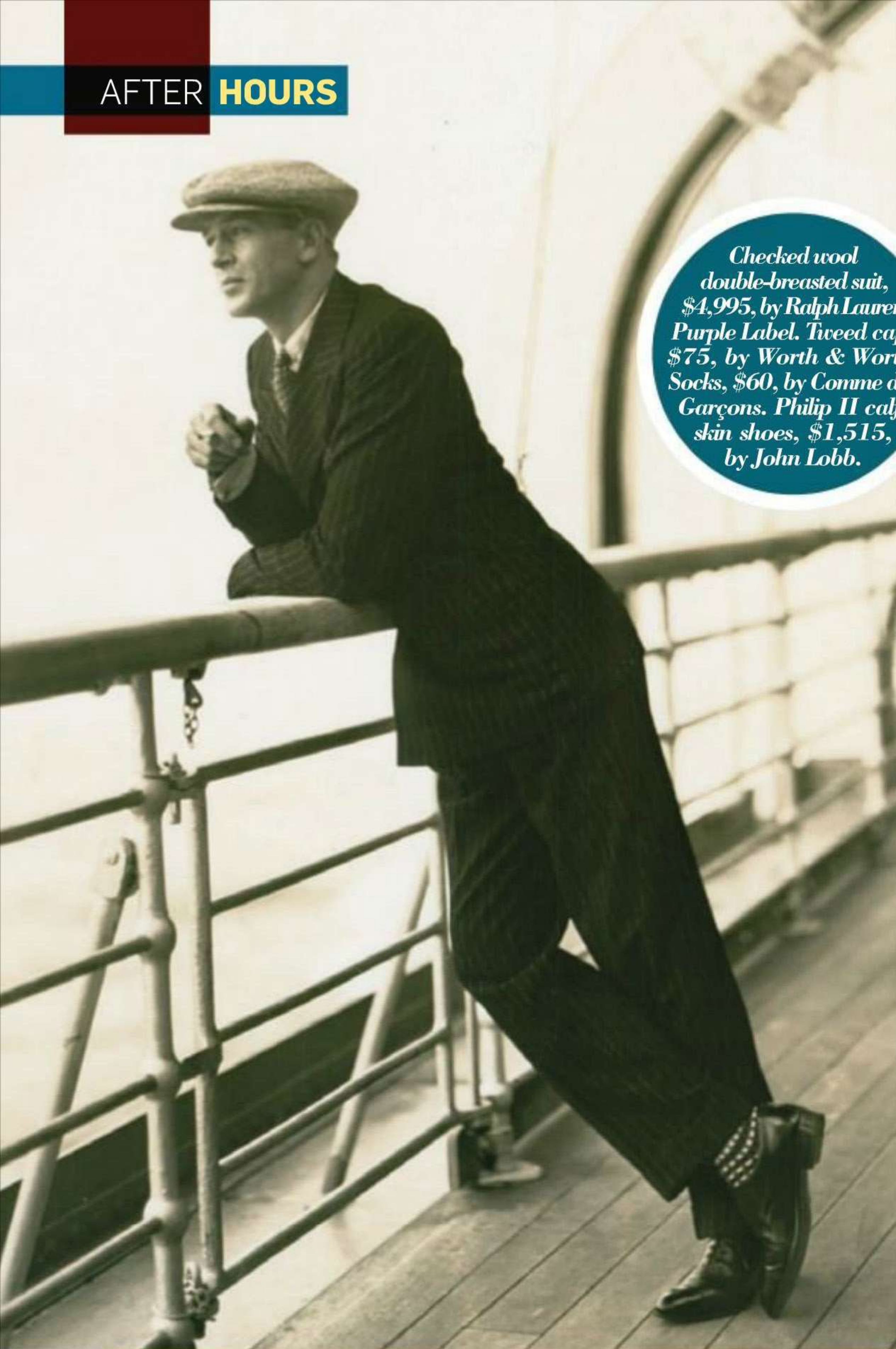
PLAYBOY AFTERHOURS

BECOMING ATTRACTION

Larra Overton

As a Big Ten Network sideline reporter, Larra Overton is in the business of college sports. But they're also her passion. "I wanted a job that allowed me to be involved in sports after I stopped competing," she says. At Indiana University she ran both track and cross-country, earning All-Conference and Academic All-American honors in the process. Not surprisingly, her competitive fire still burns as bright as Bobby Knight's. "It was hard to be objective when I covered the Big Ten track-and-field championships because the event was so close to my heart." She's definitely got game.





Checked wool double-breasted suit, \$4,995, by Ralph Lauren Purple Label. Tweed cap, \$75, by Worth & Worth. Socks, \$60, by Comme des Garçons. Philip II calf-skin shoes, \$1,515, by John Lobb.

CLASSIC LOOK OF THE MONTH

GARY COOPER

WHETHER HE was hunting with Hemingway, skiing with Clark Gable, hobnobbing with Picasso in Cannes or cutting a rug with his wife, Rocky, at a Southampton lawn party, Gary Cooper sported a cultivated look that crossed all sets and terrains. The titans of Hollywood and fashion have cited Coop as the consummate arbiter of style, but really the everyman hero was his thing. As Bill Blass points out in the new coffee-table book and biography *Gary Cooper: Enduring Style* (powerHouse Books, \$60), the tall leading man was the first Hollywood actor “to buy jeans and do the stonewashing thing. He’d beat them on a rock and leave them out in the sun all day.” He looked at home in sailing garb, pioneering in the wild West or lounging on a Hollywood set. If it’s been a while, catch *For Whom the Bell Tolls* (1943) and *High Noon* (1952). The Coop is a natural. He’s pictured here on a cruise to Africa, circa 1932.

EXPERT APPROVED

QUICK CUT

According to *Guinness World Records*, turkey farmer Paul Kelly can carve your Thanksgiving bird faster than anyone on earth—take that, Dad! His blade of choice: “I use the Sekisou Santoku 165-millimeter Kin knife [\$170, kinknives.com], which is handmade at a little factory in Japan and never loses its edge. If anything, it’s almost too sharp. When I broke the world record I had to wear metal gloves because the Sekisou Santoku will take off a finger if you’re not careful.”



THANKSGIVING • TALKING TURKEY

BIRDS OF YORE

EAT LIKE a Pilgrim. Heritage turkeys are birds of a feather closer to what our ancestors enjoyed at the earliest Thanksgiving feasts. Bred on poultry farms throughout the country, these gobblers’ bloodlines go back to the days when Teddy Roosevelt was slicing turkey. “Their muscles are stronger, so they taste more like steak,” says Patrick Martins, founder of Heritage Foods USA (heritagefoodsusa.com). “There’s also a higher proportion of dark meat than on your typical frozen turkey.” Available at select farmers’ markets and through websites such as Heritage Foods and Local Harvest (localharvest.org), heritage birds are more expensive than the factory-farmed alternative (\$6 to \$12 per pound as opposed to \$1 per pound). But the money buys you time. “Brining isn’t necessary,” Martins advises. “Just insert seasonal herbs into the cavity, and let the turkey be.” That gives you more time for the Cowboys game.

BARMATE WORDS TO DRINK BY

LACEY ZARTMAN

HERE’S ONE of the better pickup lines I’ve heard at my bar, Legends, in Reading, Pennsylvania: “I’d like to buy you a drink. All I ask is that you drink it with me, and if we click, I’ll buy you another drink.”

PAYING FOR your first drink with a big bill tells me you have a lot of cash on hand and you’re not afraid to spend it.

ONE NIGHT at work I thought I could stretch the tight shirt I was wearing by pulling it across my chest. But I pulled too hard and ripped it in half. My customers were so excited that they finally took their eyes off the game.





POOLSIDE • THE DEEP END

CLIFF-HANGER

THE WORLD IS still not flat—the infinity pool at the Marina Bay Sands Hotel and Casino in Singapore just makes it seem that way. Standing 55 stories above ground, it is the largest outdoor swimming pool at such an altitude. So steer clear of the diving board.



INTERIORS • FIREPLACES

LET IT BURN

I have always thought a person is either born a pyromaniac or not," says Elena Colombo, a Brooklyn-based sculptor whose work never strays far from the flame. Under the auspices of her architectural design firm, Colombo Construction Corp (firefeatures.com), she has devised a series of fireplaces that warm the homes of Oracle founder Larry Ellison and author Anne Rice, as well as guests at hotelier André Balazs's Sunset Beach on Shelter Island. "One day I thought, I wish I could hook up a big bowl to my propane tank and have a switch-on gas bonfire," she says of the initial brainstorm for her signature creation, the fire bowl, a large industrial-grade carbon steel circular container that



she fills with handcrafted steel branches or lava rocks (sold separately).

In addition to steel, Colombo works in bronze, stone, concrete and bone. Some of her creations are tasked for the indoors (such as the interior branch wall, above right), while others are intended for the outdoors (such as the curved slab, above left). "When I started in the industry 10 years ago there were virtually no outdoor fireplaces," she explains. "But I knew there was a market for shapes and designs that would meld with modern and traditional styles of architecture." Above all else, she aims to soothe with fire. "Being around the hearth is the most comforting place on earth," she says. "Distractions fall away, and we look each other in the eye, tell stories, engage in conversation, play music and cook food—basically, everything the modern era pushes to the periphery."



ISTVAN BANYAI

NEVER SLEEP • DALLAS

TEXAS BIG BEAT

Hot, hard and horizontal, Dallas can be a city without pity. But not one without its fun. When you head down to catch the Dallas-Miami game at Cowboys Stadium on Thanksgiving, you'll have the rest of the weekend to play your own games. Start your Saturday night here:

5:45 P.M. Ring in happy hour on a patio with an outstanding view of the skyline at the Cedars Social, south of downtown. Fedora-topped alchemists deliver well-priced classics from a menu that's part history lecture, part manifesto.

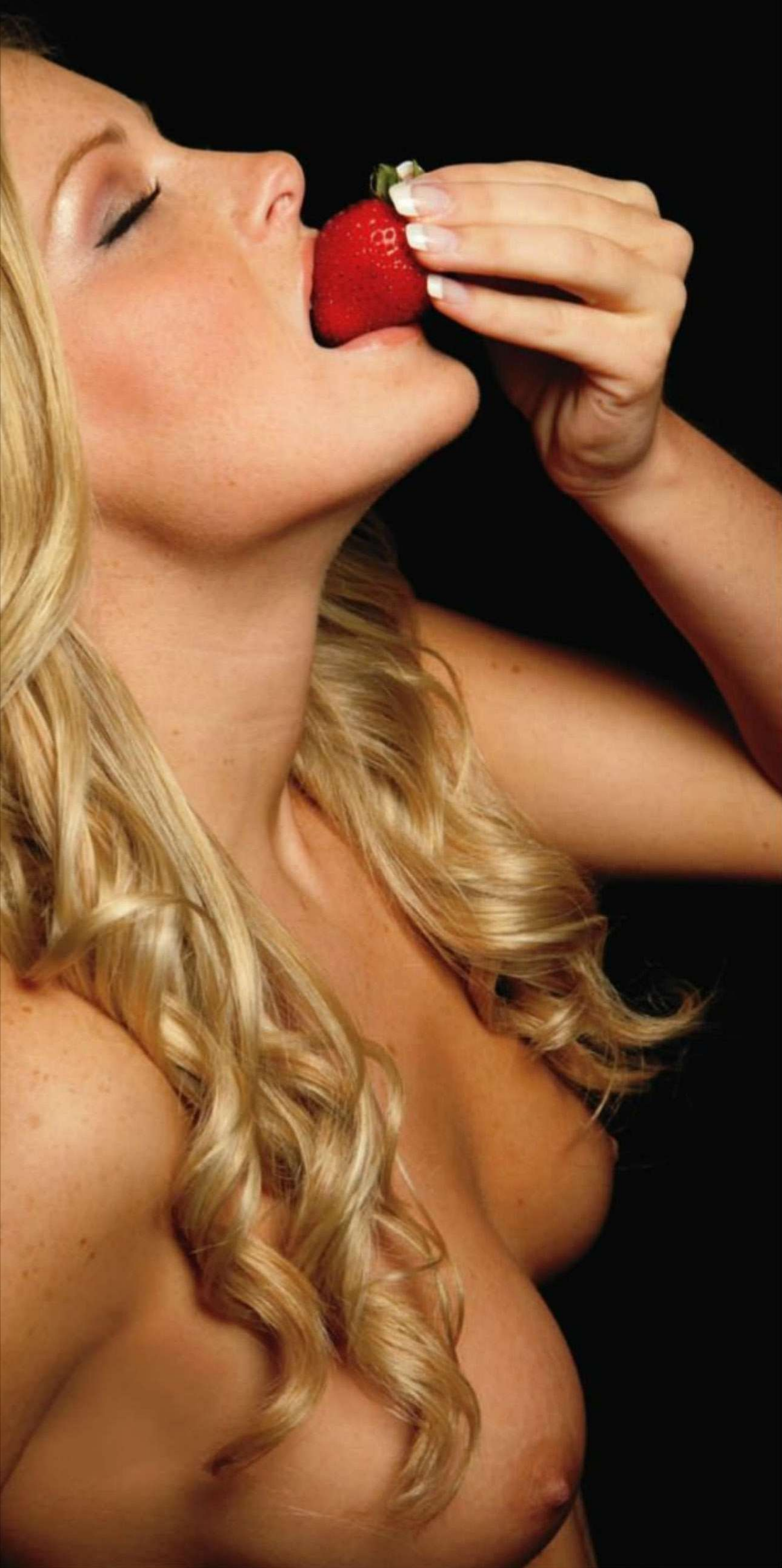
8 P.M. Time for some big Texas beef. Uptown mainstay Nick & Sam's serves a beautifully charred 10-ounce filet. Even steak purists should try the signature savory sauce.

10:30 P.M. Marquee Grill & Bar, in the ritzy Park Cities neighborhood, serves an outstanding old-school manhattan. Slip one in before you hit...

11:30 P.M. ...Teddy's Room, named for our 26th president, Theodore Roosevelt. The rope line starts to thicken before midnight. This happening second-floor lounge has historical kitsch burlesque decor. The callow cast members of Bravo's *Most Eligible Dallas* have been known to manufacture their drama here.

1:45 A.M. Hit Oak Lawn favorite Snookie's Bar & Grill for a late-night alcohol sop of chicken fried steak with gravy and bottomless iced tea. The people-watching will be flamboyant, so to speak.

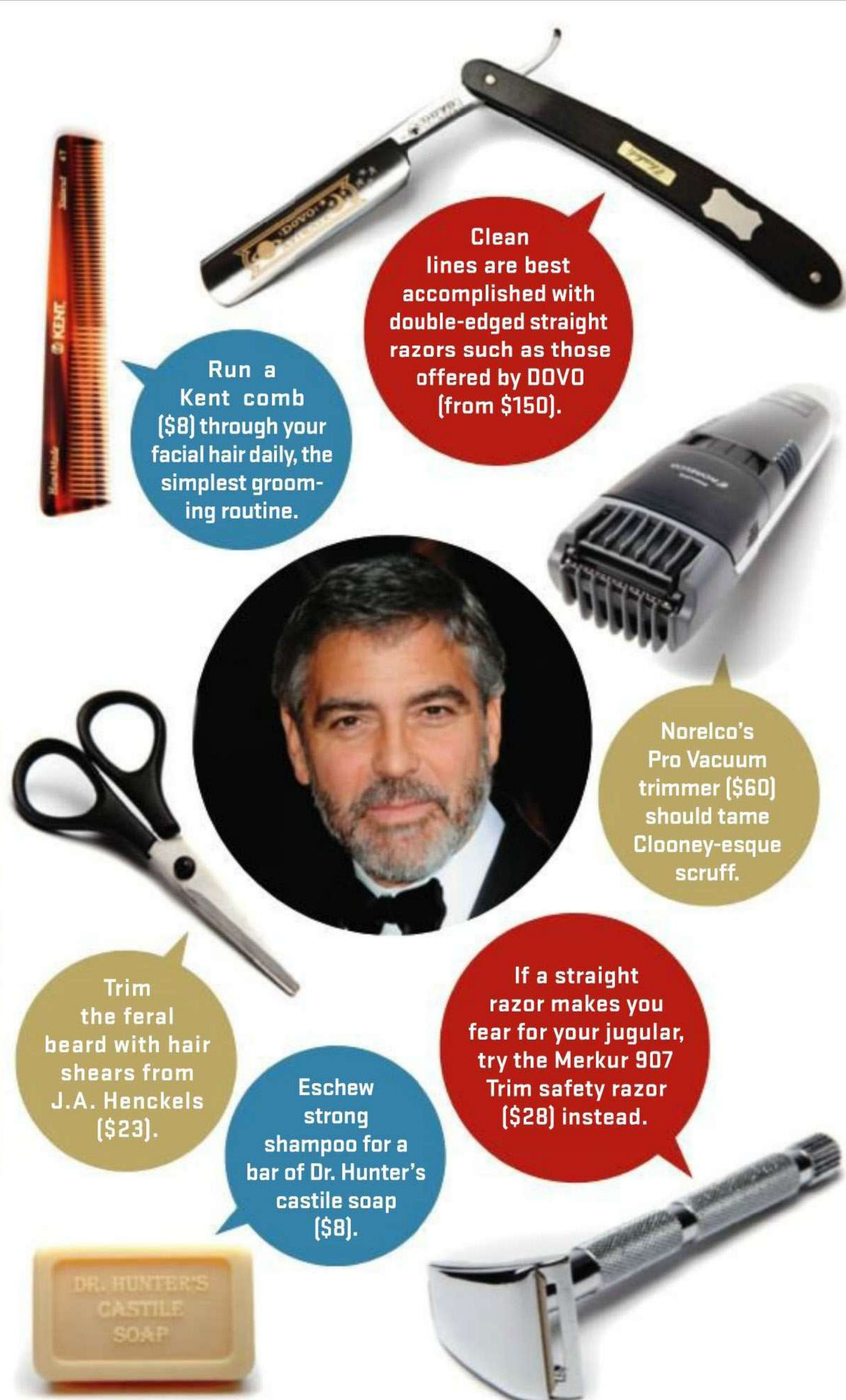
3:15 A.M. Cap the night off at Jaguars, a nudie joint where dancers slip their duds back on after hours, when the place turns into a dance club. DJ collective 12inch-Pimps provides the thump for off-duty Lone Star strippers, bouncers, bartenders and your basic army of night freaks.



SEXTYMOLOGY • FOOD PLAY

DINNER IS SERVED

Step aside, Mickey Rourke and Kim Basinger. The Greeks were using food as part of their foreplay 2,500 years before *9½ Weeks* popularized the strawberry as an aphrodisiac. "In ancient Greece, cakes baked in the shapes of genitals and breasts were used in religious festivals," says Walter Penrose, a history professor at San Diego State University who specializes in sexuality. "Athenian vases also document sex at banquets where guests reclined on couches and played drinking and sex games." Pass the peas?



GROOMING • WHISKERS

ABOUT FACE

No longer the purview of Deadheads and hockey players, beards have gone mainstream. Here's what you need to tend them properly.

TIMBER!
TREE CHOPPINGGETTING
WOOD

You don't need to be an ax-wielding giant or have a blue ox to prepare your own firewood. In fact, chopping down a tree is only half the battle—the rest is all about patience and structure.

Per Frank and Stephen Philbrick's *The Backyard Lumberjack*, here's how man brings the heat. **STEP ONE—CHOP:** With a chain saw, divide a felled tree (preferably ash or hickory) into 14-inch sections. On a concrete surface, use an ax to split each section into eight pieces. **STEP TWO—CURE:** Stack your freshly chopped wood on pallets placed on level ground to prevent rot. Cover with a tarp and wait a year. **STEP THREE—COMBUST:** Knot sheets of newspaper under a tepee of kindling. Build a miniature log cabin around it with your now suitably dry firewood. And burn, baby, burn!



IF YOU SPENT
YEARS TRAPPED
INSIDE THE WALL
OF A BARREL,
YOU'D BE
A LITTLE
INTENSE TOO.

A BOLD, NEW BOURBON WITH FLAVOR
UNLOCKED FROM INSIDE THE BARREL WOOD.

— BOLD —
CHOICE

UNLEASH
YOUR SPIRIT

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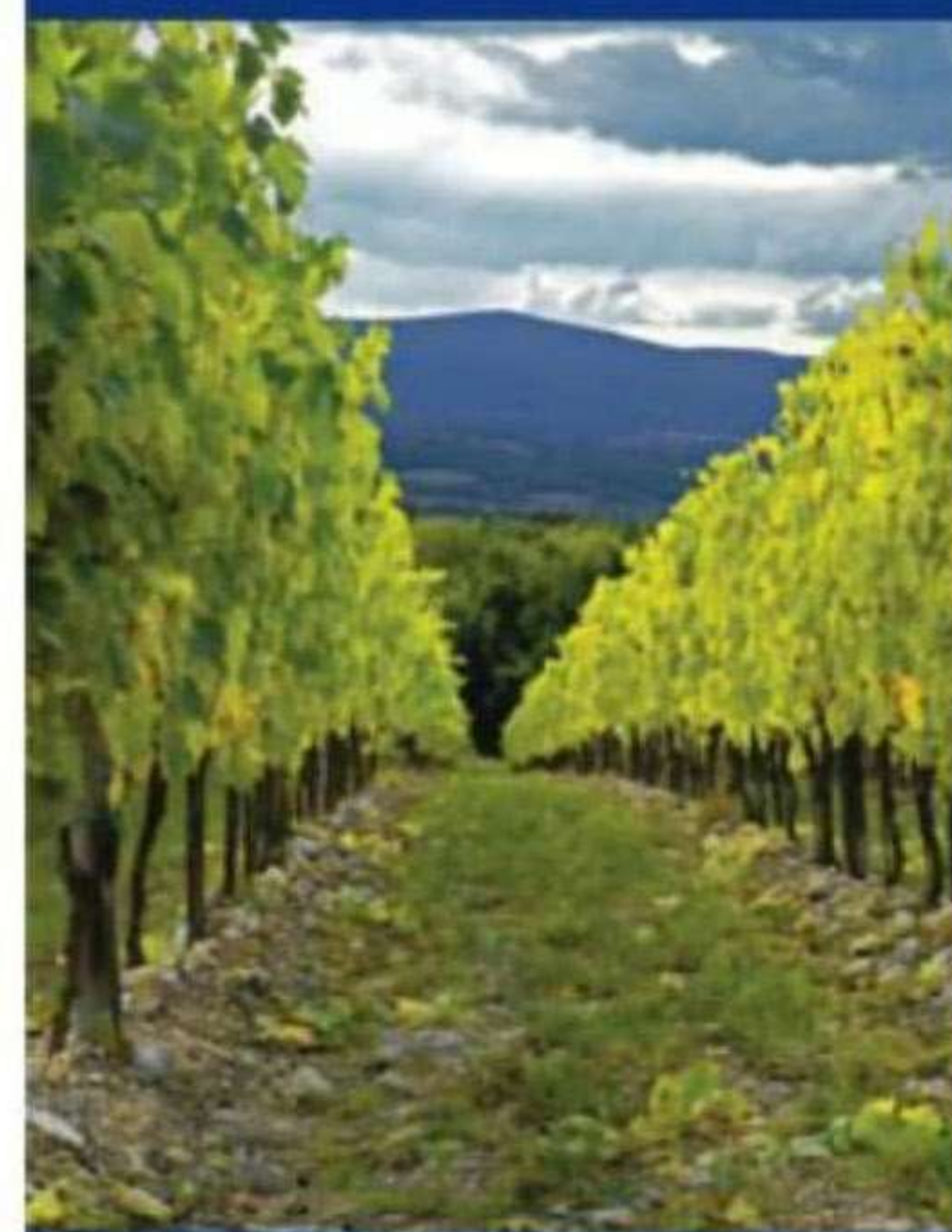


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PIENZA Spread out across Italy are agriturismos, inns with magnificent kitchens where only foods from local farms can be served. Locanda Vesuna (pictured, locandavesuna.com) sits among hay fields outside the Tuscan village of Pienza. Wake up and the wonderful caretaker has a huge breakfast ready. Spend the day at a nearby town such as Montalcino (left, 20 minutes by car), where brunello, the queen of Italian wines, is made. Then return to the inn for a dynamite dinner and another bottle under the stars.



CHIANTI An hour from Pienza you will find Chianti, the best known of all Italian wine regions. It has amazing vistas, and the wine—made mostly of the sangiovese grape, like all reds of this region—is *importante*, as the Italians would say. Pictured: Rocca delle Macie, a vineyard with an agriturismo on the property (riservadifizzano.com) that features a cool pool scene in summer so you can sip and stare at beautiful bikinis at the same time.



MONTEPULCIANO Here is one of the quaintest cities the human eye will ever encounter. Cobblestone alleys jaunt up and down hills, lined with storefronts full of handmade shoes and bowls of fresh pasta. The city is surrounded by grape fields carved into the rolling countryside. Don't miss the Contucci winery, where barrels of wine (pictured) age in subterranean caves dug out in the 13th century. And the vino? *Bellissimo*.

THE GETAWAY • ITALY

SPIN THE BOTTLE

The ultimate vacation should include beautiful strangers, large amounts of horsepower and plenty to drink (after the horses have been put back in the stable). Thus we tripped through the most famed wine country in the world in Audi's latest sports sedan, the awesome A7: Tuscany, from the Chianti region down to Montepulciano and Montalcino. Fall is the best time to visit wine country in the northern hemisphere. The vineyards are bustling with the harvest. With crisp air and steaming risotto, a full-bodied red is bliss. Let us recommend an itinerary. Can't make it? Sip the reds pictured at right—each a vacation in a bottle.



From left: Contucci Vino Nobile di Montepulciano Riserva 2006 (\$34), Rocca delle Macie Chianti Classico 2008 (\$18), CastelGiocondo Brunello di Montalcino 2006 (\$56).

FROM THE DIGITAL ARCHIVE • iPLAYBOY

MAKING SENSE OF SIN CITY

"This article will not tell you how to win," *Godfather* author Mario Puzo admits in his December 1976 ode to gambling and its mecca, Las Vegas. Instead he attempts to explain how a town designed to leave you with nothing but the shirt on your back can somehow also reinvigorate the soul. "A winning streak inspires a belief in your own infallibility," he writes. "Why stop now? Also, what nongamblers do not know is the feeling of *virtue* (there is no other word to describe it) when the dice roll as one commands. And that omniscient goodness when the card you need rises to the top of the deck to greet your delighted yet confident eyes. It is as close as I have ever come to a religious feeling or to being a wonder-struck child." To read the rest of *Standing Up for Las Vegas*, go to iplayboy.com.



WELL HEELED

Traditionally, men have worn two types of boots. There is the boot one wears while tinkering with an automobile or juggling anvils—the

tough, protective shoe known as a shit kicker or an ass kicker. And then there's the fashionable boot, the Euro-style shoe that can be

worn with a blazer. This year the trend melds the two. Below are three choices of chic ass kickers of high style and scuffed leather.



Bed Stü rustic Taurus teak boot (\$190).



John Varvatos leather lace-up boot (\$698).



Frye distressed Fulton Chelsea boot (\$218).

ASS KICKERS

If kicking ass is an art, these fellows are Picassos. No doubt they wore sturdy boots.



Frederick the Great, King of Prussia, winner of the Seven Years' War.



Mitsuyo Maeda, greatest martial arts champ ever.



General Patton, WW II's most fearless man.



Dick Butkus, the scariest football player ever to take the field.



HORSE RACING BREEDERS' CUP

LAST RIDE

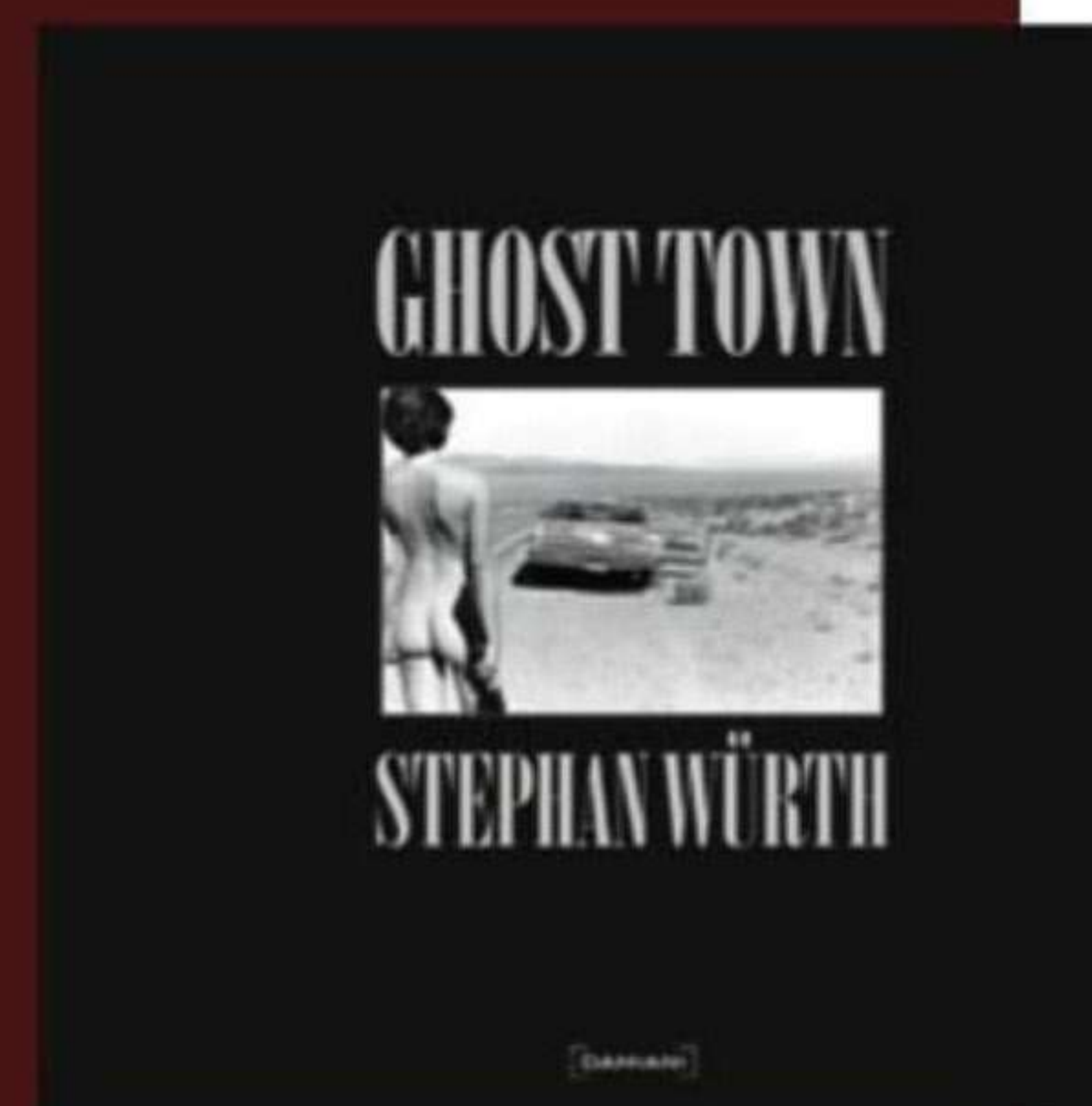
It's hard to classify a "big horse"—a once-in-a-lifetime Thoroughbred—as an underdog. But six-year-old Gio Ponti, a runner-up in several major races, fits the bill. Since retirement is not far off, this month's Breeders' Cup represents his final chance to reverse his reputation as the greatest sporting also-ran since Karl Malone.



PHOTOGRAPHY • THE WILD WEST

ISOLATED BEAUTY

Photographer Stephan Würth's new book, *Ghost Town* (\$57, damianieditore.com), is like a good road movie: It starts off with a two-lane blacktop but takes plenty of adventurous detours along the way. Cue a trio of armed nude models, desolate Western environs and barroom naughtiness—all captured on stark black-and-white Kodak film that Würth shot on location in Gold Point, Nevada, a desert outpost three hours from Las Vegas.





MOVIE OF THE MONTH

THE RUM DIARY

By Stephen Rebello

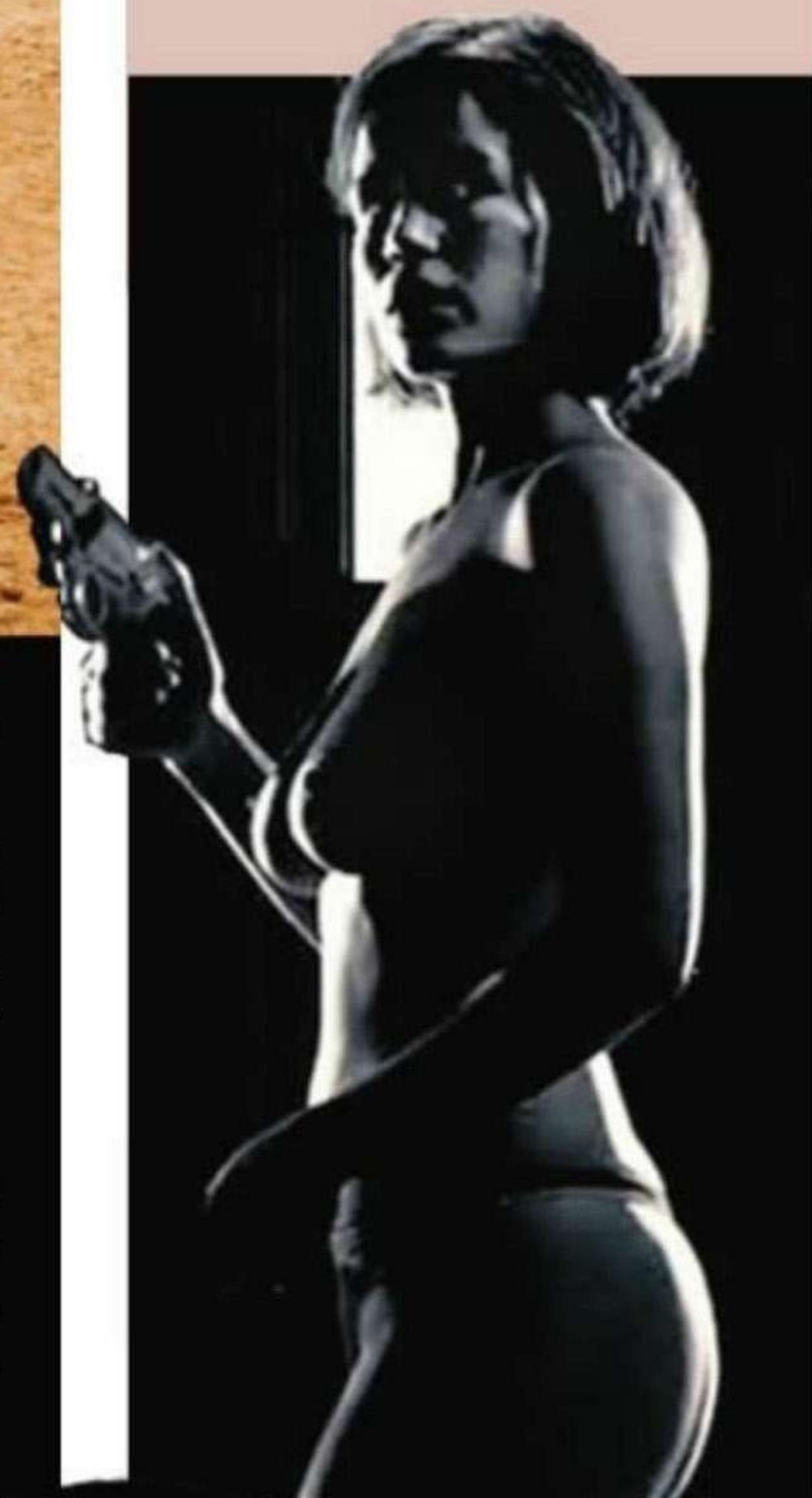
Rum Diary, a free-spirited American playgirl (Amber Heard) drives a wedge between her land-development-scammer fiancé (Aaron Eckhart) and a boozy, ethically challenged journalist (Johnny Depp). Directed and adapted by Bruce Robinson and co-starring Giovanni Ribisi and Richard Jenkins, the movie features drunken hell-raising, culture clashes,

In the long-awaited movie version of Hunter S. Thompson's roman à clef *The*

seduction and surprising tenderness in Puerto Rico, 1959. "The film is very special, with a purity to it that is balanced with its drunken nature," says Heard, whose on-screen *va-voom* recalls smoky femmes fatales of classic film noir. "Working opposite Johnny has set the bar almost impossibly high. It was an eye-opening, career-changing, self-challenging experience. I loved shooting the scene where we take the wildest drive of our lives along the Puerto Rican coastline. We're falling in love and risking death in the same scene. Plus we did it in a 1953 Corvette. What more could you ask for?"

TEASE FRAME

Curvy **Carla Gugino** helps put the sin in *Sin City* (pictured) with her smoking-hot performance as Lucille. Now Gugino gets help from nuns as real-life women's basketball coach Cathy Rush in *The Mighty Macs*.



DVD OF THE MONTH

SUPER 8

J.J. Abrams channels *E.T.* and *Cloverfield* in this story about six children who witness a massive train derailment while filming their own movie circa 1979. The crash releases an unknown destructive power, which forces the young Spielbergs to star in a real-life sci-fi epic. (BD) **Best extra:** "The 8mm Revolution" featurette. ★★★½

—Robert B. DeSalvo

JULIA JONES TALKS TERROR

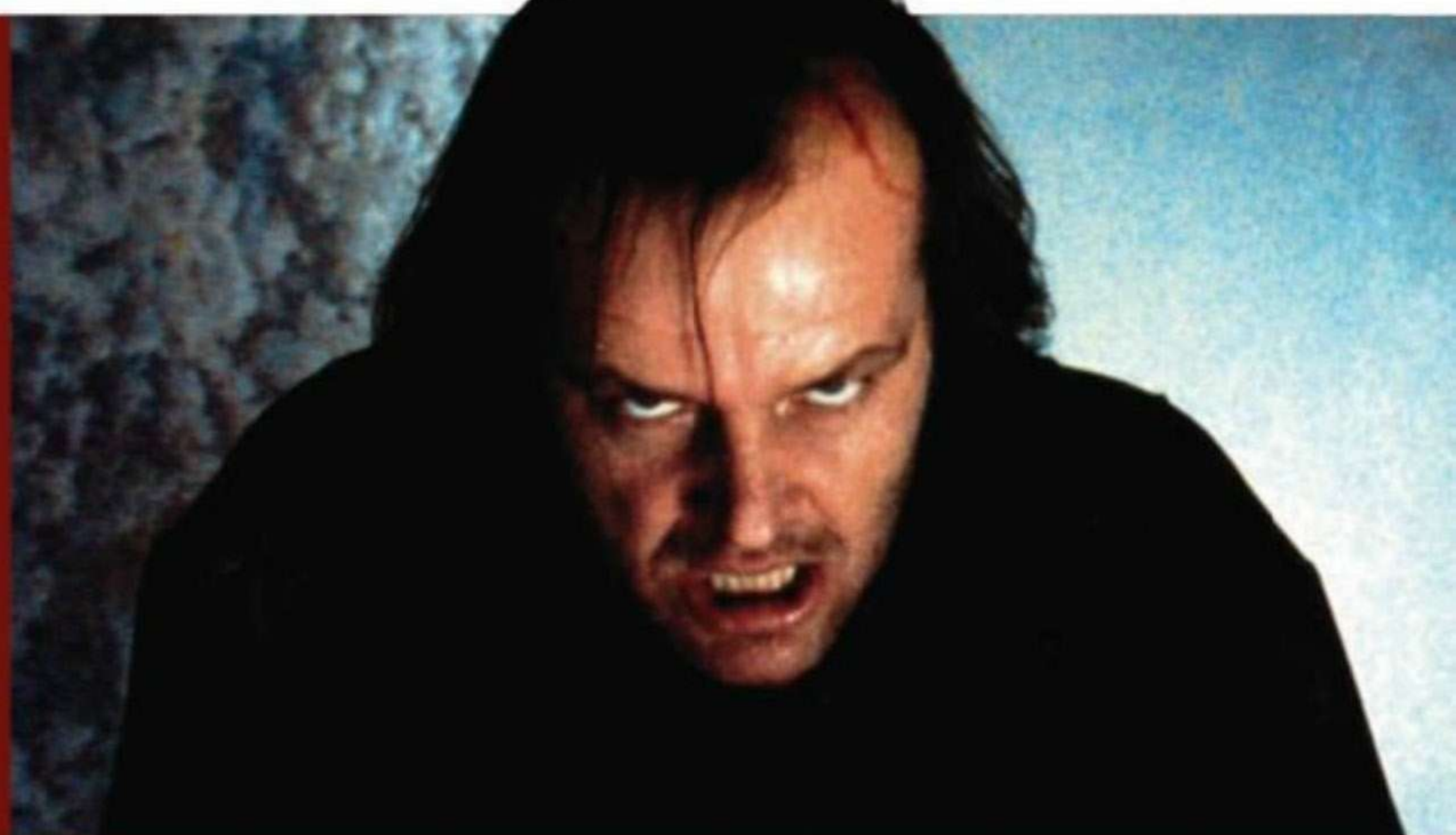
FIVE FEARSOME FILMS TO DIE FOR

In *The Twilight Saga: Breaking Dawn—Part 1*, **Julia Jones** reprises her role as shape-shifting wolf woman Leah Clearwater, who holds her own in the pack. Since the lovely and smart 30-year-old actress rubs elbows with vampires and werewolves on-screen, we asked Jones about her favorite hair-raising films of all time.



***The Shining*:** "It's one of those movies you could probably watch a hundred times and still thoroughly enjoy. There's so much going on in every scene. Jack Nicholson is one of my favorite actors, and it's one of the very few movies I can actually quote."

***Jaws*:** "Sharks at the beach have always been one of my



biggest fears. *Jaws* legitimized that fear."

***Repulsion*:** "It is shocking and realistic at the same time, which is a scary combination. You get inside this beautiful girl's head as she's losing her mind, and at a certain point you can't tell what's real and what's not. Catherine Deneuve's performance is so subtle it's disturbing."

***Let the Right One In*:** "This is a beautiful film. It's a love story that happens to be about vampires. I can't think

of another horror film that made me care so much about the characters responsible for the horror. It was a pleasant surprise."

***Straw Dogs* (1971):** "The film's last 20 minutes are hard to sit through. It's scary in a very unsettling way, and watching it led to a long discussion about who is at fault for how things turn out in the end. It's rare that a scary movie leads to a social debate, and I thought that was great." —Bryan Reesman

GUESS

SEDUCTIVE
HOMME

THE NEW FRAGRANCE FOR MEN





GAME OF THE MONTH

BATMAN: ARKHAM CITY

By Jason Buhrmester

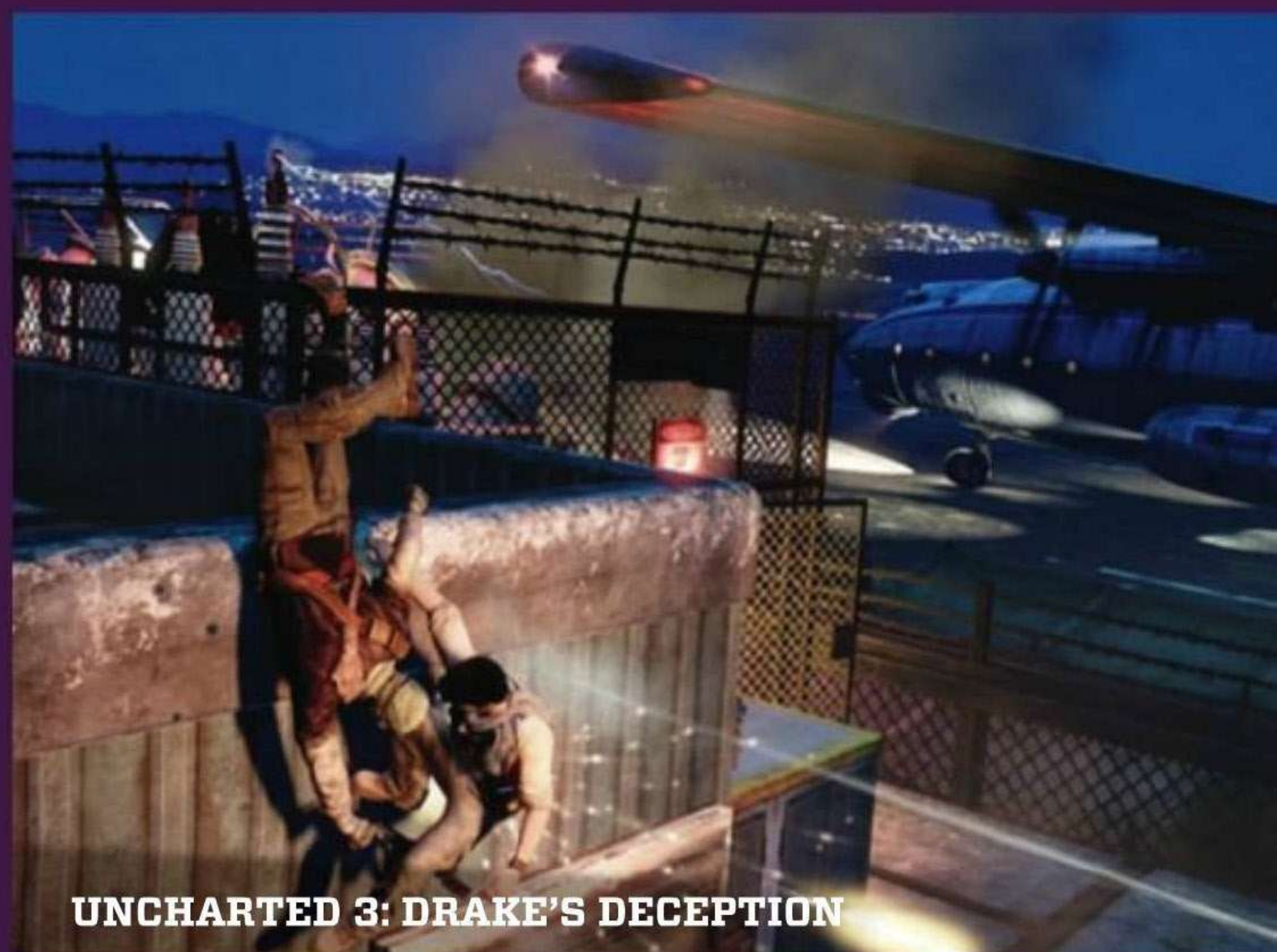
Over the years, Batman has been portrayed poorly—whether on TV shows or by Michael Keaton. The latest video game series finally gets it right by featuring the caped crusader as the maniacal vigilante from the comics. In *Batman: Arkham City* (360, PC, PS3), Gotham's famous Arkham Asylum is replaced with a superprison for the city's thugs and criminals, including Penguin, the Joker and others. Stealth is key, so hide Batman upside down in corners, drop him on unsuspecting foes and use fear to intimidate. If that doesn't work, break out new gadgets from the utility belt and finish them off with smoke pellets and "batarangs." 🦇🦇🦇

ALSO IN GAMES Combat games are experiencing an arms race for realism. *Battlefield 3* (360, PC, PS3) brings dramatic lighting and realism to urban warfare in Tehran, Paris and New York. Jump



BATTLEFIELD 3

into the combat boots of Marine Sergeant Henry Black or behind the controls of tanks, helicopters and jets in intense combat filled with explosions and toppling buildings. It's the best installment of an already five-star series. *Uncharted 3: Drake's Deception* (PS3) takes the adventuring of Indiana Jones and updates it with a bit of *Bourne Supremacy*. Nathan Drake is a two-fisted explorer on the hunt for treasure hidden in the Arabian Desert. Improved hand-to-hand combat and covert takedowns help keep the expedition exciting as Drake dodges sinking ships and fights on the edges of airplanes.



UNCHARTED 3: DRAKE'S DECEPTION

MUST-WATCH TV

NEW TOONS, OLD TOONS

By Josef Adalian

After a 14-year hiatus, MTV's mid-1990s bad boys Beavis and Butt-Head have returned for more pop-culture parodies and poop jokes. But instead of mocking videos, the adolescent duo now takes aim at the reality "stars" currently thriving on the music channel. We didn't think we missed Mike Judge's offspring until they managed to link Snooki to the advent of herpes. *Heh-heh-heh*—that's cool. This month also sees the arrival of *Allen Gregory*, a Fox toon on which Jonah Hill voices a hyperachieving seven-year-old trying to fit in at school. Somehow the nearly 20-year-old *Beavis and Butt-Head* feels fresher—and funnier.



MUSIC

Q&A WITH BLINK-182'S MARK HOPPUS

By Rob Tannenbaum

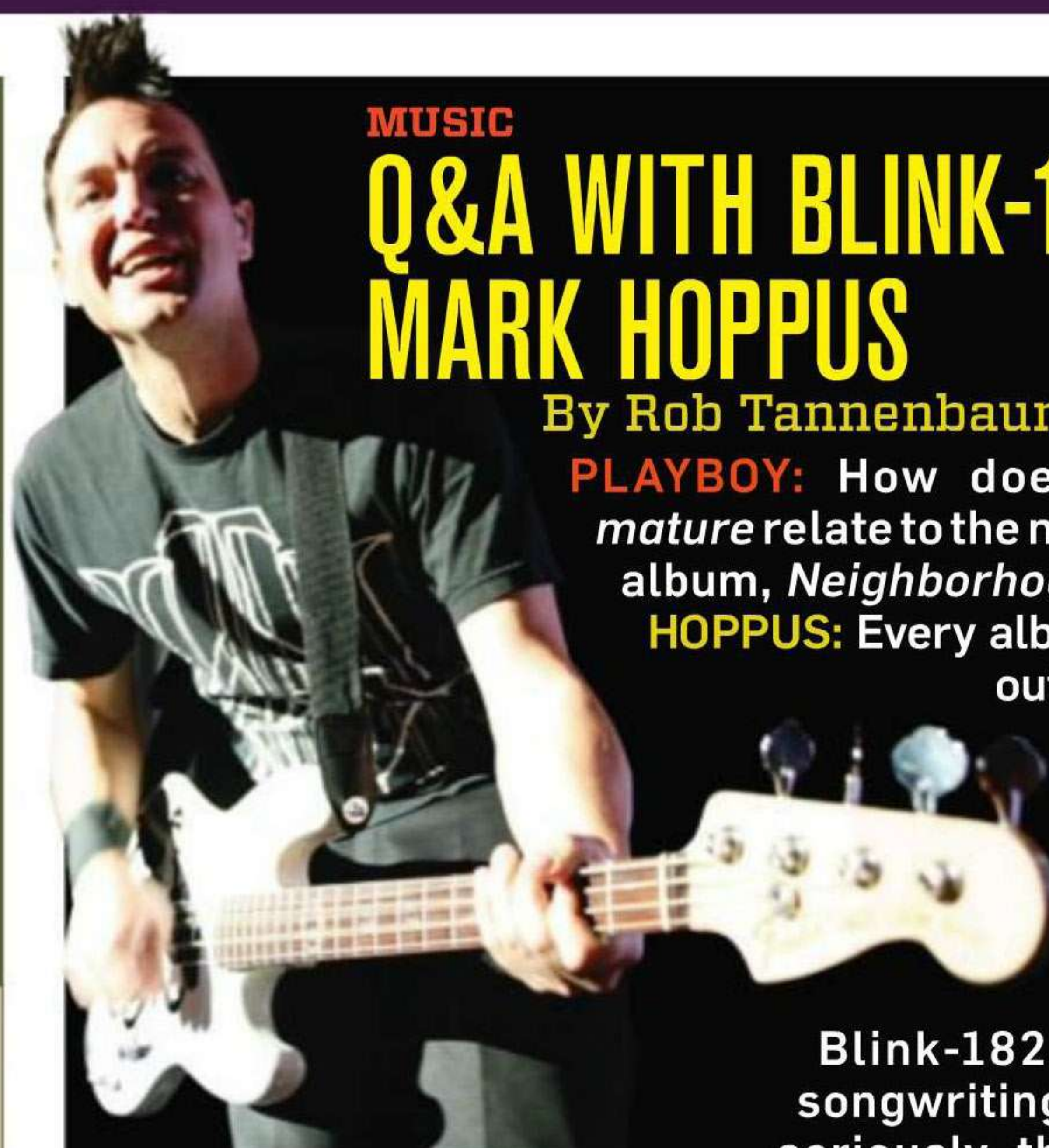
PLAYBOY: How does the word *mature* relate to the new Blink-182 album, *Neighborhoods*?

HOPPUS: Every album we've put out since *Enema of the State* in 1999, people have said, "Oh, this is the new, mature Blink-182." We take songwriting a lot more seriously than we ever

have before, so in that sense we are more mature. But onstage we still talk about our dicks and make fun of each others' moms. I'm 39 and my sense of humor hasn't changed since junior high.

PLAYBOY: What's your favorite "your mama" joke?

HOPPUS: It's kind of esoteric, but one night I told [Blink guitarist] Tom DeLonge that it was so hot onstage, I could tea-bag his mom from low-Earth orbit. That takes a little time to process, so there was nothing he could say back to me.



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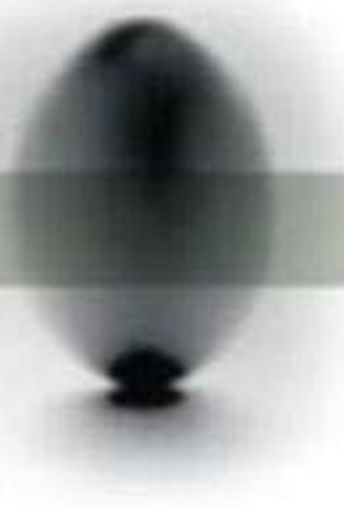
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have said they welcome the distraction of
work-related e-mails over a holiday.

THE TSA ISN'T THE ONLY REASON TO PACK LIGHT.
LAST YEAR U.S. AIRLINES COLLECTED

\$3.4 BILLION



IN BAGGAGE FEES.

In a recent study of the brains of
FORMER NFL PLAYERS,



EXHIBITED SIGNS OF
COGNITIVE IMPAIRMENT.

WHAT GOES AROUND...

Aegis Communications, a call center based
in India, is planning to outsource

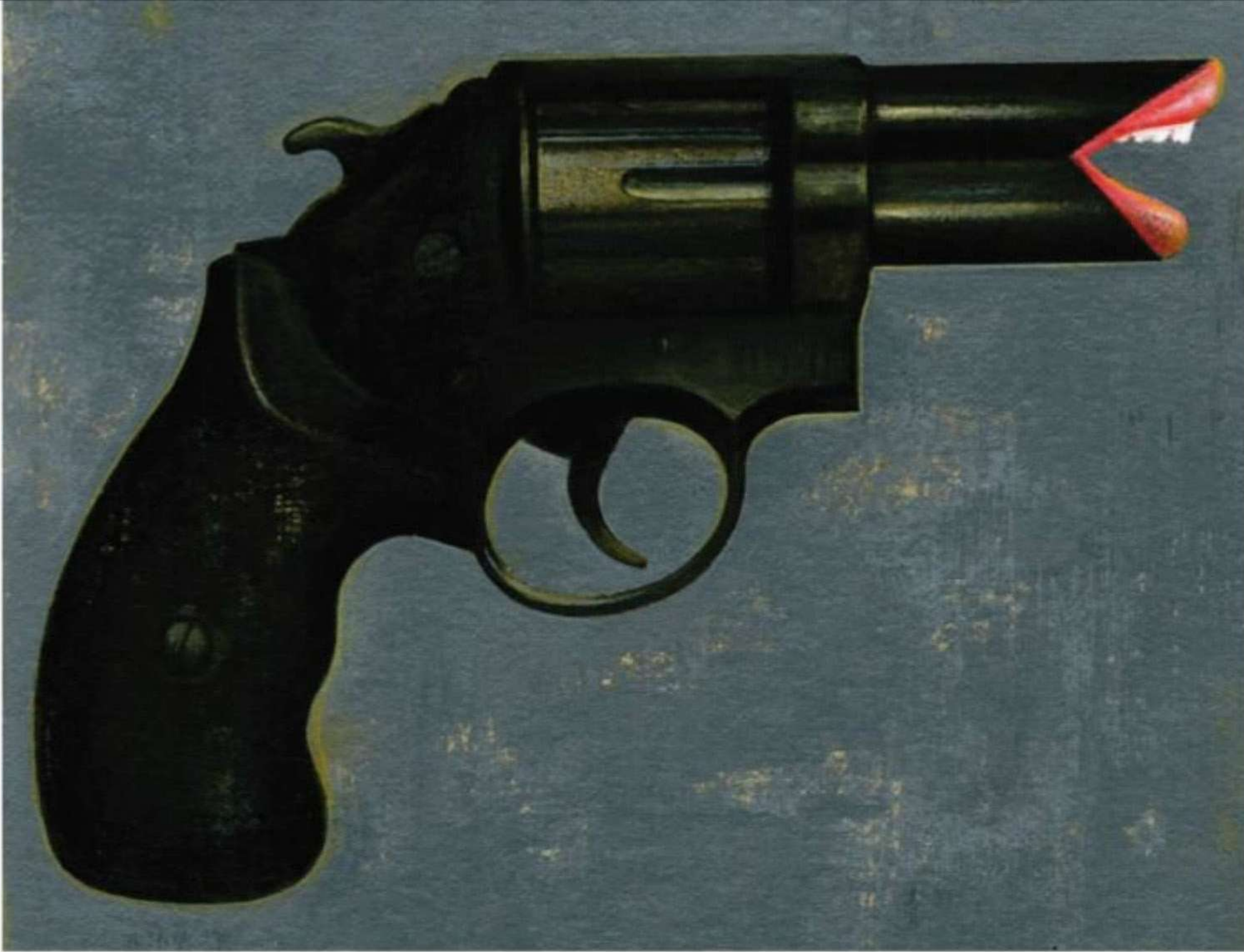


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Political SPEECH

BY NICK TOSCHES

George Orwell wrote an essay called “Politics and the English Language,” which was first published in the British journal *Horizon* of April 1946. It is still available in collections of Orwell’s essays and should be read by anyone interested in the decay of our shared mother tongue, and especially anyone interested in the dissolution and mutation of that tongue into a means to communicate lies rather than direct feelings and ideas.

“Most people who bother with the matter at all would admit that the English language is in a bad way,” Orwell wrote. “Our civilization is decadent and our language—so the argument runs—must inevitably share in the general collapse.” This general belief in language as “a natural growth” was false. He instead saw language as “an instrument which we shape for our own purposes.” And what were the roots of that malignant shaping? “It is clear,” Orwell declared, “that the decline of a language must ultimately have political and economic causes.”

Remember that Orwell wrote “Politics and the English Language” at a time when there was still something of oratory and rhetoric to the speech of politicians, threads of probity were still occasionally woven amid their lies, and the speechwriters they recruited aspired more to eloquence, no matter how deceitful, than to the vacuous blather of semiliterate commercial advertising copy. And the journalists who reported and commented on

what was being said were still well-read in their subject and often as acquainted with *Fowler’s Modern English Usage* as they were with the *Racing Calendar* and *Men Only*.

The babblative glossary of financial double-talk—“derivatives,” “underlying variable assets,” “commodity-futures contracts,” “swaps” and the rest of the fiscal thieves’ jargon of today—had yet to be heard.

Reading Orwell’s observation that the “mixture of vagueness and sheer incompetence is the most marked characteristic of modern English prose, and especially of any kind of political writing,” or politicians’ speechifying, one can only wonder what Orwell might have said now, 65 years later. But he died young, at 46, in 1950, 10 days before President Truman announced that the United States had developed the hydrogen bomb, saying, “Like all other work in the field of atomic weapons, it is being and will be carried forward on a basis consistent with the overall objectives of our program for peace and security.”

Orwell—and the whole horror story of political speech—leapt vividly to my mind recently when I heard a broadcast of part of a speech that President Obama gave at a Chrysler plant in Toledo. The pose—he was one with the working class, celebrating with them his dire fiction that the economy was strengthening—was blatantly clear and obvious. (It is a great amusement to me when people cry out for “transparency in government.” Anyone who can’t see clearly through government as it is belongs at a three-card-monte game.) But it was not the insult of the pose. It was what he said.

A member or members of the presidential minions had selected a suitable employee of the Chrysler plant to whom the president could refer by name, in the usual fake salt-of-the-earth way. Her name was Jill.

“Somebody on my staff asked Jill to describe herself in three words or less,

and she said ‘hardworking.’ Hardworking. And her entire family agreed. So she’s with the right team here at this plant because I know there are a lot of hardworking people here. And I am—I’m proud of all of you. Jill was born and raised right here in Toledo. Her mother retired from this plant. Her stepfather retired from this plant. Her uncle still works at this plant. She met her husband at this plant. Now they have two children of their own, and her three-year-old wants to work at this plant.”

Substitute “Sunflower County, Mississippi” for “Toledo”; substitute “plantation” for “plant.” Embrace the implication that Jill and her husband’s children will follow in their footsteps.

What this homey little speech becomes is a homey little picture of slavery as the American working-class way of life. Slavery, of course, was never really abolished; the word alone was abolished as it pertains to all too many workers’ fated place in the, ahem, American dream.

Obama also said that “there are still some headwinds that are coming at us. Lately, it’s been high gas prices that have caused a lot of hardship for a lot of working families. And then you had the economic disruptions following the tragedy in Japan. You got the instability in the Middle East, which makes folks uncertain. There are always going to be bumps on the road to recovery.”

Bumps on the road to recovery.

And notice that none of them was the wreck on the highway of the American economy itself.

His coup de grâce: “Our task hasn’t just been to recover from the recession. Our task has been to rebuild the future on a stronger foundation than we had before.”

How the fuck do you “rebuild the future”?

Words without meaning, “vagueness and sheer incompetence” taken to the extreme—to beyond the extreme, to the rebuilt future of the extreme.

And no one ridiculed, damned or tore into what was said. The language that Orwell foresaw and feared has become our one true common language.

Just the other day I was speaking with someone who happened to be an executive at Deutsche Bank. He asked if I knew what the term *quantitative easing* means. I told him I had heard it uttered by many government economists, but it seemed such a benign academic blandness that I had never given it much thought. He told me what *quantitative easing* means: It means printing vast sums of money to pour into financial institutions.

Christopher Marlowe and others fired and hammered words into dangerous weapons. But it is the dull, ill-wrought lies of the hollow men that will kill us. Beware.

THE MOURNING AFTER

BY LISA LAMPANELLI

I Lisa Lampanelli, would never lie to you, my loyal PLAYBOY readers. Who do I look like, Casey Anthony? As I've told you before, I spent my entire life from the age of 12 to the age of 40 in one relationship after another. That's a long freaking time! That's almost 30 years of holding in farts while pretending to be a lady. But it didn't matter. I structured my relationship lineup like the New York Yankees batting order: The minute Jeter was done hitting, I had Teixeira warming up in the batter's circle. And I got back in the game quicker than A-Rod on steroids.

For more than a quarter century, I thought of a breakup as the perfect way to move on to a new relationship. No fuss, no muss and seamless—like a new pair of Spanx. But after 28 years and countless calls to *Loveline*, something kept telling me that taking a break between relationships might be healthier.

But how long should I—and you—have to wait it out? While it's certainly not a good idea to bring a new somebody home while your ex is still collecting her CDs and tampons, you probably shouldn't wait until your penis is writing a suicide note, either. But when can you begin picking up the pieces by picking up *some* pieces? Well, much like Betty White's underwear, it...depends.

Unfortunately, breakups are an inevitable rite of passage, like that nasty zit on class-picture day or awkwardly getting to third base on prom night. We all have to go through the painful process of breaking up with unsuitable suitors over and over until we finally either find our soul mate or die alone at our cluttered kitchen table surrounded by mounds of useless junk and dead cats just as the crew of *Hoarders* shows up.

Let's assume you've been dumped. You were in love with your girlfriend, but something came between you two—and that something was the UPS guy. You stopped by her place one day and walked in while she was getting a very "special

delivery." And from her satisfied moans, you could hear clear as day that she liked what brown could do for her.

So it's time to start from square one. And there are variables that come into play when figuring out the proper amount of time to wait before dating again. One is how long you've been together. If you've been dating for only a couple of weeks, then you shouldn't wait any longer than it takes to delete her number and change your sheets. I mean, boning some chick you met on PlentyOfFish.com is a lot different than being in an actual relationship. With the former, just rub yourself down

girls like to control weekends, and nothing ruins a great Sunday of NFL action like brunch and *Project Runway*.

Being single is also the perfect opportunity to upgrade yourself—you know, become a better catch, not the deadliest one. Apple is successful because it comes out with a new and improved iPad every six months. And you? The only improvement you've made in the past six months is that new Metallica concert tee. Start working out and lose your relationship gut. Get a promotion and use the money to buy a new car. (That Dodge Neon has been cock-blocking you for years!) Let the



with Purell and move right on to the next whore's profile. However, if you've built a real relationship with someone, the answer is less clear. While some breakups are like emotional paper cuts, others are more like a point-blank shotgun blast. And unfortunately, your HMO probably won't cover a gaping emotional chest wound.

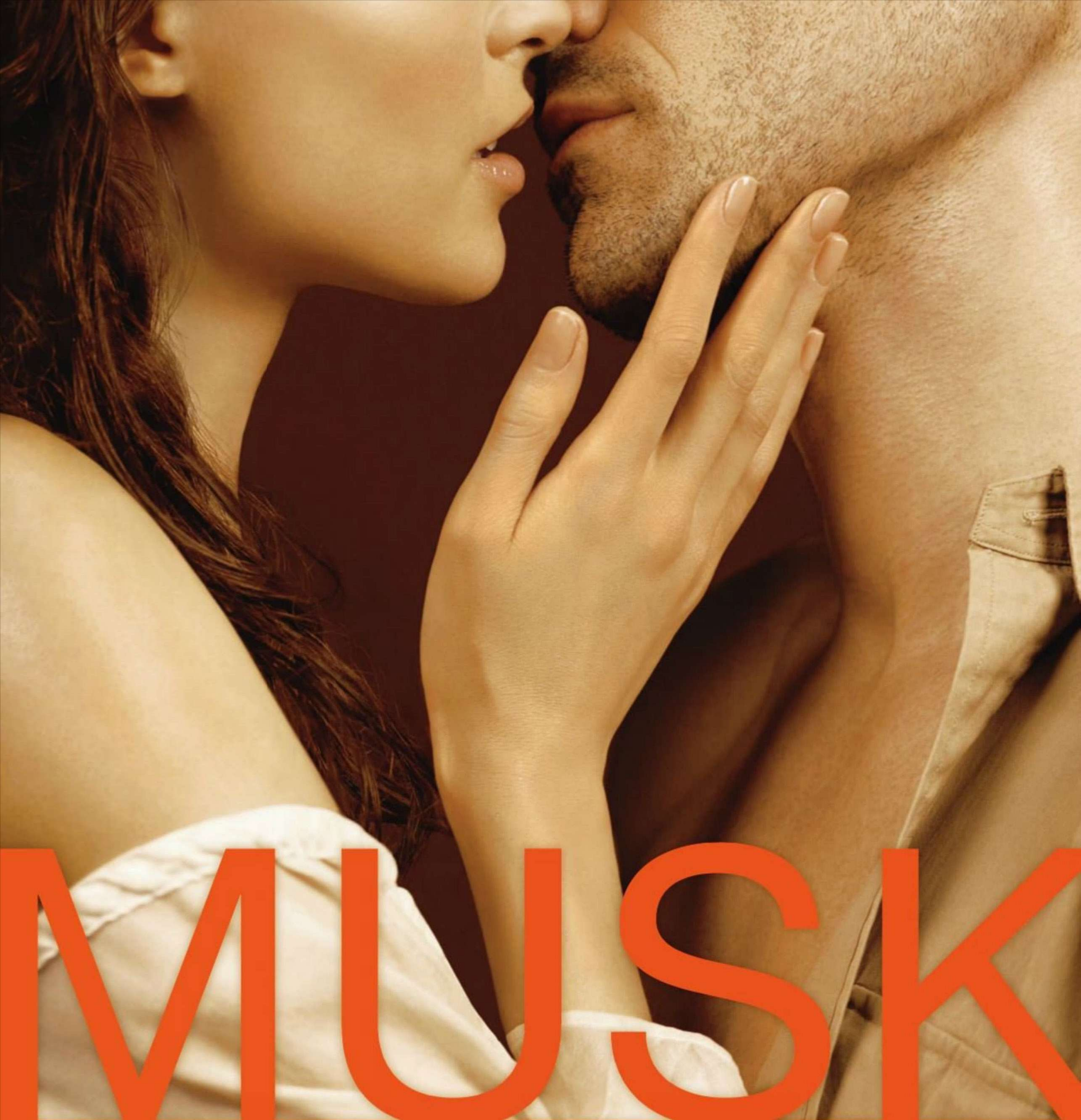
If your relationship was long term, moving too fast without reflecting on what went wrong is asking for trouble. If you bring in a reliever too soon, you'll have the same problems with the new one that you had with the old one. It'll be like replacing Kathie Lee Gifford with Kelly Ripa—the co-host may be different, but the show still sucks.

Besides, being single for a bit might be just what the doctor ordered. Take advantage of your freedom before you jump back into coupledness. Wanna go to Vegas? Grab that \$3,000 you were saving up to buy her a boob job and catch the next plane! Is it football season? Wait until after the Super Bowl. Remember,

Propecia kick in. Today you might get a Camryn Manheim. Tomorrow you might be able to nab a Cameron Diaz.

The trick is to look at your relationship history like a job résumé. You don't want to hop from one taco stand to another, but you don't want a huge gap between jobs, either. No one needs a wider divide between relationships than the Octomom has between her legs. Simply, if your relationship résumé has a bigger, emptier void than Kim Kardashian's cranium, it's going to make women wonder.

As for me, I finally learned my lesson. After nearly 30 years of back-to-back relationships, I took an 18-month break from dating and finally met my match—a big loud Italian with even bigger testicles than I have. Just like the 2004 Red Sox, I finally broke the curse of the Bambino and got my ring! Take it from someone who's logged more hours in therapy than the cast of *Celebrity Rehab*, seasons one through five: That's one ship you don't let sail by!



MUSK

JÖVAN

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The charming Fiat 500 is a blast from the past, in more ways than one.

Che Bella Macchina

Fiat returns to America with its classic Cinquecento

Not since the 1980s has Fiat had a presence in the USA. It's fitting that Italy's largest car concern (which owns Ferrari, Maserati, Alfa Romeo and now a good chunk of Chrysler) should return to our shores in the delightful 500, a classy remake of the automobile (right) that captured a certain 1960s zeitgeist.

We drove the new 500 all over Chicago and upstate New York; everywhere we went people stopped in their tracks. At gas stations, attendants demanded we pop the hood so they could check out the DOHC 1.4-liter in-line four-cylinder engine—hardly a

beast but perkier than its 101 horse-power would have you think.

Mini is not pleased. Fiat's 2+2 underprices the base Mini, performs nearly as well as the BMW-owned Brit and gets better mileage (30 city, 38 highway). The 500 comes as a hatchback or convertible, with distinctly Italian shades that sound like flavors of gelato: *verde oliva*, *mocha latte*. Given the base price of \$15,500, we're guessing you'll see a lot of this pint-size party mobile in the future. Size yours up at fiatusa.com.



Smoke on the Water

The great cult whiskey Laphroaig, from the isle of Islay in Scotland, is like the Gorgonzola of liquors: so creamy and richly flavored you can smell it from across the room. The new iteration—Triple Wood (\$60, laphroaig.com), hitting stores this month—is aged in bourbon casks, then in American oak quarter casks and finally in sherry casks for a dab of sweetness. But first it's blasted with peat smoke for that signature Islay pop. The result is nothing less than liquid gold.

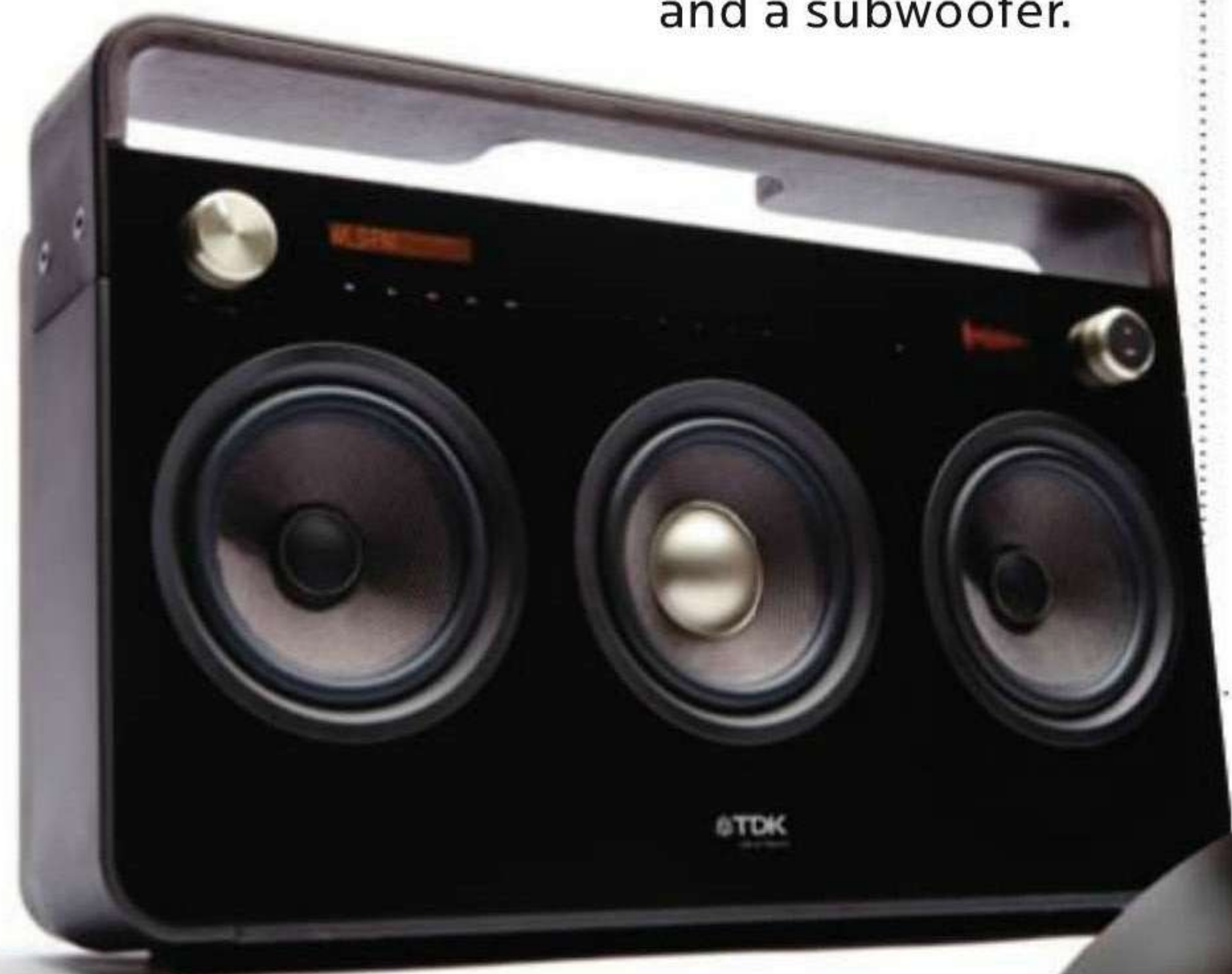
From Russia, c/o Lomo

The Lomography (or Lomo) phenomenon started in the Soviet Union in the early 1980s, an entire movement in spontaneous art photography based on this old-school 35-millimeter film camera. With the commemorative limited-edition Russia Day Lomo LC-A+ (\$389, lomography.com) now available, the movement won't stop anytime soon. Get the picture?



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You want to rock your block old-school. Plug an iPod or iPhone into TDK's 3 Speaker Boombox (\$499, tdkperformance.com)—also a radio—and fight for your right to party through a pair of six-inch speakers and a subwoofer.



Bring It On Home

In the mood for some Zeppelin? Bowers & Wilkins's Zeppelin Air (\$599, bowers-wilkins.com) uses Apple's AirPlay technology to blast music from your iTunes, iPhone and iPad without a connecting cable. The digital signal processing pumps audio so clear you can hear Jimmy Page's fingers squeak on the strings.

Silent Treatment

Noise-canceling technology has been rescuing travelers from chatty passengers for years. Klipsch's Mode M40 headphones (\$350, klipsch.com) last 45 hours on a single battery, while the leather ear cups seal out screaming babies from takeoff to landing.



Tower of Sound

Stringing speaker wire is a drag. Aperion's Intimus 4T Summit Wireless 5.1 home theater system (\$2,499, aperionaudio.com) uses a digital hub to stream pristine audio to wireless speakers and calibrates them for the sweet spot on the couch.

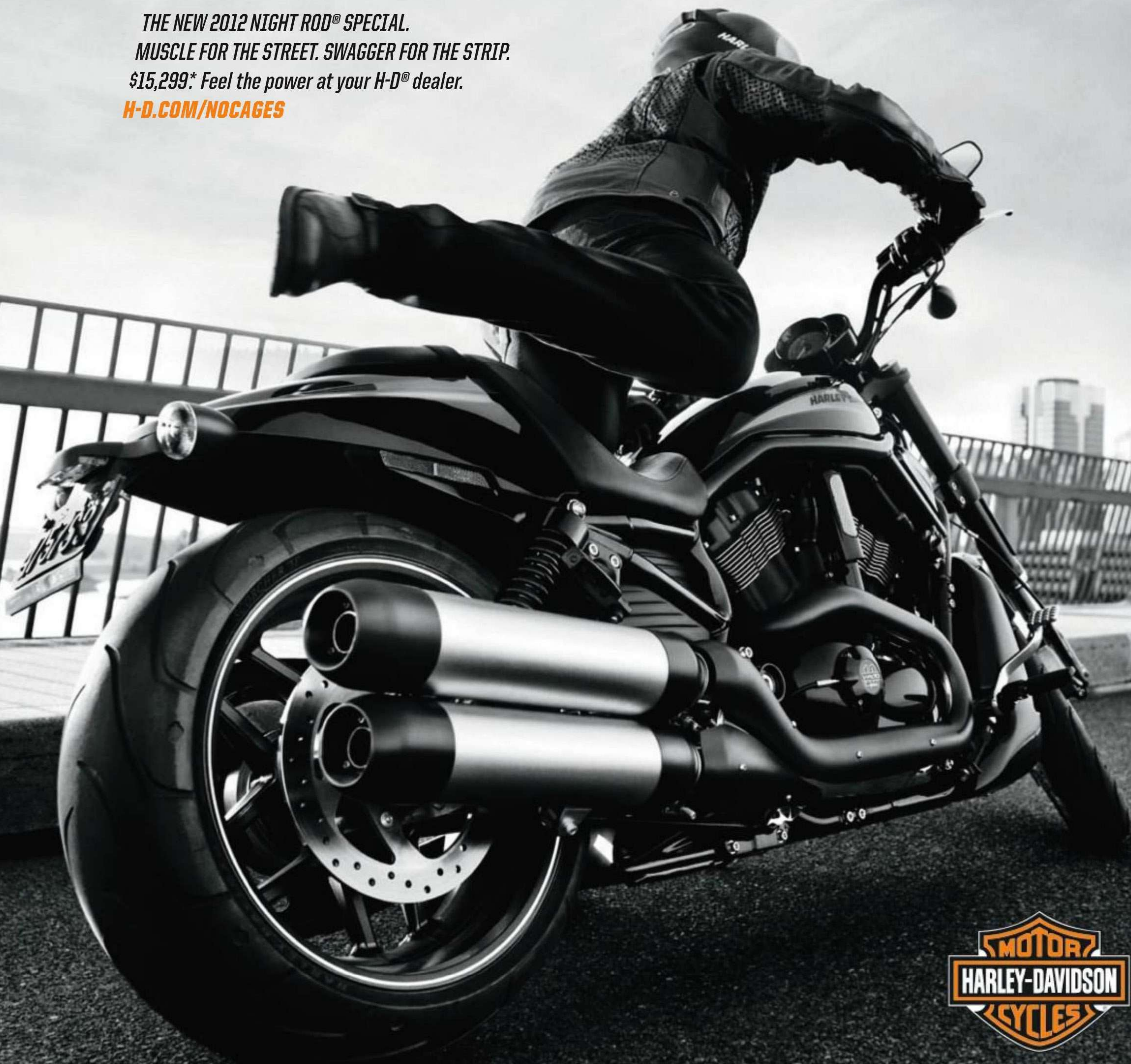


Super Sonic

There's a reason Bowers & Wilkins's nearly five-foot-tall Nautilus speakers (\$60,000, bowers-wilkins.com) look like something out of *Alien*. The design improves sound quality by reducing resonance at high, mid and low frequencies.

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In a friendly game of dealer's choice, is it cheating if the winner shares his pot with his spouse, who sits right next to him? They always seem to come out on top at the end of the night.—D.A., Jamestown, New York

Usually couples aren't allowed to sit at the same table, for this very reason. "While there is some room for collusion in poker—tournament players sometimes make deals to split pots or share winnings—what D.A. describes is not considered kosher at most tables," says Jake Austen, editor of the anthology *A Friendly Game of Poker*. If two players at a four-player table decide not to play against each other, control the betting action and more than likely signal each other about card strength, they will certainly win more than 50 percent of the chips, he says. If the other two players are rubes, the couple will win closer to 90 percent. We're sure you're a great friend and a nice guy, but Austen believes "the fact they let you see them split the winnings qualifies you and everyone else at the table as suckers." He adds, "That they will continue to split the pots after they leave even if you tell them to stop means you probably have to disinvite them."

Is bisexuality a legitimate sexual orientation, or is a person who claims to be bi just confused?—B.T., Mankato, Minnesota

Bisexuals may not be confused, but sometimes we are, trying to figure them out. In 1948 Alfred Kinsey developed a seven-point scale, with zero being totally straight and six being totally gay. (Notably, he felt an individual's position could change during his or her life.) He knew the scale would be controversial because for much of society "sexual behavior is either normal or abnormal, socially acceptable or unacceptable, heterosexual or homosexual; and many persons do not want to believe that there are gradations." In 2005 researchers at Northwestern University expressed doubt that bisexuality exists, at least in men, based on an experiment that measured genital blood flow in volunteers as they watched gay and straight porn. None of the men, who had been recruited through ads in gay and alternative newspapers, were aroused by both types. Critics pounced, saying the study implied that all bisexual men are closeted gays. For a follow-up study, released in August, researchers recruited volunteers from online forums for bisexuals and did find men who were physically aroused by everything they were shown. Another study by different scientists, published in March, found that men

PLAYBOY ADVISOR



My husband and I restore classic muscle cars, which means many of our weekends are spent in the boneyard. I have discovered I'm turned on by the wrecked cars, and our last few trips have ended with me and my husband having wild sex inside one. Have you ever heard of this?—T.C., Goldsboro, North Carolina

Have you both had tetanus shots? Wrecked cars reflect a rush of violence, and like the reader who told us she became unexpectedly wet after seeing a fistfight in a supermarket parking lot, you find energy in that. Plus, a junkyard is a playground, with a surprise around every corner and plenty of nooks and crannies to sneak into. Just be careful. You may have a touch of symphorophilia, a term coined in 1984 by psychologist John Money and Diskin Clay for fetishists turned on by staging or watching disasters, including car crashes. J.G. Ballard played with the concept in his 1973 novel *Crash*. If you come across a gas cap for a 1980 Thunderbird, let us know.

who said they were bisexual were more turned on than straight or gay men watching porn in which two men have sex with each other and a woman. But does arousal equal orientation? Does anyone actually exist who is a perfectly balanced 3.5? (Kinsey apparently didn't think so, since he gave the scale seven numbers.) Or are we all born either straight or gay, with a select population whose brain chemistry allows for more tolerance for going both ways? The answers don't matter practically, but the questions are interesting.

subject with a potential girlfriend?—T.H., Hendersonville, North Carolina

Here's a strategy that never works: asking after you've tied her up. The sex educator Midori, author of *The Seductive Art of Japanese Bondage*, cautions against using the loaded word "bondage" when introducing the topic. And never show your girlfriend a Japanese bondage porn site, Midori cautions, "because that's going to lead to an uncomfortable, all-night, why-are-you-into-this-weird-thing conversation." Instead, package what you want with

Why do gay people get so upset with bisexuals? Like homosexuals, bisexuals are born that way—or at least I feel I was. I have known since a young age that I love both girls and boys. So what is it that makes gays so mad?—A.S., Lexington, Kentucky

Maybe we haven't been paying attention, but we missed the homosexual rage over bisexuals. Gay people don't give a hoot about whom you find attractive—unless it's them or you're pursuing the same person they are, in which case your particular tolerance or orientation (we can't commit to just one) may be viewed as an unfair advantage. As Woody Allen has said, the best thing about swinging both ways is that it doubles your chance of getting a date. Resentment arises only when it halves our chances. That's why it's a good idea to take a few gay buddies to the bar, so they can distract the bisexuals.

I know the old adage that it's inappropriate to call someone after 10 p.m. How about a text? My girlfriend yelled at me for texting a friend at 11:30 p.m. I figure it's no big deal. If he's sleeping, his phone will be on vibrate or off. Who is correct? We have a dinner riding on this.—J.W., Holyoke, Massachusetts

You'll have to split the dinner, because it depends on the friend. You know better than we do who won't stand for it and who will shrug it off—or you'll find out. A text at 11:30 is less intrusive, and less alarming, than a phone call. But unless you're canceling breakfast, can't it wait till the morning?

Over the past few years I have developed an interest in shibari, or Japanese rope bondage. I'm not into the discipline-domination aspect, but I am attracted to how a woman looks while bound in intricate knots. What is a good way to find a partner willing to be tied up so I can practice? And what would be a good way to broach the sub-

TOMER HANUKA

something she likes. For instance, propose that you'd like to get kinky and tie her up, and she'll be beautiful, and the entire time you'll be licking her or applying a vibrator. Another strategy is to leave Midori's book on the coffee table; she describes it accurately as "approachable and not scary and girlfriend friendly." If your girlfriend agrees to experiment, ease into it. "Even if you've long fantasized about intricate rope bondage," says Midori, "during that first encounter try something super simple, like binding her wrists and blindfolding her, and leave it at that." As for meeting women who enjoy being kept in knots, you'll find them at annual gatherings such as Rope Camp near Washington, D.C., Shibaricon in Chicago and Midori's Rope Bondage Dojo in New York and San Francisco.

Why is it that women show off their feet, have tattoos on them, get pedicures and wear toe rings, but when I ask them if they would ever let someone suck their toes, they're grossed out? Are they in denial?—M.C., Portland, Oregon

Women seldom lead with their feet. That is, a sexy foot, like cleavage, may catch your eye, but it's part of a package deal. For your needs, a number of women love having a man worship their feet, but they can be a challenge to find. And they'll quickly grow bored if that's your only proficiency.

I work in a grocery store while I attend college. The other day a customer asked for a seafood item we sell frozen. When I suggested he thaw the fillets by running cold water over them for 15 minutes, he claimed that would "shock" the meat, affecting its flavor and tenderness. Is that true?—P.M., La Crosse, Wisconsin

No. The ideal way to defrost frozen fish is in the refrigerator, but running cold water over it works in a pinch. Seal it in a plastic bag and turn it frequently so it thaws evenly. Or immerse it, changing the water every half hour to keep it cold. Plan on an hour or two for each pound of fish. As a last resort you can use the defrost cycle on your microwave, removing the meat when it's pliable but still icy to avoid cooking the edges. Never thaw fish at room temperature, as bacteria grow quickly above 40 degrees Fahrenheit. Thinner fillets that you don't plan to bread, stuff or broil can be cooked frozen.

Your advice in August on matching fish with red wine was spot-on. That being said, I serve rosé, not blush, with scallops, salmon, tuna and swordfish. I know many people turn their noses up at rosé, but I think it's because they confuse it with the sweet blushes. In recent years vineyards in California, New York and South America have been producing clean, crisp and flavorful rosés from pinot noirs, malbecs and other reds.—K.H., Eagan, Minnesota

Rosés can work with all the seafood you mention, especially (and perhaps only) in the summer. Some people also pair it with tomato-based seafood soups. When they began covering wine for The Wall Street Journal in 1998,

Dorothy Gaiter and John Brecher were asked repeatedly if they would write about rosés. "We realized rosés are a popular guilty pleasure," they recalled. "And why not? A good rosé is special—a wine that, at best, has more character than a simple white but isn't as heavy as a light red. If you happen to see grenache or garnacha on the label, that's a good sign, because it's the grape responsible for many excellent rosés around the world." However, they note, you shouldn't expect any great experiences from a rosé. That sort of attitude irks producers such as Joe Hart of the Hart Family Winery in Temecula, California, whom Gaiter and Brecher once spotted wearing a T-shirt that read ROSÉ HAS GOTTEN A BAD RAP BECAUSE TOO MANY PEOPLE DRINK IT WITH THEIR CLOTHES ON.

I fantasize about my husband having sex with another woman and telling me how good it is with a tone that suggests I'm street trash. I don't want to be involved in the sex, I just want him to talk down to me while he fucks her. My husband is confused about my fantasy, so I wonder if other women think as I do. It would be great to know I'm not alone.—M.D., Lufkin, Texas

You're not alone. You are a submissive hoping to be dominated, and that desire manifests itself in any number of creative ways. We hope your husband agrees to play along, because he may be surprised at the tiger he unleashes even if he only talks you through the scenario. If he's like most husbands, he'll also enjoy pretending to be in charge. As with any type of role-playing, choose a safe word to end the action if either of you becomes uncomfortable.

A reader asked in September about the risk of putting a mouthful of beer into his girlfriend's vagina during oral sex. Recently my girlfriend and I experimented with whipped cream during sex. I licked some off her breasts, and she licked some off my erection. Afterward she mentioned your response and said she was concerned that she could get a yeast infection from the tiniest bit of whipped cream that might remain. I told her not to worry, but I would check with the Advisor to make sure.—E.F., Portland, Oregon

We didn't mean to cause a panic. As we said, you should avoid putting any sugary substance into the vagina because it can upset the slightly acidic environment of the center of the world. If your girlfriend is concerned, she needs to do a better job of licking your penis.

My wife and I are going to have our first threesome with an escort. The woman we chose says she does everything safely. I'm wondering if it's okay to go bareback with my wife, or would that be poor etiquette?—R.P., Calgary, Alberta

We don't think so, though the escort may insist on total coverage. Whatever you do, she is taking a risk, as a condom will not protect her against every STD you may have, such as herpes.

In your response in August to the question about why the last inch of a cigar

tastes so bad, you said it's because "it has filtered all that came before," citing Aaron Sigmond, co-author of *Playboy: The Book of Cigars*. But the correct answer is: You're smoking crappers. The last two inches of my smokes are delicious—spicy and leathery, the best part of the cigar.—W.G., Seattle, Washington

Since we stop long before the stub to protect our manicure, we asked Sigmond to respond. "Most refined smokers eschew the last bit precisely because of the reasons you like it—it's all the filtered dreck," he says. "If it tastes leathery, you are smoking a single-note cigar."

The reason the last inch tastes bad is that the cherry is closer to your mouth, causing the smoke to be hotter and more bitter. To correct this, take shorter puffs, or "sips," and wait longer between them. If smoked correctly, a cigar can be enjoyed to its last quarter inch.—J.C., Honolulu, Hawaii

Sigmond again: "I was in a storied tobacconist in Amsterdam, P.G.C. Hajenius, enjoying a cigar. In a nearby chair was another enthusiast, who fascinated me because he was smoking his cigar down to the point where he must have been burning his fingers. Just when I thought he couldn't smoke anymore, he removed a pipe from his inside coat pocket, rolled the remnants of the cigar into bits, tamped them into the pipe, lit it and smoked until not even ash was left. To each his own."

My husband and I both love porn. I think it's one reason he married me. We've been noticing that when the studs do their business, their scrotums shrink to almost nothing. At first we thought they had been neutered, but upon closer inspection we see there is still a trace of testicle. Do actors take something to make their sacks shrink, or do they get the skin on their scrotums tightened? My husband has huge balls, and with each passing year they hang lower. Does anyone out there offer sack tucks?—D.M., San Francisco, California

When a man is aroused, and especially just before orgasm, his testicles draw closer to his body and sometimes disappear. This probably evolved to protect them as their caretaker thrusts during intercourse. As a man ages, it's natural for his sack to droop, like everything else. If your husband feels discomfort, a plastic surgeon can do a scrotum reduction to make his balls shorter than his cock. If not, a tuck is nuts.

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereos and sports cars to dating dilemmas, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a self-addressed, stamped envelope. The most interesting, pertinent questions will be presented in these pages. Write the Playboy Advisor, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611, or send e-mail to advisor@playboy.com. For updates, visit playboyadvisor.com and follow @playboyadvisor on Twitter.



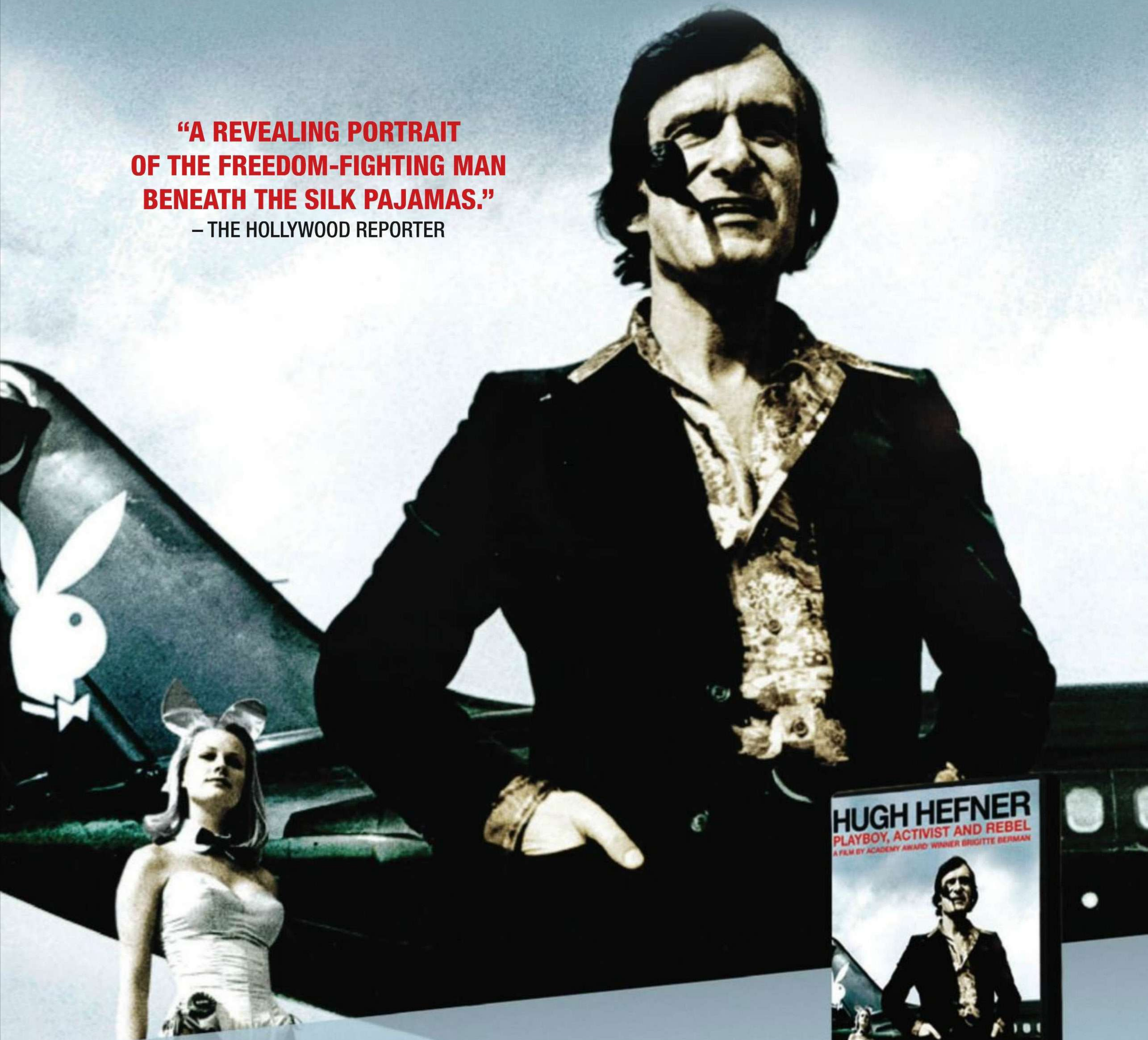
HUGH HEFNER

PLAYBOY, ACTIVIST AND REBEL

A FILM BY ACADEMY AWARD WINNER BRIGITTE BERMAN

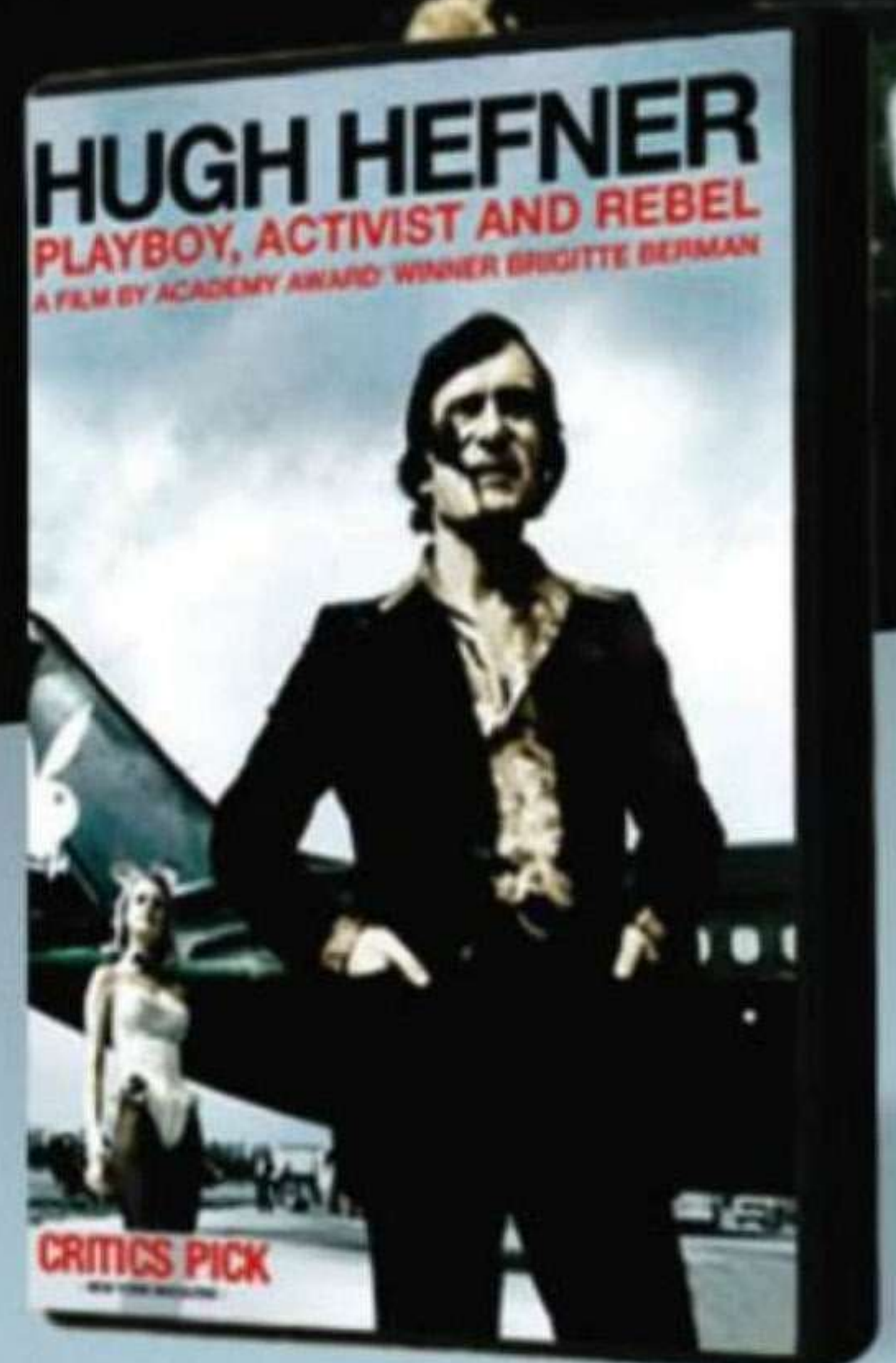
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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: ANTHONY BOURDAIN

A candid conversation with the irreverent and profane food and travel expert on weird foods, strange places and combating his own drug addiction

*It may be unprecedented for one of the hippest shows on TV to be devoted to food and travel, but Anthony Bourdain's *No Reservations*, the Travel Channel's megahit, has a devoted following obsessed with the host's "food and travel porn," as he's described it. Whether Bourdain is reporting from Cuba, Thailand, Japan or the Ozarks, he's irreverent, irrepressible and irresistible. His travels take him from New York, where he ate cowboy rib eye with Bill Murray, to a private dinner in Nicaragua, where the menu included bull testicles. Bourdain is proudly anti-politically correct and opinionated. The *New York Times* called him an "acerbically funny raconteur and takedown artist who generates clouds of web traffic each time he eviscerates a bloated personality or calls out a restaurant for bogus tactics." Acknowledging the colorful language that's often bleeped on his show, The Boston Phoenix has said, "The things that come out of Anthony Bourdain's mouth are frequently as bold as the things that go in."*

Bourdain, who was born in New York and raised in New Jersey, attended the Culinary Institute of America before running the kitchen at such Manhattan restaurants as One Fifth Avenue, Sullivan's and Brasserie Les Halles, where he became known for his rustic French cooking. His life took a detour into what he describes as a harrowing cocaine and heroin

*addiction before he kicked drugs and began his career as a writer of best-selling books, including *Kitchen Confidential: Adventures in the Culinary Underbelly*, about his exploits as a chef, which led, in 2005, to *No Reservations*. These days the Travel Channel sometimes seems it could be renamed the Anthony Bourdain Channel—he's a ubiquitous presence, with his shows often airing more than 20 hours a week. On certain days it's possible to sit in front of the television and watch Bourdain from breakfast to dinner. The latest: a new Travel Channel series called *The Layover*, which he describes as "faster, more democratic and more caffeinated than *No Rez*. But just as obnoxious."*

*Besides producing, hosting and writing his shows, Bourdain is also an occasional judge on *Top Chef*. He has written novels—he's at work on a new crime novel—has co-written a soon-to-be-published graphic novel and is a regular writer for the HBO series *Treme*. Bourdain, who is 55, is married to Ottavia Busia, whom he met on a blind date. Although he once said he'd be a "shit parent," he dotes on his four-year-old daughter.*

*To interview Bourdain, we sent Contributing Editor **David Sheff**, who recently interviewed Congressman Barney Frank and MSNBC's Lawrence O'Donnell for us, to New York City. "Bourdain lives up to his reputation," Sheff*

reports. "He's charming and amusing and never shy about sharing his opinions of famous chefs, aphrodisiacs, politics or the nation's best barbecue. It's the first interview I've done that caused me to laugh, inspired wanderlust and made me hungry."

PLAYBOY: You're just back from Cuba and Hong Kong for a few days, and then you head to Naples and the Congo, which is a typical schedule for you lately. How often are you away from home?

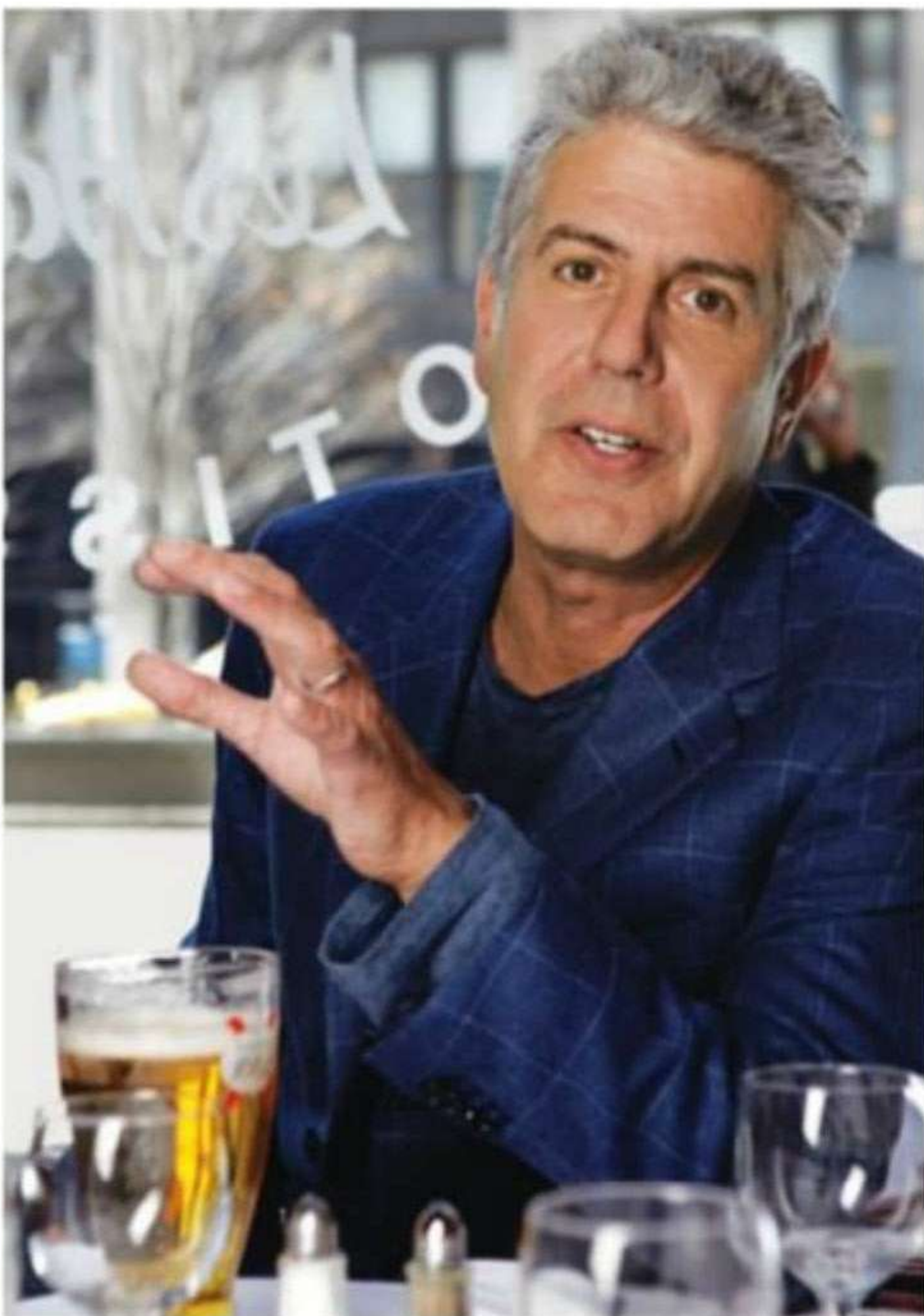
BOURDAIN: I travel about 220 days a year.

PLAYBOY: Are you perpetually jet-lagged and burned out?

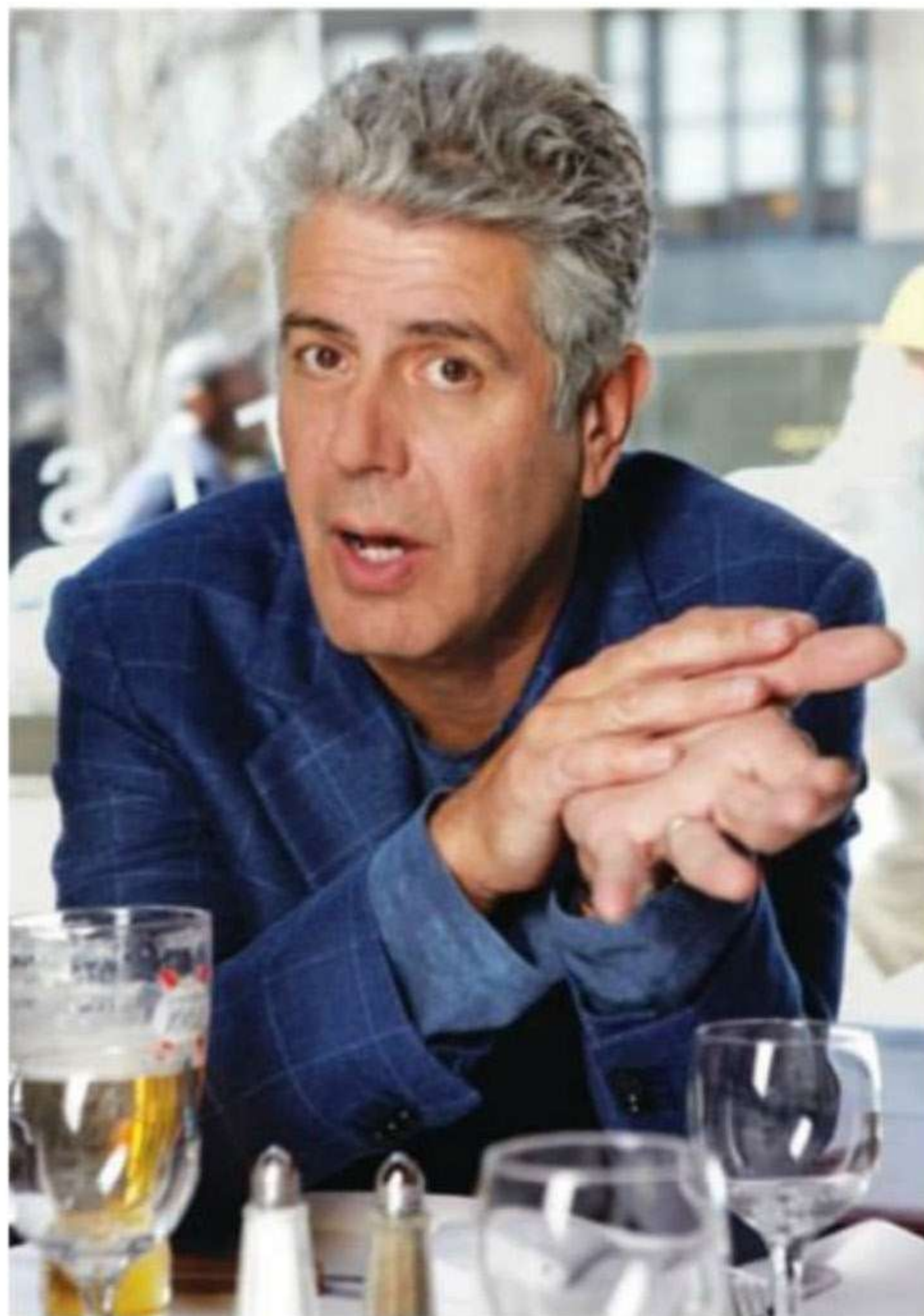
BOURDAIN: I don't get jet-lagged, and I look at long flights as an opportunity to sleep. I smell jet fuel, I pass out. It's a Pavlovian response.

PLAYBOY: You've done shows from places such as Japan, Beirut and Egypt that have been in the news after natural disasters and upheavals. What has been your reaction?

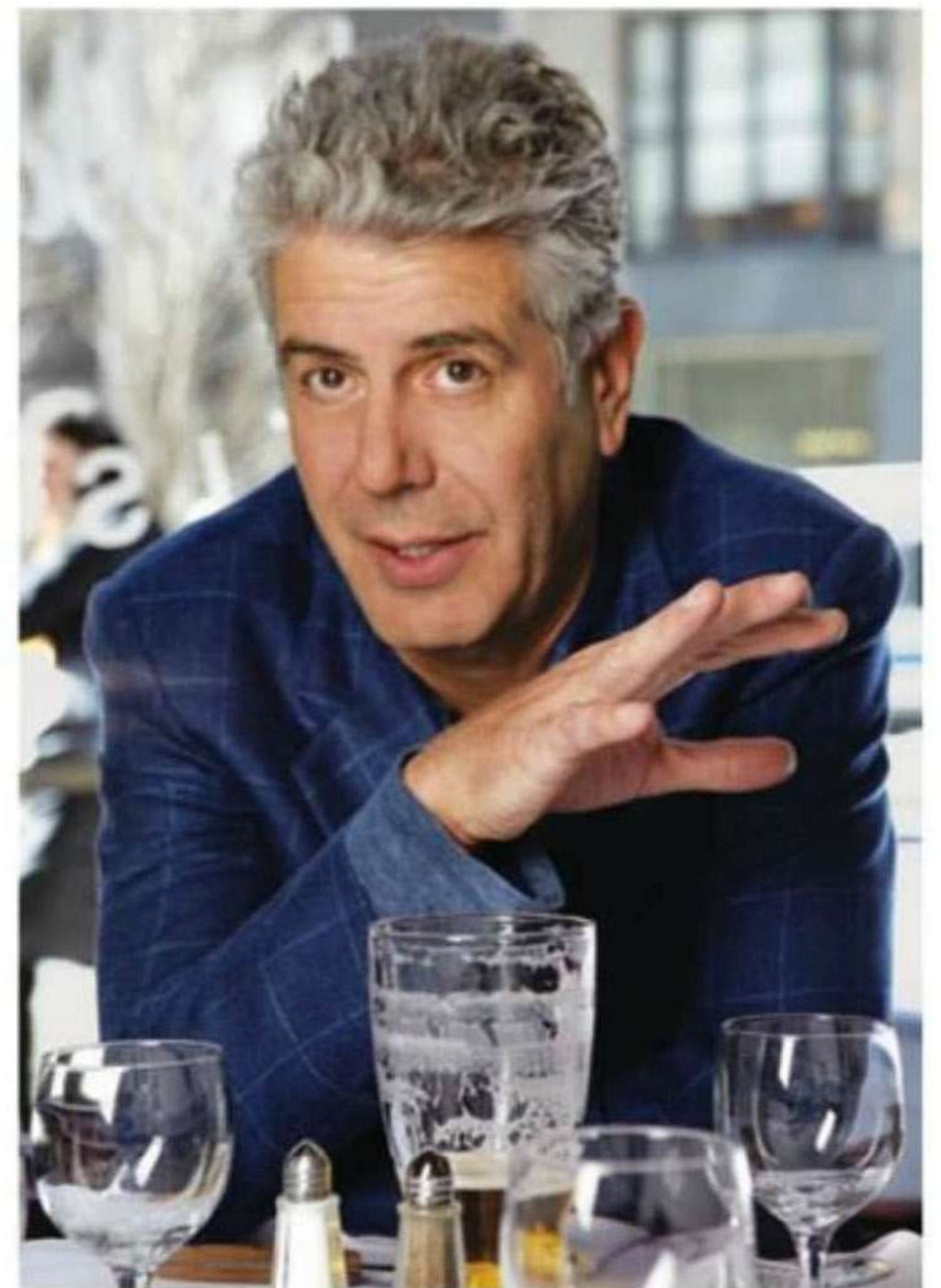
BOURDAIN: For me these places become about the people I meet. My first thoughts go to them. Japan is overwhelming. What can you say about it? I'm still trying to figure out what the fuck is going on in the Middle East. I don't know that I'm smart enough to say anything intelligent about



"I understand why people eat at McDonald's. It's convenient, it's fast and it's relatively cheap. It's the food you need right now when you want it. You may hate yourself afterward, but you feel that way about crack, too."



"Who knows who's going to end up in power in Egypt or Libya or any of those places? We don't know if the next asshole is going to be any better than the previous asshole, but at least it's a new asshole."



"I had a long and extraordinarily painful relationship with heroin and, following that, methadone. Having physically kicked it, I would greatly prefer not to have to go through that again."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVID ROSE

what's going on over there, but listen, if Thomas Friedman can disappear up his own ass and not see daylight, what hope is there for me to understand it? Who knows who's going to end up in power in Egypt or Libya or any of those places? We don't know if the next asshole is going to be any better than the previous asshole, but at least it's a new asshole. In Egypt we saw that most people's diet was bread and some lentils, nothing else. We wanted to film that, and our government handlers suddenly got very upset. What were they so frightened of? They wanted us to show the wealthy two percent who live spectacularly.

PLAYBOY: Do foreign governments often try to control what you film?

BOURDAIN: In some countries it becomes clear that our driver's or translator's day job is working for the secret police. It's not a problem, because at the end of the day I can come back to America and say whatever the fuck I want. I can say, "Look at these assholes." I come home from Romania and I'm free to say, "Look at the dog-and-pony show they put on for us." So yeah, sometimes the government shows us what they want us to see, but sometimes they take a chance; they trust us not to screw them. They go against their instincts and let a Western crew in. It can be harder when they let us do whatever we want. There's a responsibility. We'll go to a country that doesn't have the kind of freedom of speech that we enjoy, where there are consequences for what you say, particularly about certain issues. A lot of nice people are open with us, are frank with us, both on camera and off. Afterward it's easy for me to go back home and say what I think about Chinese policy on Tibet, but I have to think about all the people who were nice to me, who let me into their homes, who were openhearted and kind and helped us—people who may have hard questions to answer if we do a show critical of their country. I try to find a way to balance that. It's a constraint, but I'm not fucking Dan Rather. Presumably this is a food and travel show, but sometimes the elephant in the room is unavoidable. If you're in Laos and your host is missing two limbs, it's worth mentioning. "Hey, fella, how'd you lose those limbs?"

PLAYBOY: Your host was missing two limbs? What happened?

BOURDAIN: Thank you, America. So you state the fact that we dumped a hell of a lot of cluster bomblets into Laos on the way back to Saigon many years ago. One week I'll get a lot of angry mail from couch Rambos on the right, and the next my brethren on the left are screaming bloody murder because I'm taking a sustained piss on Danny Ortega.

PLAYBOY: What exactly happened when you tried to feed starving kids who'd gathered around your film shoot in Haiti?

BOURDAIN: It turned to shit.

PLAYBOY: It was reported that there was

a mini riot—hungry children totally out of control.

BOURDAIN: What happened was something I would never in a million years have considered. You make a feel-good gesture, like I'm going to feed these kids, and then it all turns to shit.

PLAYBOY: Why did you decide to air it?

BOURDAIN: What am I supposed to do, make myself all noble because I'm feeding these kids and then cut away before the shit happens? I feel I have a contract with people who watch the show, so if a scene turns to shit like that and I pretend it didn't happen, it's grotesquely dishonest and a betrayal of everybody concerned. I don't mind looking like an asshole on television or looking like an idiot if that was the reality of the situation. I'm not looking to make *Jackass*, but by the same token, if things don't work out for me or are uncomfortable, or what I thought was reality turns out to be the opposite, well, there it is. I mean, I'm vain—I'm just not that vain.

PLAYBOY: If you found yourself in a situation like that again, how would you handle it?

I travel 220 days a year. I don't get jet-lagged, and I look at long flights as an opportunity to sleep. I smell jet fuel, I pass out. It's a Pavlovian response.

BOURDAIN: I'd probably make the same mistake again. I'd try to do it better, though. At the end of the day, I'm trying to find a way to feed the kids. Who wouldn't?

PLAYBOY: You went to see Sean Penn in Haiti. You tweeted, "Don't know what he's like in L.A. In Haiti? Not a dick." How did you end up with him on your show?

BOURDAIN: I called him. [Penn has been doing relief work in Haiti since the earthquake.] I said, "I'm going to be in Haiti. I want to come by." We're in a position now that we can do that, call up whoever we want, and some of them want to come on the show. We're getting a little cocky over it. It started with the Bill Murray thing.

PLAYBOY: How did he wind up on your show?

BOURDAIN: My sidekick for a lunch dropped out, and the chef at the restaurant we were going to said, "Well, how about Bill Murray? Do you want him?" and I'm like, "Yeah, right." The next day, Bill Murray's there, and for the whole scene I'm sitting there thinking, I can't believe Bill Murray's on my show. Why is Bill Murray on my show? How is this happening? We reached a point where

we suddenly realized the shockingly high number of people we worship and revere who actually like the show and might actually come on if we ask.

PLAYBOY: Like Ted Nugent, who, given your liberal politics, seems like an odd choice.

BOURDAIN: I like mixing it up, even with politics. What do I share with Ted Nugent? Barbecue and rock and roll, but I want different kinds of people on. I don't have a lot of respect for people who preach to the converted. You know, it's too fucking easy sitting up there with your smug-ass face and your fancy suit, saying, "Look at these idiot Tea Party people. They're so stupid." I don't know about Bill Maher or Glenn Beck. I don't think either of those assholes are coming out of their trailers, frankly. Why the fuck can't I get along with Ted Nugent, eat some barbecue on a person-to-person basis? I'm not saying it's the answer to world peace, but why not? I know he has a lot of views that I loathe, but I also know he's a hardworking fucking rock-and-roller. We have things in common. He's an ultraconservationist. Rock and roll. He's a hard worker. But he does have an insane loathing of the Obamas that I consider ugly. We were on a radio show together talking about the Michelle Obama school lunch initiative. I said, "This is a matter of military readiness and patriotism, Ted."

PLAYBOY: How is her campaign against childhood obesity patriotic?

BOURDAIN: We might need to draft these kids to fight off terrorists and invaders. Sarah Palin and all these others, are they arguing that one out of seven or two out of seven kids having type 2 diabetes within the next few years is a good thing? I fully support your right as an adult to eat yourself to death. I would greatly prefer that if you're going to eat yourself to death, you enjoy yourself while doing it. But a morbidly obese kid? No, that is wrong. What happens when all those evil Canadians and Mexicans and Al Qaeda come pouring across the border and rape our families on our shag carpets right in front of us, and we're too fat and unhealthy to do anything about it?

PLAYBOY: How would you convert kids to eat healthier when McDonald's is a normal dinner for many families?

BOURDAIN: I'd scare the living shit out of a kid.

PLAYBOY: How would you scare them?

BOURDAIN: Come on, Ronald McDonald's a clown! He's already scary. You don't tell your kids to read Michael Pollan. They won't. Instead you lie. I'm not suggesting that one do this, because that could cause liability problems, but what if, hypothetically speaking, one were to suggest that Ronald was implicated in the disappearance and dismemberment of a number of small children?

PLAYBOY: Do you acknowledge that many people like McDonald's?

BOURDAIN: I understand why people eat at McDonald's. It's convenient, it's fast and

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it's relatively cheap. Snobbery is not the way to convince people to stay away. It's the food you need right now when you want it. You may hate yourself afterward, but you feel that way about crack, too.

PLAYBOY: Will you ever eat a quick burger on the run?

BOURDAIN: I'll go to In-N-Out. They're much better. Eric Schlosser writes about it in *Fast Food Nation*. I'm all for cheap burgers but not so cheap that you use outer parts of the carcass that have potentially been exposed to feces and other contaminants. No extremities.

PLAYBOY: But you're famous for eating extremities—testicles and tails, for example.

BOURDAIN: Not these. *The New York Times* said that some of these big meat producers use ammonia. I don't want ammonia in my burgers. They use it because they are now using outer-exposed areas of the carcass that used to go to make cat food.

PLAYBOY: And yet you'll eat sheep testicles?

BOURDAIN: Sheep testicles are good, though I don't like beef testicles that much.

PLAYBOY: Apparently you have also eaten seal eyeballs.

BOURDAIN: Yeah, who wouldn't?

PLAYBOY: Many of us. It sounds creepy, even the texture.

BOURDAIN: Compared to what, cottage cheese? What do you think cottage cheese looks like to a Thai?

PLAYBOY: How's iguana? You've said that when it isn't skinned it's like "gnawing on foreskin."

BOURDAIN: I've had really bad iguana, and I've had really pretty good iguana.

PLAYBOY: Where do you draw the line? What won't you eat?

BOURDAIN: The only thing I won't eat is something that's rotten. But sometimes you've got to take one for the chief. If someone's serving you something and they're proud and they've worked to prepare it, to decline would be a worse offense.

PLAYBOY: Do you get sick sometimes—versions of turista?

BOURDAIN: Two times on this show. That's seven years.

PLAYBOY: What made you ill?

BOURDAIN: I was eating rotten, unhygienic food with people for whom sanitation was not a priority, or even something imaginable, but they were nice. Both times it was a tribal situation. I'm not going to disrespect my host. It happened in Liberia and Namibia.

PLAYBOY: On the other extreme, the upper classes in the Western world are eating finer and finer food—organic, local, sustainable. Do you support these trends?

BOURDAIN: Those who can afford to make those decisions, great, but I'm definitely not going to get down on anybody who's taking their family to the Colonel. A lot of neighborhoods don't have good food. But sure, it's great. The food can taste better. If something I didn't care much about before, like a carrot, tastes particularly

good, I tend to notice that and appreciate it, but it's not giving me a boner.

PLAYBOY: What do you remember as the best meals you've ever had—high end on one hand and street food on the other?

BOURDAIN: The sushi dinner I had at Suki-yabashi Jiro in Tokyo was breathtaking. Sushi at Masa in New York. The difference between high-end sushi—really good sushi—and just good sushi is interplanetary. For street food, pho in Saigon.

PLAYBOY: Are you appalled by the trend toward packaged premade sushi in grocery stores?

BOURDAIN: I'm not against it. When I grew up, a grilled slice of canned ham with a pineapple ring and a maraschino cherry was state of the art, so all this new stuff is good. The more people who eat sushi, even utility sushi, the better.

PLAYBOY: Let's go back to hamburgers. What's the best way to make them?

BOURDAIN: I'd go to a butcher and tell him to grind up the shit I want.

PLAYBOY: What cuts?

BOURDAIN: A mix of maybe short rib, neck and maybe some aged rib. Then salt, pepper, that's it. Grill it rare to medium rare,

Vegetarians make for bad travelers and bad guests. I don't have any understanding of it. Being a vegan is a first-world phenomenon, completely self-indulgent.

pull it off and let it rest a little bit, throw it on a damn bun, ketchup—done.

PLAYBOY: Does grass-fed beef taste better than traditional corn fed?

BOURDAIN: No. I'm glad we have the option, though. It's a positive thing that you're seeing these people raising free-range, hormone-free, entirely grass-fed beef. I'm glad they're out there, but I prefer an animal that is free-range, grass-fed and then finished with some healthy feed without drugs. I like a fatty fucking animal.

PLAYBOY: Do you have any barbecuing secrets?

BOURDAIN: I wouldn't make you barbecue. Or sushi. Those are disciplines in which I would never presume to be an expert. It took me my whole life to get French bistro food right, and I enjoy making Italian food. I'm not so arrogant as to ever do barbecue, sushi or pho.

PLAYBOY: What's the best barbeque you've ever had?

BOURDAIN: If I was looking for brisket, ribs, the burnt ends, I'd go to Oklahoma Joe's in Kansas City. If I wanted a whole hog, I'd go to Mitchell's in North Carolina.

PLAYBOY: What advice can you give to a

man who wants to impress a woman with his cooking?

BOURDAIN: Learn how to cook a fucking omelet. I mean, what nicer thing can you do for somebody than make them breakfast? You look good doing it, and it's a nice thing to do for somebody you just had sex with. I think it's good for the world. It's a good thing all around. It's easy. If you're a screaming, fucking asshole a woman would regret sleeping with, then you will probably never be able to make an omelet. The way you make an omelet reveals your character.

PLAYBOY: In your travels have you encountered aphrodisiacal foods?

BOURDAIN: No such thing exists. In Asia I can't tell you how many times in my life they've said, "We have something very special for you," accompanied by various embarrassing boner-signifying hand motions. No such thing exists.

PLAYBOY: What things have been passed off to you as aphrodisiacs?

BOURDAIN: Anything wriggling, anything with a dick or balls, parts of endangered species, animals still alive. Like you're supposed to get some towering hard-on right away, go home and impregnate whoever falls into your path. But it's all a myth.

PLAYBOY: What do you have against vegetarians?

BOURDAIN: They make for bad travelers and bad guests. The notion that before you even set out to go to Thailand, you say, "I'm not interested," or you're unwilling to try things that people take so personally and are so proud of and so generous with, I don't understand that, and I think it's rude. You're at Grandma's house, you eat what Grandma serves you.

PLAYBOY: Apparently you have a special loathing for vegans.

BOURDAIN: I don't have any understanding of it. Being a vegan is a first-world phenomenon, completely self-indulgent.

PLAYBOY: In restaurants, if you don't like a dish, do you send it back?

BOURDAIN: Never. I'll still tip 20 percent and I'll be polite, but I won't come back.

PLAYBOY: There's a controversy about foie gras, which is often made with livers of geese that have been force-fed. Should it be banned?

BOURDAIN: I'll say this on foie gras: I don't know any chef who would buy the kind of foie gras that is produced the way they show in those PETA films. No restaurant I know of would buy the product of a stressed-out, terrified, abused goose or duck. That equals bad foie gras. But it's a straw-man issue to start with, because every duck and goose raised for foie gras in this country, at least that I know of, lives a far more luxurious, happier, better life than any chicken ever killed for the Colonel or Popeye's, as the PETA people well know. They're picking on foie gras because it's French, it's expensive, most people haven't had it and it looks ugly in the scary films they show. It's a French thing, and you know those French....

PLAYBOY: Do you eat shark fin or fish that are endangered?

BOURDAIN: I won't eat shark fin. Well, if I find myself at a Chinese banquet where I'm the guest of honor, and it is served to me by a proud Chinese host, okay, I'll soldier along and I'll eat. But it's incredibly cruel. It's wasteful. They cut the fins off and throw the shark back in. And yeah, I respect those chef friends of mine who have decided they're going to serve only sustainable fish. There are only so many fish in the sea.

PLAYBOY: What wines do you drink?

BOURDAIN: I don't care about big and expensive wines anymore. I like rough trade when it comes to wine—whatever the local wine is.

PLAYBOY: What if you're in a high-end restaurant in New York? What do you order?

BOURDAIN: I like Côtes du Rhône. But generally the wines that give me the most pleasure these days are young, inexpensive and local. I don't care if you're talking Paris, I'm not a wine snob. I don't care if it's \$2 or \$2,000. I'm happy.

PLAYBOY: Beer?

BOURDAIN: The same with beer. I mean, major American beers taste like piss. Usually I'm not a craft-beer guy. I get a lot of shit from viewers who are like, "I saw you drinking a Heineken." It's perfectly good beer. It's not the best beer in the world by a fucking long shot, but there are better things to do in this world than be a beer nerd. There are some craft brewers I really, really admire, though. I think the Dogfish Head guys are doing God's work. But even if I usually don't drink it, I admire somebody who drinks shitty beer. If you can sit there drinking a pitcher of Bud Light all day and be happy, you know what? I'm happy for you.

PLAYBOY: What do you think about the highly caffeinated and alcoholic drinks like Four Loko that have landed some kids in the hospital?

BOURDAIN: Caffeine and liquor together? What's the fucking problem here? Unless you put teddy bears on the front and say it's for kids, what's the problem? Kids shouldn't be drinking this shit in the first place. I'll drink my Red Bull and my vodka in separate glasses. Is that the problem? It's not an issue I care about, honestly, but it's an indicator of how politically incorrect and how stupid we are that idiots drink this shit in the first place.

PLAYBOY: Do you like Red Bull?

BOURDAIN: It tastes like warm urine, but I drink it regularly. If I'm doing a public speaking gig and I've been going from city to city and I'm exhausted and I want to get fucked up enough to sort of feel a little casual and comfortable, back in my dressing room I'll alternate between Red Bulls and beer, trying to find that perfect zone.

PLAYBOY: Is that combination your buzz of choice these days?

BOURDAIN: Yeah. Well, I'll smoke weed when I'm on the road.

PLAYBOY: Why only on the road?

BOURDAIN: When I'm in New York, I'm a dad. I'm with my daughter, or I have to be available for her, and I want to keep an active brain. If somebody suddenly calls up and says, "Your daughter needs you," and I'm in a position to do something about it, I'm not going to be, like, "Oh, dude, wow, what do I do?" If I'm sitting in the Empty Quarter of the Arabian Desert, though, and it's two in the morning, we've finished shooting with a tribe of bedouins and my crew and I want to stagger up a dune and smoke some hash and look at the moon, that's a nice thing. Who is it hurting?

PLAYBOY: Do you use any other drugs?

BOURDAIN: I've kind of burned all my bridges there. I can't do heroin. I like it, but I can't do it. I'm an addict and there's no fucking way.

PLAYBOY: According to many experts on addiction, addicts can't smoke pot or drink, but you do.

BOURDAIN: Yeah, well, they say you can't.

I don't care about big and expensive wines anymore. I like rough trade when it comes to wine. I'm not a wine snob. I don't care if it's \$2 or \$2,000. I'm happy.

PLAYBOY: But you can? What makes you different?

BOURDAIN: Vanity. Vanity and self-regard.

PLAYBOY: But vanity and self-regard won't do it for most addicts. If they drink or smoke, they're likely to relapse.

BOURDAIN: I had a long and extraordinarily painful relationship with heroin and, following that, methadone. Having physically kicked it, I would greatly prefer not to have to go through that again. When I remember the good times and the good feelings on heroin, sure, but when I think about the bad, it hurts and I don't ever want to go through that again. I'm clear about it. Same with cocaine. Honestly, it's not a day-to-day struggle. No. It's fucking bad. I don't want to do it again. It was humiliating; it brought me low. Some people make personal decisions; others don't think they deserve to get well. Just about everybody I know who got out of dope went into 12-step programs and now don't do anything. That is the way it works for most people, just about everybody.

PLAYBOY: How bad did it get for you?

BOURDAIN: I had a lifelong relationship

with cocaine starting when I was like 13, 14 years old. My whole life was about, Let's get some coke. Who's got the coke? Do I have enough coke? When I was fucking done with it, I was done with it. Same with heroin.

PLAYBOY: Did you stop using because you were arrested or were taken to an emergency room?

BOURDAIN: Oh, I've been arrested.

PLAYBOY: Did that stop you from using?

BOURDAIN: I finally stopped because it's fucking embarrassing. Like I said, self-regard. It's fucking humiliating. And I didn't have any money. I was whining and whining and begging and lying to people. I look at some people who are still doing it, who have been smoking base for 30 years. I don't know how they still do it. I reached a point where I thought, *This is horrible*. I'm not saying it's any particular strength of character or anything like that. I'm definitely not saying that. This notion that I'm so fucking tough and such a badass that I can kick dope without a 12-step program—that's not what I'm saying. I don't hold myself up as an example or an advocate or as anybody, okay? I made my choices. I've made fucking mistakes. I made it through whatever confluence of weird, unique-to-me circumstances—I'm not going to tell anybody how to live, how to get well or any of that shit.

PLAYBOY: You mentioned that you want to stay sober for your daughter. A while back, before you had a child, you said you'd make a shitty parent. What changed?

BOURDAIN: I remember the precise moment it changed. I was living in a crummy walk-up apartment in New York, above Manganaro's Hero Boy, and I'd met this woman who's now my wife—a woman like me, who came out of the restaurant business. We were lying in bed spooning, as I recall, and for the first time in my life I thought, Not only would I like to make a baby with this woman, but I'm up to the job. I could actually be a good father. I thought, I'm at that point in my life for the first time, and I think it would be a beautiful thing to have a baby with this woman. I've finally grown up enough to be a good dad. And I've loved everything about it. I loved living with a pregnant woman. This was something I never would have understood before, not having done it; it just didn't sound good. I loved it. I miss it. I loved the entire process, loved every minute of fatherhood, all of it, every fucking second. It's very hard leaving, hard being away.

PLAYBOY: Where did you meet your wife?

BOURDAIN: It was my first and only blind date. She was general manager of a restaurant and was insanely busy. I was traveling all the time. We're both type-A personalities. The last thing on our minds was getting involved in a serious relationship, (continued on page 104)

sears

PRESS TO **PLAY**



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THE ANATOMY OF HACKING

BY NOAH SHACHTMAN

ILLUSTRATION BY RYOHEI HASE





WHAT KIND OF PERSON

WORMS

HIS WAY

INTO OUR

COMPUTERS

AND

SECRETS?



WHEN JAKE DAVIS APPEARED IN A London court in August, it seemed as though Scotland Yard had dragged the 18-year-old hacker straight from central casting. It wasn't just Davis's pale, skinny appearance. Nor was it his continued residence in his mother's home or his smartest-kid-in-the-room arrogance. It was that Davis's crime was a classic nerd's revenge: a fake article on *The Sun's* website announcing the death of Rupert Murdoch. Davis fits our stereotype of a hacker, but these days he's hardly typical. It no longer takes an Asperger-y genius to break into an online bank; in fact, it's not much harder than setting up a website. And the guy trying to get into the mainframes of the Defense Department might have more in common with James Bond than with Mark Zuckerberg. Look out at the cybersecurity landscape and you'll find four types of people compromising computers. Each has his own motivation, skill set and means of attack. And only a few still live with Mom.

THE CROOKS

These are the nasty men making custom software to capture your banking password. In particular, they use "botnets" (chains of

millions of enslaved computers) to spew out spam and authentic-looking online storefronts ("phishing" sites) to trick you out of your money. But these online criminals aren't exactly masterminds.

The Zeus and SpyEye crimeware kits make it easy to build a program that can scrape a computer for sensitive data. With a few mouse clicks, a wannabe thief can configure what he wants his malicious code to do—i.e., which banking sites he wants to monitor, what information he wants to grab and how he wants that information sent back to him. And if the thief gets stuck, the crimeware firms are well-known for providing quick answers to all sorts of technical questions. No wonder the security group Sophos finds 150,000 new malicious software variants a day.

There's also a huge array of companies that will help the crook pull off his cybercapers. For instance, if he wants to sneak crimeware onto your computer, he can hire a company to hide it in what seems to be an ordinary online ad, which then gets placed onto a legitimate website through a series of front companies. (The low, low rate: \$7 for 1,000 infections.) Or the thief can rent out space on a botnet—that runs \$9 an hour—which uses its compromised computers to send out spam. Maybe the messages tell recipients to update their PayPal or LinkedIn accounts; maybe they lure them with the promise of cheap drugs or enhanced man parts. Either way, click on that link and you're screwed: The crook now has control of your machine.

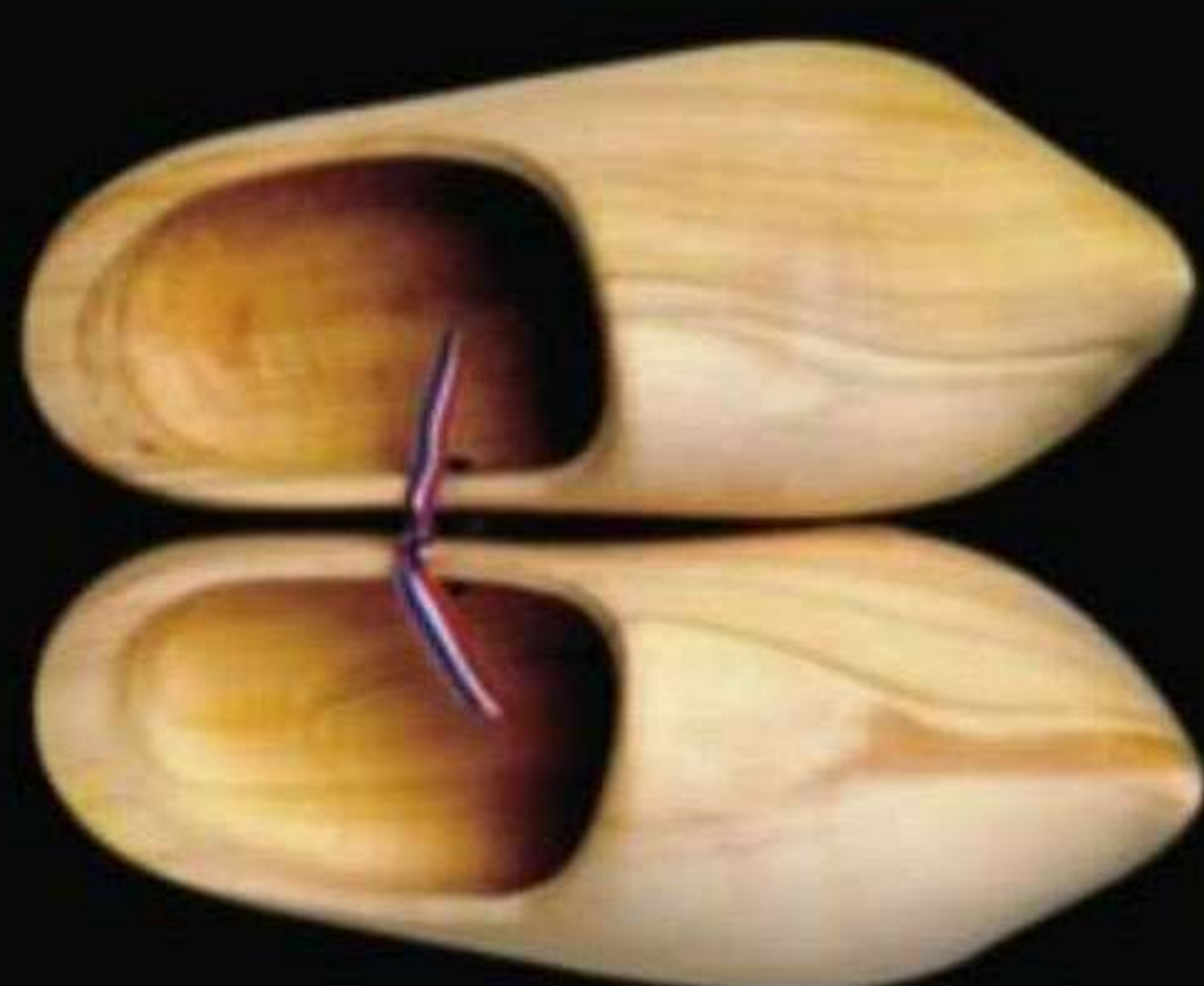
Think it can't happen to you? Guess again. While statistics on online crime are unreliable, the British government

estimates that online thieves, scammers and industrial spies cost U.K. blokes and businesses \$43.5 billion in the past year alone. For average consumers—and really for the internet as a whole—the rising tide of cybercrime is the most serious online threat. You'll hear old-timers such as Defense Secretary Leon Panetta wring their hands about a digital Pearl Harbor—some kind of digital doomsday. And there is some reason to worry. (More on that later.) But for you and me, the immediate concern is that the internet could turn into a cyber South Bronx circa 1979—a neighborhood where crime is so commonplace that we stop going there.

In the security community, the rap is that these crooks are mostly foreign—living behind the old Iron Curtain or somewhere in Shandong province. Last year the FBI worked with authorities in Kiev to nab five Ukrainians who had used Zeus to steal nearly \$70 million. But even if the criminals are based abroad, they often rely on American infrastructure. Take hosting companies, which provide the servers that make digital information available to the rest of us. According to the research firm HostExploit, 23 of the 50 most criminally connected companies—the ones hosting the sham pharmacies and spam generators—are American. When the Silicon Valley-based McColo hosting company was taken down, worldwide spam dropped 65 percent overnight.

It would also be naive to think that cybercrooks don't operate in the United States. The brains behind the biggest online credit-card-fraud scheme, a 39-year-old former security consultant named Max Butler, was nabbed in the high-end corporate apartment he shared with his girlfriend in San Francisco. He was recently sentenced to 13 years in the federal pokey, one of the longest sentences of its kind. But considering he helped rack up \$86 million in fraudulent charges and single-handedly took over the market for online financial scams, some people think he got off easy.

SABOTAGE: SABOTS



Legend has it the word *sabotage* derives from *sabot*—wooden shoes that disgruntled French workers supposedly dropped into their employers' machinery. Bristling at the work discipline imposed on them by their bosses, these workers chose not to rebel actively but preferred to screw things up through the "collective withdrawal of efficiency." By destroying

profits, sabotage became an insidious way for labor to assert some form of control over the means of production. The practice endures in the workplace today. As the old Wobbly slogan had it, "Good pay or bum work." Subsequent saboteurs—including those eco-warriors inspired by Edward Abbey's legendary Monkey Wrench Gang—all owe a debt to these wooden shoes.

THE SP!ES

in the next cubicle (and reads like something he wrote), and the link you're supposed to click looks like the presentation you're making at your next big meeting. All the while, the data that are being slurped up are your company's most vital secrets. No company is safe. In the past few years, Lockheed, Morgan Stanley and General Electric have all been victims of industrial espionage.

Because of the spies' sophistication, foreign governments—specifically the one in Beijing—are suspected of backing these online espionage rings. The idea isn't just to drain billions of dollars from the U.S.; it's a method of upgrading an industrial economy into an information one, using our know-how. Rhode Island Democratic senator Sheldon Whitehouse, who chaired a classified task force on the subject, called it "the biggest transfer of wealth through theft and piracy in the history of mankind."

Not that Whitehouse can prove anything. Even if you can strip away the anonymous e-mail addresses, proxy servers and encrypted messages, it's still impossible to tell who's sitting at a particular keyboard (let alone who's funding that person). Muddying things further is the fact that spies can hide themselves in the noise of criminal behavior or simply outsource an operation to crooks.

Still, there is circumstantial evidence to follow. In 2009, for instance, *someone* slipped into the extranets of leading American energy companies, stole executives' credentials and used those passwords to exfiltrate billions of dollars' worth of information on oil deposits. The tools used to pull off the

They use some of the crooks' tricks—the e-mail come-ons, the fake websites and the tricky programs that grab private information. But these aren't common criminals. The e-mail appears to be sent by the guy

THE RIGHT STUX

Last year the covert computer worm Stuxnet, a weapon of mass disruption, infected the computer systems at Iranian nuclear facilities in Natanz and Bushehr (at right).



so-called Night Dragon break-ins were advertised on Chinese websites. The person who provided the hosting services was based in Shandong province (though the servers themselves were on U.S. soil). The people scouring the energy company networks "operated on a strict weekdays, nine-to-five Beijing time-zone schedule," according to a researcher at the McAfee security firm. And so you don't need to be an ace spy hunter to draw some conclusions about Night Dragon's origins.

The spies aren't limiting themselves to industrial capers, either. The deputy defense secretary recently announced that 24,000 sensitive Pentagon files were snatched by "foreign intruders," and the Office of the Secretary of Defense's unclassified e-mail system has been compromised repeatedly. But the U.S. government isn't just a victim. Washington maintains a 36,000-person intelligence organization that's all about compromising computers and snooping on conversations. It's the mega-secret National Security Agency. And it (allegedly) has the ability to capture 1.7 billion separate communications a day. The NSA is supposed to stay focused on monitoring our enemies. But it doesn't always work like that. Since 9/11, everyone from average joes to an undisclosed congressman have been caught in the drift net.

SABOTAGE: FRAME BREAKERS



The Luddites used mallets to bust up textile frames. In March 1811 a group of workers broke into shops in Nottinghamshire to smash labor-saving machines used to make stockings. Claiming loyalty to the mythical Ned Ludd, these artisans

challenged relations between labor and capital. Luddism spread throughout much of industrial England. Historian E.J. Hobsbawm called it "collective bargaining by riot." Lord Byron said sarcastically, "Men are more easily made than machinery."

THE SOLD!ERS

tary the most network-dependent on the planet, with everything from drone video to battle plans relayed digitally, but Pentagon cybersecurity, in a word, sucks. A lowly private is charged with giving hundreds of thousands of classified files to WikiLeaks. A rudimentary worm called agent.btz is still winding its way through the Defense Department's networks, three years after it was first found. And central management of the Pentagon network—a common feature in most big companies—is still a dream.

Until recently, it was the spies who had the Pentagon most worried. Not only is the American mili-

At the moment, however, there's a new bogeyman, perhaps of our own creation. Last year, inspectors at the International Atomic Energy Agency discovered that the centrifuges at the uranium-enrichment plant outside of Natanz, Iran were failing at more than 10 times the normal rate. Turns out, those failures were deliberately triggered by a worm known as Stuxnet. It was able to hijack an industrial control system and issue orders to spin any attached centrifuges out of sync until they broke. In other words, Stuxnet was an honest-to-God cyberweapon—code that caused real-world damage. Depending on whom you believe, the arms makers were Israeli, American or both. But what's definitely true is that the same kind of industrial control systems used in Iran are also used here in the United States. They control everything from the power grid to the water supply.

Translation: We're vulnerable too. That's why Leon Panetta and others are so spooked.

For now, it's mostly a theoretical concern. The countries that have the ability to pull off a Stuxnet II have a lot at stake in U.S. stability. And a worm can go rogue; Stuxnet infected hundreds of thousands of computers that have nothing to do with Tehran's nukes. But it isn't hard to imagine the situation changing.

Consequently, Pentagon officials have announced that an online attack against our grid could be treated like a

physical attack—i.e., if you send us a logic bomb, we will send you a satellite-guided, high-explosive one. Implementing the plan would be a nightmare, of course. It makes the major assumption that you can identify the perpetrator of the online attack. Plus, if Stuxnet was an American operation, doesn't that open us up to Iranian retaliation? If we're not careful, it might not be American code that goes Frankenstein on us. It might be American policy as well.

SABOTAGE: ANARCHIST BOMBS



The year 1919 saw a series of bombings in the U.S. as anticapitalist sentiment reached its apex. Organized anarchists—primarily a group of Italian immigrants known as Galleanists—went on to plant bombs in various corridors of power. For a while,

revolution seemed possible in the U.S. The inevitable police response was strong—the so-called Palmer Raids set the standard for future witch hunts—but the image of the mustachioed bomb-throwing anarchist endures in our culture as a symbol of mayhem.

THE JOKERS

That spirit has been rekindled, in a way, by two collectives that have grabbed headlines with their high-profile hacks: Anonymous and LulzSec.

Anonymous started out as a prankster cabal, pulling tricks such as uploading flashing pictures to an online epilepsy forum. Next, Anonymous started screwing with the Church of Scientology, crashing its websites and protesting in Guy Fawkes masks outside its real-world centers. Then came Operation Titstorm, a protest against the Australian government's online pornography laws. Things got more political from there. In December 2010 Anonymous took down the websites of Visa, MasterCard and PayPal because the companies stopped processing WikiLeaks donations. In February the hackers broke into the network of security contractor HBGary and published the firm's nutty proposal to discredit WikiLeaks' supporters. Oh, and they published tens of thousands of the firm's e-mails, both received and sent. Fuck you, Grandpa.

LulzSec (*lulz* means "laughs" in netspeak) got together in May; Jake Davis, using the handle Topiary, quickly emerged as its shit-talking spokesperson. It went after Fox News, freed sensitive files of the Arizona state police and briefly knocked CIA.gov offline. A few weeks later, LulzSec announced its breakup. But when the *News of the World* phone-hacking scandals went nuclear, it couldn't help but hack the website of another Murdoch tabloid.

Back in the day, hackers didn't break into networks for cash or country. They did it for fun—and maybe as a fuck-you to the grown-ups of the world.

As you'd expect with far-flung, loosely affiliated political-prankster movements, the sophistication of these attacks varies wildly. Many rely on the bluntest of instruments—the "distributed denial of service" attack, which overloads a website with junk traffic. Anonymous's tool for marshaling that traffic was particularly lame, exposing the IP addresses of those who participated.

The HBGary hack, on the other hand, was slick. So was the breach of Sony Online Entertainment, which may have

MASKED CRUSADERS

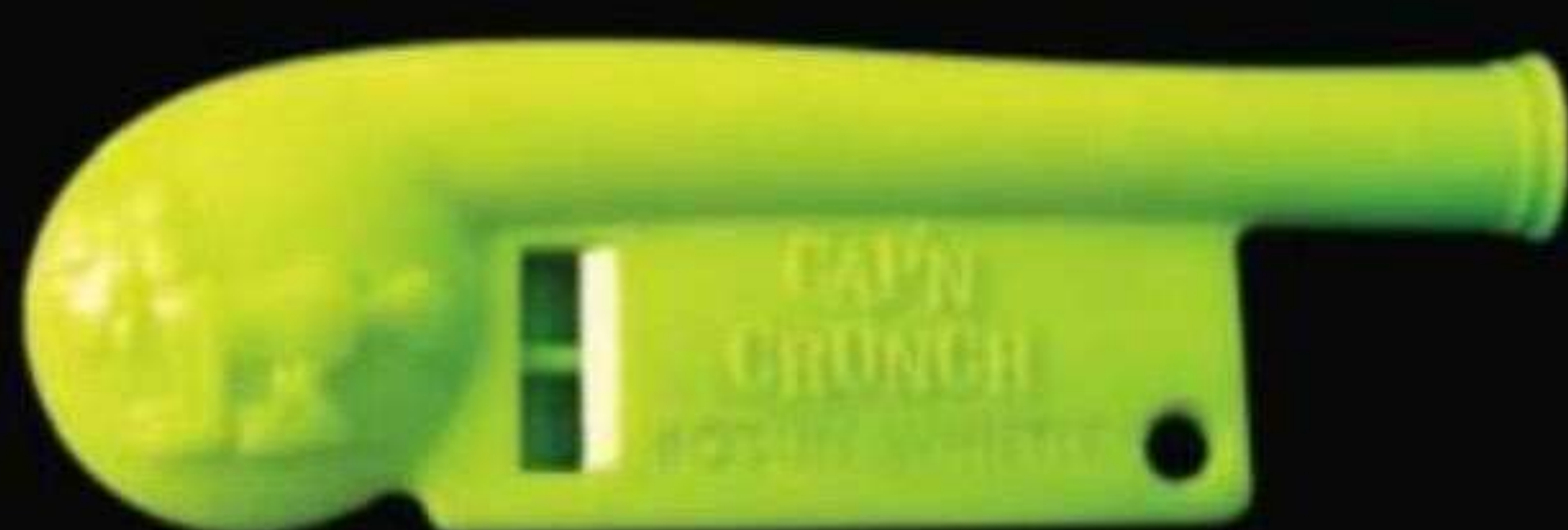
Three members of Anonymous (near right) and LulzSec shit stirrer Jake Davis.



disclosed 24.6 million users' personal information. Anonymous swears it wasn't behind this intrusion. However, that hasn't stopped international authorities from launching a worldwide witch hunt for Anonymous and LulzSec. Arrests have been made in the Netherlands, Spain, Italy and Switzerland.

In July, U.S. officials nabbed 14 alleged Anonymous supporters in California, including a 42-year-old woman and a 36-year-old man. (As if you needed more proof that the hacker stereotype is obsolete.) That same day, Scotland Yard arrested a suspected LulzSec member in South London. Tflow, as he's known online, is 16 years old. Authorities haven't publicly released the young man's name or whether he was captured in his mother's basement.

SABOTAGE: PHONE PHREAKING



In the early 1970s John Draper discovered that toy whistles found inside boxes of Cap'n Crunch cereal generated a tone of 2600 hertz, enabling him to access Ma Bell's long-distance lines for free. Draper claimed he

was interested only in exploring the telecom system, but he was subsequently arrested and convicted on wire fraud charges. For its spirit of mischief and curiosity, hacker culture owes a great debt to Draper.



©Livi

"Are you ready for bed...?"

TURKISH *Delight*

EUROPEAN GODDESS

SILA ŞAHİN TRAILBLAZES

A PATH TO THE USA







“Girls,” says Sila Şahin, addressing all women everywhere, “we don’t necessarily have to live our lives according to the rules set out for us.”

It’s a bold statement, given that Sila’s family comes from Turkey, a Muslim nation where women are often expected to live according to strict societal rules. Though not a Muslim herself, Sila, 25, was brought up by conservative parents. “I was always told, ‘You can’t go out; you can’t have a boyfriend.’ I developed an extreme desire for freedom. I felt like Che Guevara.”

Sila grew up in Germany and is now a star on the German soap opera *Good Times, Bad Times*. Earlier this year she stole plenty of hearts in Deutschland when she appeared on the cover of German *PLAYBOY*. Not surprisingly, her pictorial caused an uproar among Islamic groups in Europe, leading one to call for a boycott of her television show. Sila has weathered the storm.

Today she conducts her life according to her impulses. “I have an acute curiosity about men, about women. No,” she says, “I haven’t had an affair with a woman. I just do what I feel is right—try things out, go out a lot, stay out all night without feeling guilty. I had to fight not to live according to the expectations of others,” she says. “But I don’t want to fight anymore.”





A woman with long dark hair is lying on a bed with white linens. She is wearing a black bikini top and high-heeled sandals with black straps. She is looking back over her shoulder at the camera. The lighting is soft and warm, suggesting an indoor setting with natural light. The text is in a cursive font in the upper right corner.

*"I have an
acute curiosity
about men,
about women."*

PLAYBOY'S COLLEGE FICTION CONTEST WINNER

HOT DAMN

By
MARTHA
STALLMAN

PETE IS JUST
TRYING TO GET
TO THE MAILBOX,
BUT SOMETIMES
EVEN THE SIMPLEST
OF TASKS CAN
BE FRAUGHT
WITH PERIL.
THINGS ARE NOT
WHAT THEY SEEM

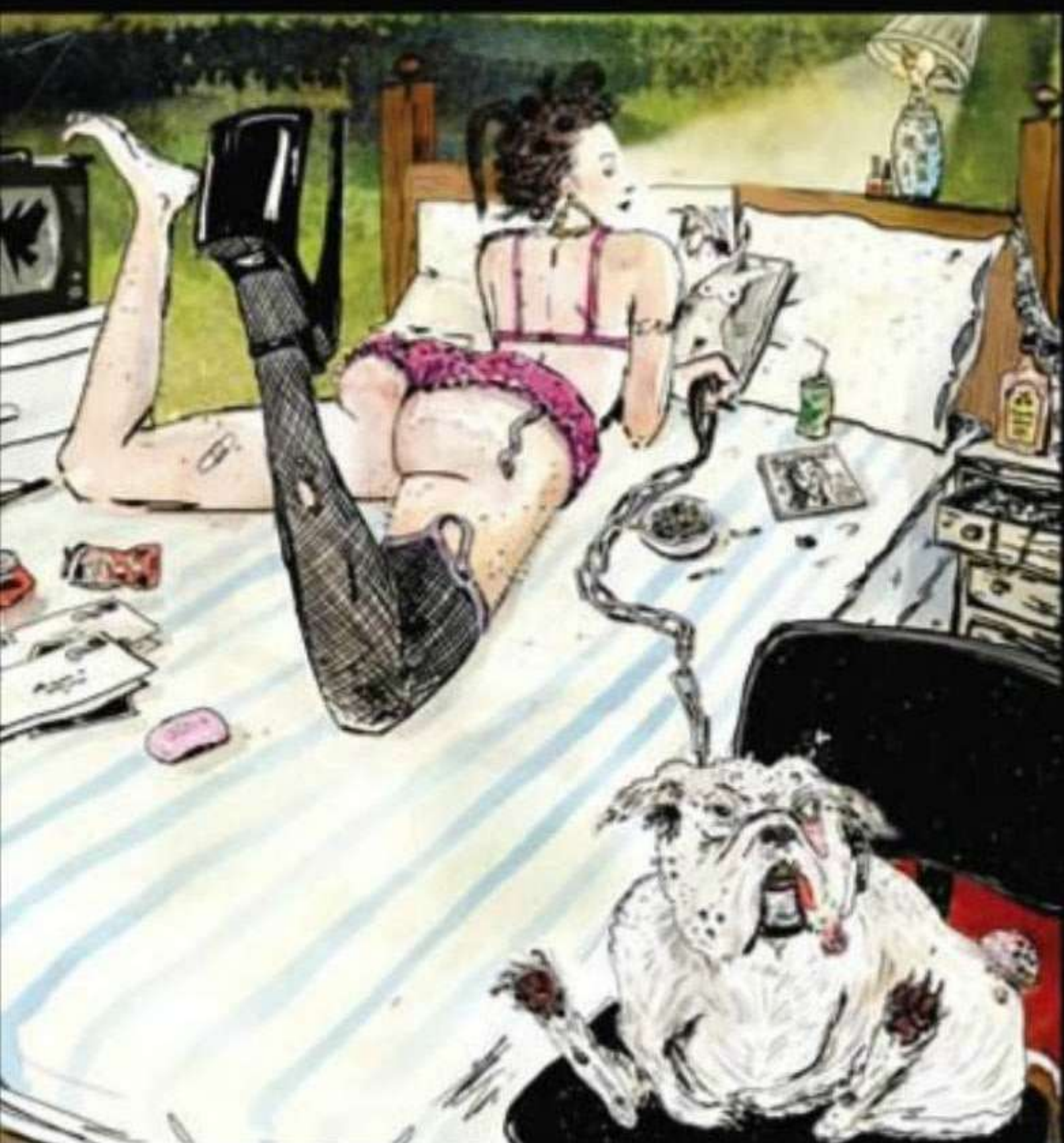
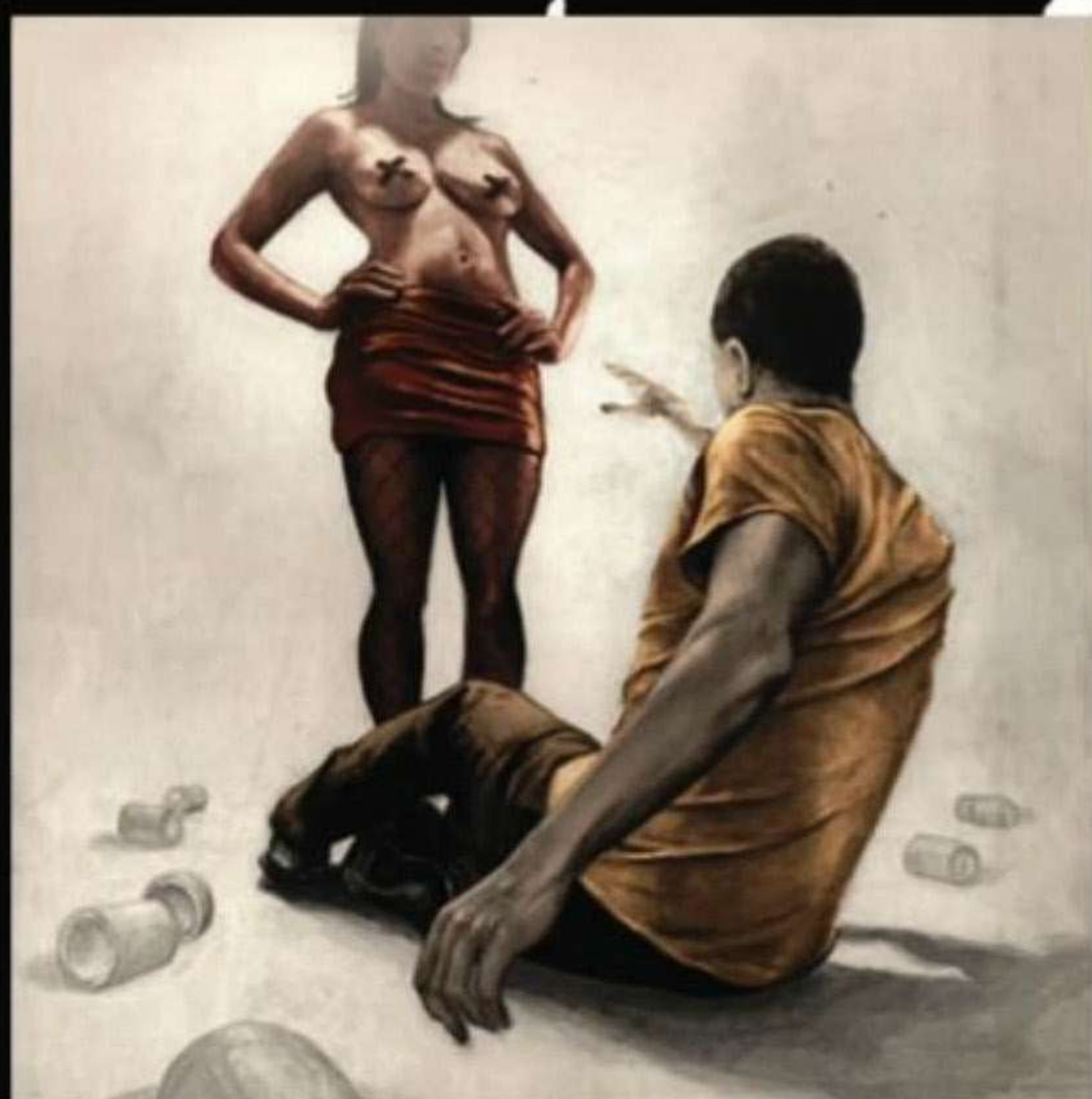
I woke up on the floor in a sticky cold puddle and said, "Great, beautiful," because I figured I'd pissed myself or else the dog had pissed on me, but either way the shame, *the shame*, and oh my Lord did it stink and that's how I realized no, no, it's just beer (the bottle clutched loose in my marshmallow hand) and then relief and another wash of shame but this one milder, thin as cream cheese smeared over my morning. Passed out on the floor, a man of my caliber! I sat up and the dog came over, shovel-head mongrel dwarf, short and fat, cylindrical, shuffling duffel bag of minor mutations. He thrust his oversize snout in my face, snorting discount fish breath, and I grabbed the cane out of his mouth and launched it couchward. When he moved to fetch it, I took that huge hairy head of his in my hands and said "Goddamn it, creature, I'm lonely."

So I called my wife and said the same thing: "Goddamn it, I'm lonely," only without the creature part, obviously (I'm not nearly that stupid, not by a mile). She cursed, and I listened to the clatters and knocks on the other end of the line that sounded like war or vaudeville but really just meant she was trying to find her glasses. She won't talk on the phone unless she has her glasses on, not ever, it gives her headaches maybe or maybe she just feels naked without them, unprepared to face the demands of a serious phone conversation with someone of rigorous intellect and devastating charm

ILLUSTRATION
BY CHARLES
CHAISSON







and uncompromised virtue and a heart as expansive as Montana.

"It's occurred to me, Lucy, that the heart is the new frontier," I said. "Big sky country. Come camping with me."

"Pete? What time is it? What's wrong?"

"The time is always right to do what's right," I said, and before me, Gandhi or maybe Jesus, I forget now, but still it's a beautiful sentiment and I'm proud to be a part of its legacy, a pit stop on its travels through the universe. "Right now is what's right, Lucy. My darling, my chicken potpie, why don't you come over?"

"It's 9:17 in the morning."

She is so clever, the Patton to my Rommel, but I always have a counter-attack, which this time was "So what? Come see me. I'm lonely. You're my wife," to which she replied, "No, I'm not. Role-play's an extra 50 an hour you don't have." As always, she insists upon technical accuracy to the detriment of greater truth and I meant to tell her this and to explain carefully and compassionately all the many ways in which she is wrong (reassuring her of course that my love and respect for her remain undiminished), but what I actually said was "Creature, don't be a dumb shit," and then she hung up on me, damn it.

I gave her an hour to make coffee and I called back, humbled. "I was wrong," I said. "So wrong. Unforgivable. Forgive me?" I was still on the kitchen floor; some bizarre and unheralded power rendered it plusher, cozier the longer I lay on it, and also there were still a few beers within reach. "Transubstantiation," I whispered to the dog as he slithered his tongue in a bottle.

"Don't call so early," said Lucy. "You know I need my beauty sleep." She's right, I know better. Lucy's beauty is a business matter; her face is her moneymaker as much as her breasts or her legs or her fine ass, maybe more so, because while a fine ass is *fine*, for most men any ass is fine if it's an available ass, an ass they can access, but a pretty girl on his arm makes a man happy in a way that a truckload of asses never could. That is why Lucy can charge so much for her services, more than colleagues who've not been entirely snipped even, and I would say (though of course I am biased) that she is worth every penny.

"A thousand pardons. Come over."

"Are we going to have to have another discussion about boundaries?" she asked, and I groaned and clamored inside because there is nothing more tedious than discussions about boundaries, especially boundaries that are never going to be respected because of aforementioned factors (my loneliness, her beauty) (continued on page 108)

For more than two decades, hundreds of students have competed for the honor of winning PLAYBOY's College Fiction Contest. Among those who entered this year's competition, Erika Seay of the University of Arkansas, Fayetteville received second prize for *The Good Daughter*. The two third-place winners are Robert Glick of the University of Utah for *Goat Pharmacy* and Mark Grayson Mayer of the Iowa Writers' Workshop for *Strongwoman*. Graduate students of Marshall Arisman at the School of Visual Arts in New York City competed to illustrate the first-place story. The winning entry, shown on the preceding pages, is by Charles Chaisson. On this page, clockwise from top left, are illustrations by runners-up Jungyeon Roh, Tony DiMauro, Rafael Alvarez, Pat Kinsella, Joana Avillez and Trip Carroll. For information on next year's contest, visit playboy.com/cfc.



"All right, Count, let's see that big, bright smile of yours!"

PLAYBOY 
PROFILE

PAC

QUIAO

CAN MANNY PACQUIAO SAVE BOXING? CAN HE SAVE HIS
HOME COUNTRY? HERE'S HOW HE'S TRYING TO DO BOTH

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MANAGEMENT + ARTISTS



BY KEVIN COOK

The sun bangs down like lightning on General Santos City. Here on the island of Mindanao in the Philippines, where the noonday heat hits 103 degrees, young men on motor scooters zip between rusted-out Fords and VWs, honking at graffiti-covered, fume-farting buses called jeepneys. A street vendor sells squid balls. A chicken eats a KFC wrapper. In GenSan City, men lucky enough to have jobs earn \$3 a day while bare-chested boys beg tourists for pennies. “Penny penny!” A dollar sends them dancing away like shirtless millionaires.

Twenty years ago Manny Pacquiao was one of those boys. That was before he ever heard of Las Vegas, before he went to America to make \$30 million in an hour, before Pacquiao (say “Pac-yow”) became one of the top athletes on earth, right



1



2



3



4

1. Yet another victory: Pacquiao wins the welterweight title fight against Miguel Cotto at the MGM Grand in Las Vegas in 2009. 2. The fighter with his legendary coach Freddie Roach in 2011 at Roach's fabled gym in Hollywood. 3. Pacquiao has parlayed his fame and popularity in the Philippines into a career in politics. In 2010 he was elected to the Philippines House of Representatives. 4. He's a fighter, he's a politician, he's a singer. (Yes, he sings, too.)

up there with LeBron, Tiger and A-Rod.

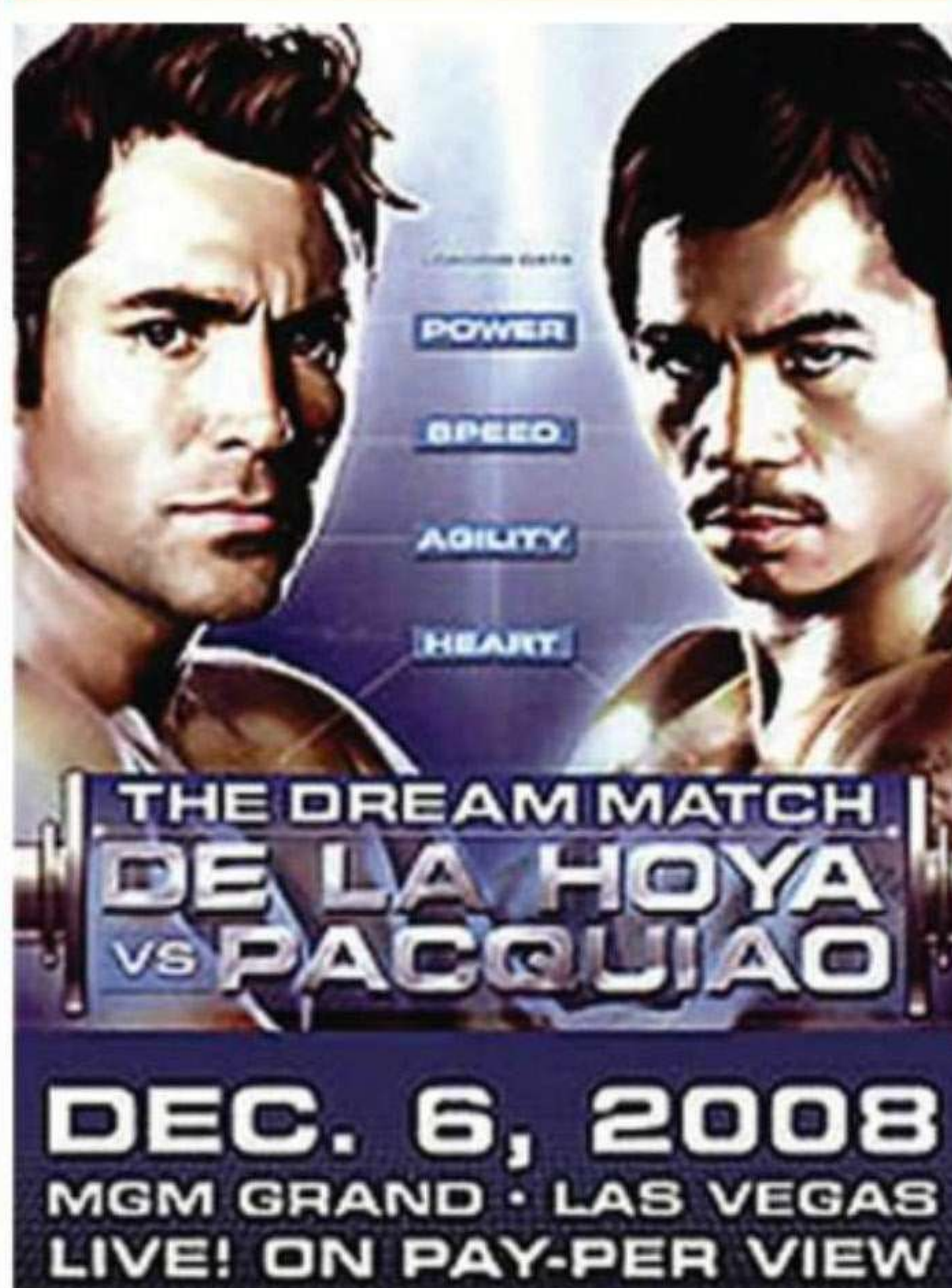
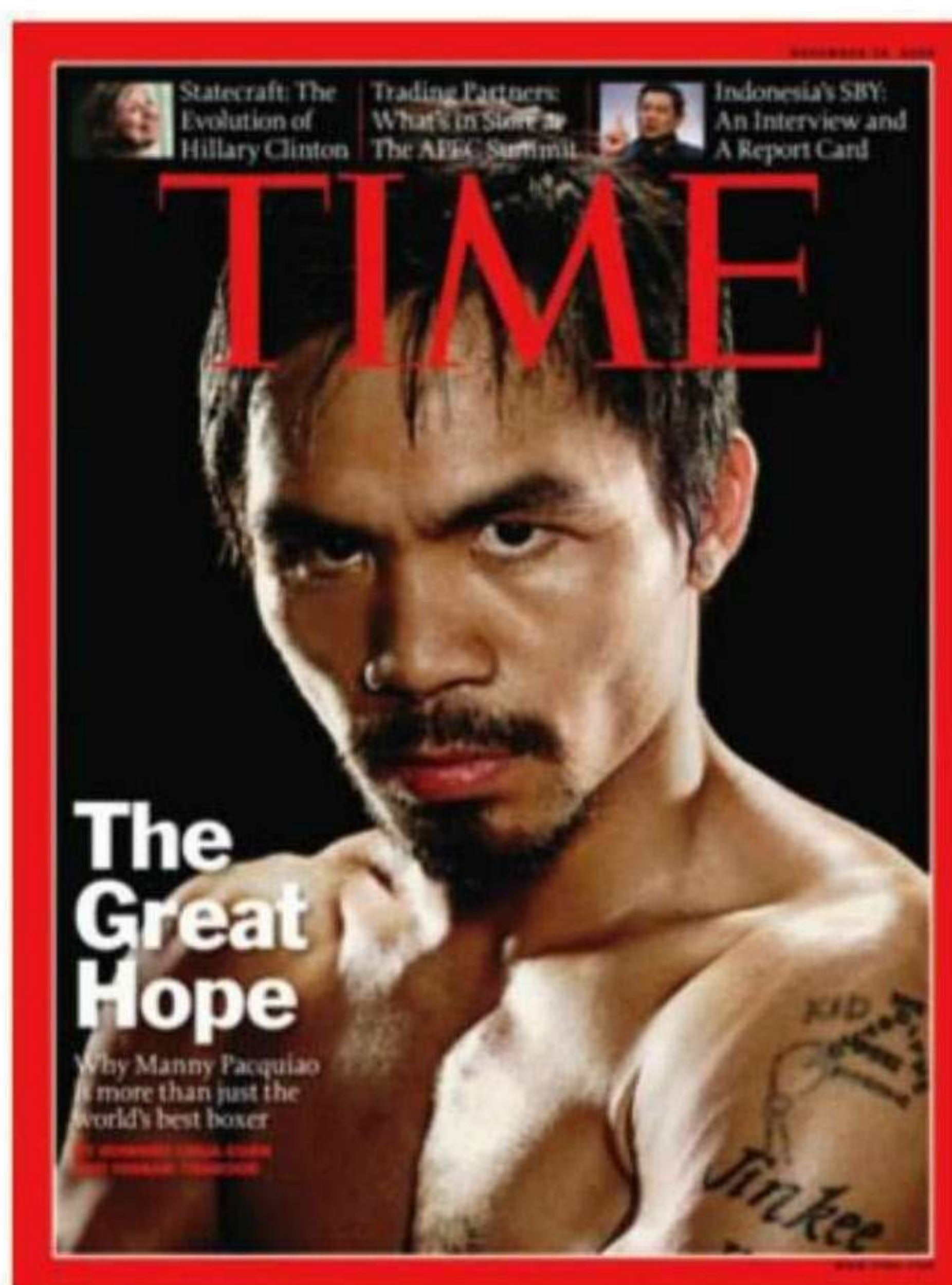
Today, Emmanuel Dapidran Pacquiao gets mobbed when he walks the sun-scorched streets of his homeland. *Politely* mobbed, which is to say surrounded by hundreds, sometimes thousands of his fellow Filipinos, who wouldn't dream of bumping or jostling their hero. Instead they make a path for him, reaching out to shake his hand or touch his sleeve. It's like Muhammad Ali in Zaire in 1974, when crowds chanted "*Ali bomaye*"—"Ali, kill him"—except that the six-three Ali towered over the mob, while the five-seven, 145-pound Pacquiao, smallish even for a Filipino, blends in. All you see is a space in the middle of the crowd, like the eye of a typhoon, where they give him room. Watch: the sun pulling heat-mirage shimmers off the boiling blacktop, the little boxer moving Jesus-like through the multitude. Nobody chants or yells at him. The soundtrack is bouncy Philippine pop from car radios and open-air markets. Finally the champion reaches his destination: Starbucks. The place is far too small to hold the crowd, which politely disperses. A boy in a threadbare T-shirt runs to a friend, holding up one hand. He touched Pacquiao! The second boy reaches to touch his hand, to feel the magic.

Inside, Pacquiao removes his wraparound shades. The crowds don't bother him. "I like them," he tells me. "I am a man of the people." And he likes this town, reeking of bus fumes and spit-roasted chicken, better than Vegas or New York. "This is where I learned to be brave and fight hard," he says.

Brave and hard enough to win a record 10 world titles in eight weight classes. So dominant that he is arguably the most talented and most important boxer since Ali. His next fight is a November 12 welterweight title bout with Mexico's Juan Manuel Marquez—a possible tune-up for a Pacquiao-Floyd Mayweather showdown in 2012.

Pacquiao's long-awaited fight with his only worthy rival, the unbeaten

Mayweather, could make boxing the world's top sports story for the first time since Mike Tyson was busting heads and chewing ears. It would be the biggest fight since the Ali-Frazier "Thrilla in Manila" in 1975—if it ever happens. Which it may not, due to money, venue, drug testing and a dozen other reasons, all of which really boil



down to one reason: Mayweather is afraid he might lose.

Mayweather worries that Pacquiao will ruin his perfect 41-0 record, if not his ribs and jaw. Why else would Floyd "Money" Mayweather turn down the biggest payday in sports history?

"I'm the best ever, and I fight only the best," Mayweather told me. He was getting a facial at the time, talking big while a Vegas beautician thumbed his zits. He scooted sideways to make room for his fanny pack, which held \$34,000 in \$100 bills. (He also has a \$50,000 diamond-encrusted platinum iPod.) The cash was Money Mayweather's idea of pocket change—in case he saw a watch or gold chain he liked or felt like betting \$10,000 on two or three NFL games. "Pacquiao's a southpaw, unorthodox," he went on. "He can punch, but I'm more precise. I'll fight Pacquiao and I'll beat him."

That was two years ago, and Mayweather has been ducking his Manny-fist destiny ever since. Maybe he's afraid he'll lay an egg.

Life was always uphill for Manny Pacquiao. In 1990 he was a grade-school dropout begging in GenSan City and sleeping in a cardboard box. One night he brought home a stray dog. A couple of days later, no dog. His father had eaten it. Manny lived on table scraps and had his share of street scraps with bigger boys—the scrawny left-hander was never afraid to defend himself—but unlike many American fighters, he was never a thug. Manny Pacquiao never robbed or mugged anybody. A devout Catholic, he holed up in churches, praying for guidance. He wanted a mission in life.

"I wanted to do good things."

The boy worked construction and fought "amateur" bouts for the occasional pocketful of pesos. In 1995 he turned pro. On the day of his debut the 16-year-old Pacquiao stood four-11 and weighed 98 pounds. To get up to the 105-pound minimum in boxing's lowest





1. Pacquiao throws a right to the head of Ghana's Joshua Clottey in the WBO welterweight title fight in 2010. He defeated Clottey by unanimous decision. 2. In May 2011 he fought Shane Mosley in Las Vegas, beating Mosley and extending his winning streak to 14 bouts.

weight class, the light-flyweight division, he hid seven pounds of steel ball bearings in his pants at the weigh-in. Of course he won the fight. The teen Pacquiao fought in wild flurries. A two-fisted dervish demolishing his foes, he saw himself as a new incarnation of his movie idol Bruce Lee. Except he was really one-fisted: Despite a 33-2 record in his first six years as a pro, his idea of a combination was left, left, left, left, right, left, left. Lucky for him, he found his way through a flea-bitten L.A. neighborhood to the Wild Card Boxing Club in 2001.

"He was raw. Great talent, great heart, but unfinished," says trainer Freddie Roach, who runs Wild Card, a steamy Hollywood gym where the roof leaks, the toilet's backed up and a banner reads *THE BEATINGS WILL CONTINUE UNTIL MORALE IMPROVES*. Roach, 51, is one of the sport's top characters. Recalling a street fight in which he bit clean through a man's eyeball, he calls it "kinda nasty." Once, when the five-five Roach questioned Mayweather's hand wrapping before a bout, Mayweather's pal 50 Cent threatened to squash

him. Roach shot back, "What the fuck do you know about boxing?" After training Tyson, Oscar De La Hoya, current heavyweight king Wladimir Klitschko and 22 other world champions, he has no tolerance for attitude or hype, so it isn't hype when he says he saw boxing's future the day Pacquiao showed up. When they donned the mitts and traded a volley of practice blows, Roach thought, This guy can fucking punch. And what *speed*! Pacquiao, who'd never met a man who could wield the mitts fast enough to catch his punches, told his crew in Tagalog, "This guy's my new trainer."

After a draw with Mexico's Juan Manuel Marquez, Pacquiao lost the super-featherweight title to another Mexican, Erik Morales, in 2005. By then, however, Roach's coaching was turning the left, left, left dervish into a balanced boxer whose footwork in the pocket—the sweet spot within an arm's length of your foe, where you can hurt him with either hand—created new angles for Pacquiao's punches that whistled audibly through the air. (Friends call his crazy-quick footwork "the Riverdance.") He avenged the 2005 loss by knocking Morales out twice during a stretch of victories over Mexican fighters that earned Pacman a new nickname: the Mexicutioner. Since the first Morales fight he is 14-0 with seven knockouts, including a left hook that dropped the U.K.'s Ricky "Hitman" Hatton like a sack of sand in 2009. Hatton went to the hospital in an ambulance; Pacquiao went out to karaoke.

He has won championship belts in weight classes ranging from flyweight (108 to 112 pounds) to super welterweight (147 to 154). Nobody else in boxing history has approached his versatility, but then few men in any sort of history can match the sheer ambition of Manny Pacquiao, who launched a second career in 2007. That was the year the grade-school dropout, still seeking a higher purpose, ran for a seat in the Philippine Congress.

Roach wanted him to fight in the ring, not throw his hat in it. "Now he calls Congress his real job," says his trainer, who jokes that politics is the champ's new girlfriend. (continued on page 112)



PACQUIAO ENDORSES HARRY REID.

The boxer-pol helped Nevada's Reid get the minority vote.



THE ULTIMATE

DORM ROOM

BY **C.J. LEBAG** • ILLUSTRATIONS BY **JOHANNES VOSS**

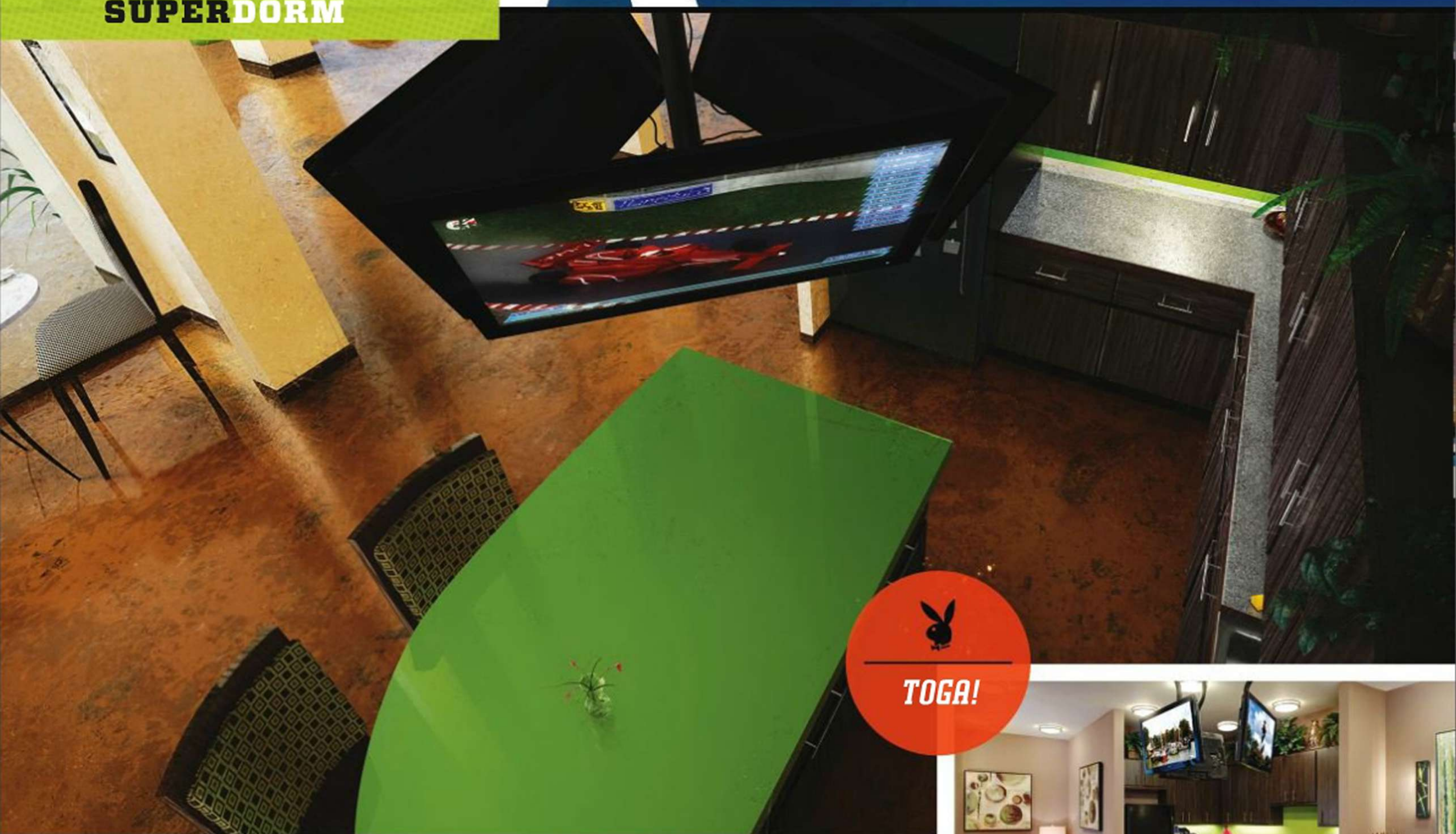
COLLEGE KIDS STILL
READ THOREAU, BUT
THAT DOESN'T MEAN
THEY WANT TO LIVE
LIKE HIM. BEHOLD THE
NEW **SUPERDORM**



We've come a long way since the 1960s, when college campuses were hotbeds of political radicalism and experimental hygiene. Today, hitchhiking is considered dangerous; a Mercedes is the preferred mode of transportation. And rotgut punch is a thing of the past—today's college students know their pinot gris from their Mad Dog 20/20. Even in the face of a tricky economy, luxury living continues to move into the mainstream, and college campuses aren't missing out on the fun. After all, this is the American dream, right? The pursuit of life, liberty, happiness—and the almighty dollar. Case in point: the new

superdorm. These four pages show images of an actual college living facility. It's called Sterling Central, and it's an off-campus student housing complex near the University of Central Florida, with one-, two-, three- and four-bedroom apartments ranging from \$625 to \$940 per person per month. "We wanted to build a best-in-class-type deal," says Brian Dinerstein, a partner at the Houston-based Dinerstein Companies, builder of the property. "Today's students are used to bells and whistles at home, so we wanted to provide that for their college experience." Bob Dylan would be horrified. Then again, we bet his home isn't too shabby. Want to join the party? Step inside.

SUPERDORM



LOUNGE ACT

When the students in Sterling Central aren't busy studying, they can hang in one of the complex's two common areas. This communal kitchen and sports bar-type space (above and right) holds a hundred people comfortably—an ideal spot to catch Central Florida football and basketball games.



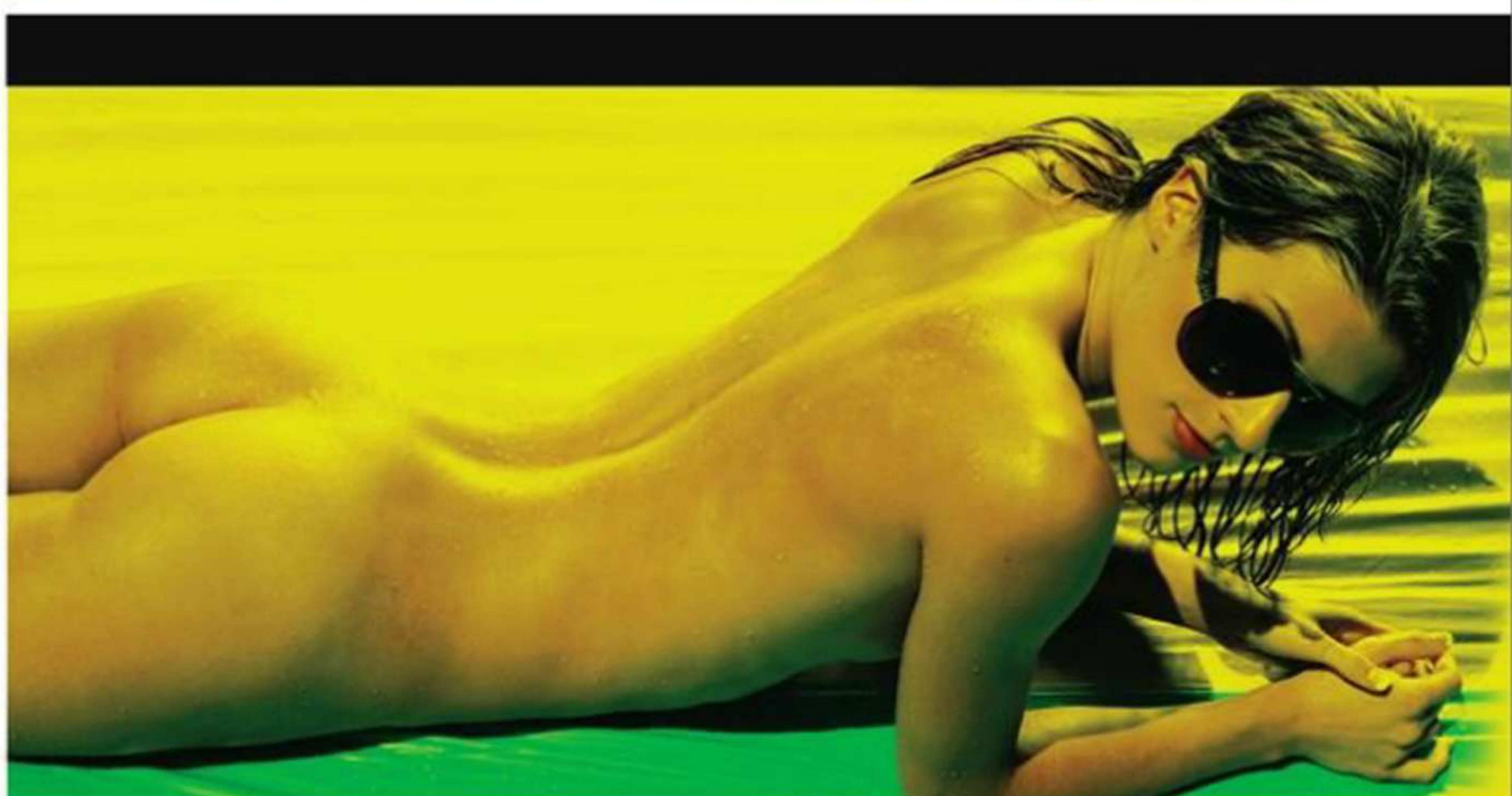
LUXE LIVING

Each bedroom at Sterling Central has its own bathroom, and the apartments are decked out with modern furniture, high-end appliances and everything in between. It's all ready for you to move right in. Left: A bevy of beautiful coeds discuss the phenomenology of Husserl for their philosophy class.



LIQUID CHEMISTRY

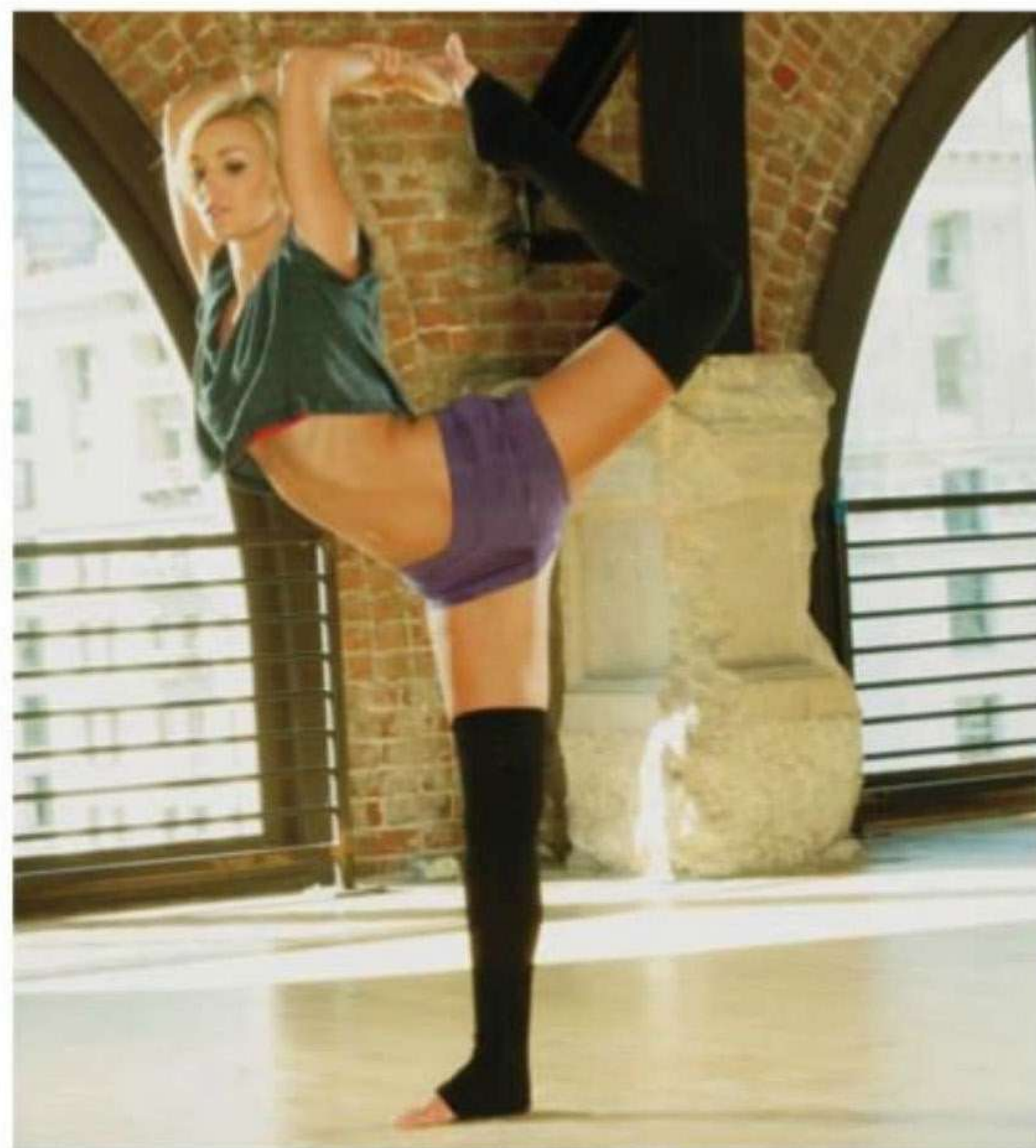
Sterling Central has four pools, including this one in the middle of the property—an ideal spot to hit the books. There are also two gyms. Right: A young stunner demonstrates the ideal parabola for her physics class.



THEATER 101

Of course, an on-site movie theater makes it easy for students to focus on their film class curriculum. Who wins, the cowboys or the aliens? Will Rocky defeat Mr. T? Pay close attention; this will be on your final exam. The theater seats about 25; sorry, there's no concession stand. The second party room (left) has a large flat-screen TV. These days the ivory tower can be enjoyed in 3-D.





Total Package

Miss November
brings her brains
and beauty to the
West Coast

photography by
Stephen Wayda

Forget Microsoft Support. Allow Miss November Ciara Price to troubleshoot your digital woes. “Ever since the seventh grade I’ve been a closet nerd who took apart computers and put them back together again,” the 21-year-old wireless consultant says. At school Ciara realized her techie wiles had the power to short-circuit the opposite sex. “I was the only girl in my computer class, and because tech talk is like a competition, the guys loved that I could keep up with them,” explains Ciara, who when she wasn’t online as a teenager was pirouetting in dance class. “I was like, Yes! I can finally talk to the boys about something!” Next on the Maine native’s drop-down menu is a move to Los Angeles, which of course will require packing up her iPad, MacBook, digital cameras, flash drives and whatever cell phone she’s toting around at the moment (“It’s a problem—I go through two or three of them a year”). Charged up over becoming a Playmate, an unexpected turn of events that came about when a photographer friend urged her to try modeling, Ciara says, “I’m so proud, excited and, yes, thankful!” Then she winks. “See, I figured I’d be spending the month at my desk back in Maine, but now I’m totally hardwired for the L.A. experience.”







MISS NOVEMBER

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH





Cinema Live





See more of Miss November at
club.playboy.com.

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Ciara Price

BUST: 32C WAIST: 25 HIPS: 35

HEIGHT: 5'4" WEIGHT: 118

BIRTH DATE: 5/10/1990 BIRTHPLACE: Portland, ME

AMBITIONS: To start my own photography business and become a permanent part of Playboy Enterprises.

TURN-ONS: Guys who kiss great and have toned backs, blue eyes and a little scruffy facial hair.

TURNOFFS: Sloppy boozehound slackers who don't make the effort to step up to the plate - Get off of your mama's couch NOW!

MY MUSIC HERO: Jared Leto and his band, Thirty Seconds to Mars. His music and videos empower me by showing that positive change is possible.

UNEXPECTED INTEREST: It surprises people that I love intense contact sports like hockey and the WWE.

THANKSGIVING CONFESSION: I'm crazy about turkey dinner; it's yummy and the tryptophan gives me extra beauty rest!



Kissing a dinosaur at Universal Studios.



Hanging out in Florida.



First published modeling picture.



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

One evening a man arrived home in a state of great excitement.

"Honey," he said to his wife, "you're never going to believe this, but I've discovered an entirely new position for lovemaking!"

"Really?" his wife replied. "What is it?"

"Back to back," her husband said.

"Sweetie, that doesn't make any sense," his wife said. "We can't do anything if we're back to back."

"Yes, we can," her husband replied, "because I've persuaded another couple to help us out!"

What is it called when a woman lets you screw anything your heart desires? No holes barred.



One evening an extremely wealthy widower showed up at his country club with a breathtakingly beautiful 25-year-old blonde. She knocked everyone's socks off with her youthful sex appeal and charm, and she hung on her date's every word for the entire night. The man's buddies were stunned, and as soon as they had the opportunity, they cornered him and asked how he managed to get his trophy girlfriend.

"Girlfriend?" he said. "She's not my girlfriend—she's my wife."

"How the hell did you persuade that knockout to marry you?" one friend asked incredulously.

"I lied about my age," the man replied.

"What, did you tell her you were only 50 or something?" the friend asked.

"No," the man said, smiling. "I told her I was 90."

A woman walked into a drugstore and asked the pharmacist, "Do you sell condoms for men with really large penises?"

"Yes, we do," the pharmacist replied. "Would you like to purchase some?"

"No," the woman said, "but if you don't mind, I'm just going to wait here until some guy does."

A man scraped together enough money to take his dream girl on a dinner date, and when they got to the restaurant she proceeded to order the most expensive things on the menu—caviar, lobster and champagne.

"Wow," the man said. "Does your mother feed you like that at home?"

"No," the woman replied, "but my mother isn't expecting a blow job tonight."

Men would probably like monogamy better if it sounded a little less like monotony.

A husband was reading a book in bed one night when his wife started cozying up to him and running her hand up and down his thigh.

"Just give me one minute, honey," the man said.

"Let me ask you something," his wife replied. "Is that book so good that you can't put it down, or am I so bad that you can't get it up?"

What do a penis and a Rubik's Cube have in common? The longer you play with them, the harder they get.



A man went to see his doctor and said, "Doc, you've got to help me. Every time I look at myself in the mirror when I'm nude I get a raging hard-on, and it's starting to freak me out. Is there something wrong with me?"

The doctor examined the man, conducted some tests and finally said, "I've discovered the cause of your erections, but unfortunately I don't think I can treat the problem."

"Why not?" the man asked. "What is the problem?"

"Well," the doctor replied, "you look like a pussy."

Send your jokes to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611, or by e-mail through our website at jokes.playboy.com. PLAYBOY will pay \$100 to the contributors whose submissions are selected.



"I love it when you turn the other cheek...."

the SWEET SMELL of SUCCESS

FASHION BY
**JENNIFER
RYAN JONES**

**BREEZY
AUTUMN
FRAGRANCES
THAT HIT
RIGHT ON
THE NOSE**

EAU DE LACOSTE BLEU, \$62

Cool, aquatic, with notes of peppermint and citrus. Who it's for: He prefers gin to vodka, his foie de veau medium rare and the Beatles over the Stones.



DIOR AQUA FAHRENHEIT, \$74

Based on earth, wind, fire and water, with grapefruit, violet, Brazilian spearmint and vetiver. Who it's for: "You're flying coach? Oh, that's too bad. I'm up front in business class."

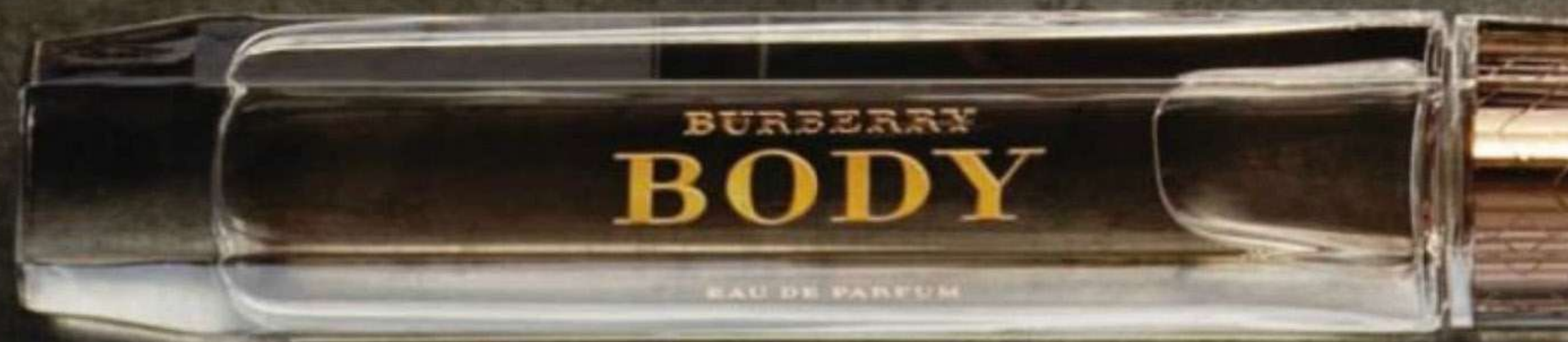


TOM FORD VIOLET BLONDE, \$95

Violet, iris, jasmine and suede. Who it's for: The seductress. This fragrance draws you in "like a beautifully dressed woman whose refined presence charms, then fascinates and ultimately seduces you," says its creator, Tom Ford.

BURBERRY BODY, \$95

Green absinthe, rose, vanilla. Who it's for: The hot new thing (like the inhumanly sexy Rosie Huntington-Whiteley, the face of this fragrance).



ROCAWEAR EVOLUTION, \$67

Rich, woody, with mandarin and musk. Who it's for: The conqueror. "Progression is key in all aspects of life," says Trey Songz, the face of Rocawear Evolution, "especially in your growth as a man."

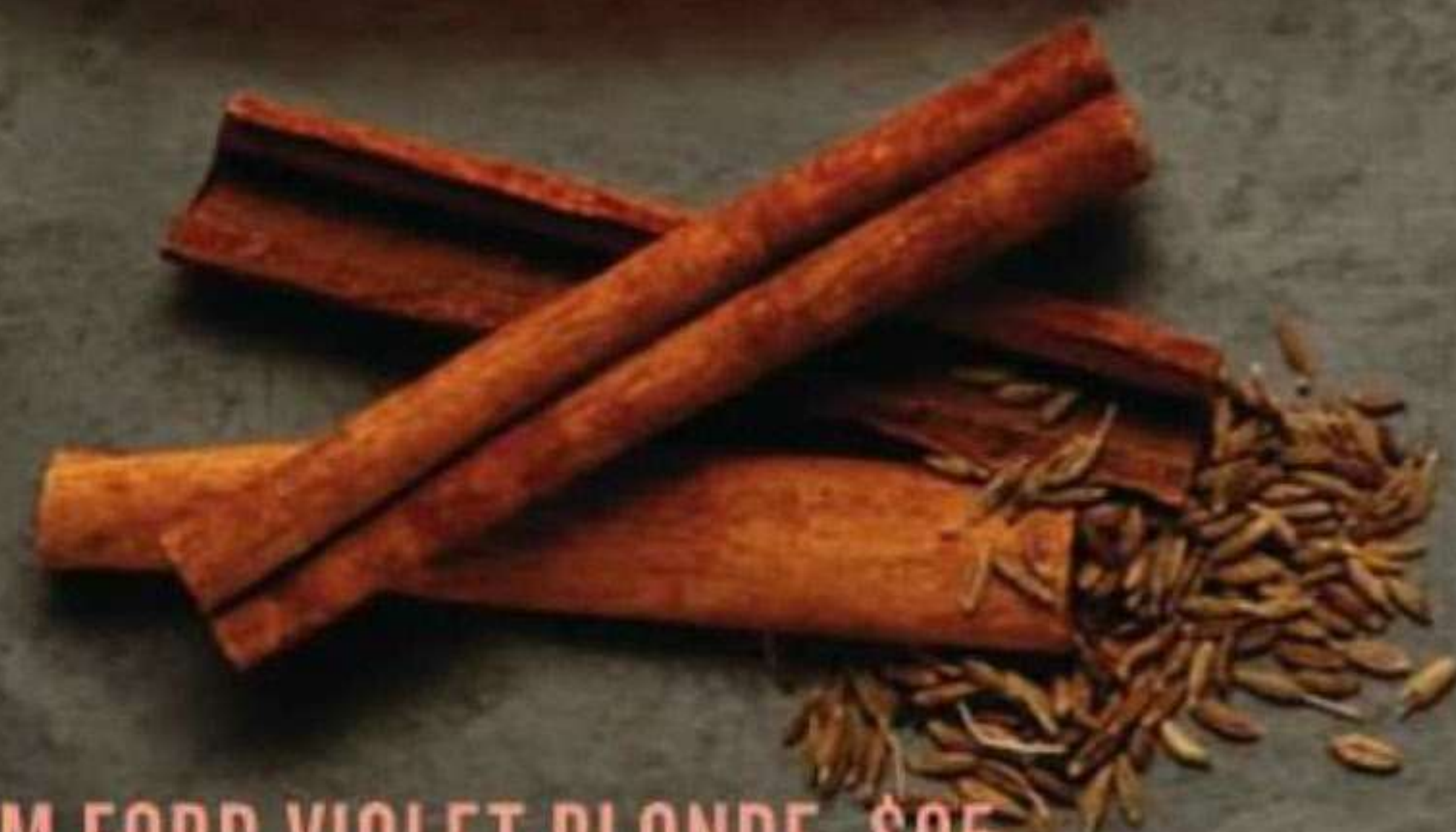
the
SCENT
of a
WOMAN

GIFTS FOR HER YOU BOTH CAN ENJOY



JIMMY CHOO PARFUM, \$150

Amber essence, tiger orchid, toffee and sandalwood. Who it's for: The girl with a shoe fetish who'd do anything for you. Anything!





**ARMANI SPORT
CODE, \$59**

Spearmint paired with citrus and vetiver. Who it's for: "Never mind me winning MVP again. It was a team effort. I couldn't have done it without every one of these guys."

CURVE CRUSH FOR MEN, \$52

Pear, basil, ginger, cardamom and vetiver. Who it's for: "I'll bet all of it, every single dollar, on double zero. Go ahead, old man! Spin the wheel!"



GUESS SEDUCTIVE HOMME, \$65

Cardamom, mandarin, vanilla orchid and amber wood. Who it's for: The man who's perfectly comfortable dating a taller woman (given she's a supermodel).



**DIESEL ONLY THE BRAVE CAPTAIN AMERICA
LIMITED EDITION, \$68**

Lemon, coriander leaves, black rose and ebony wood. Who it's for: "Stand back, baby. Let me take care of this."



PURE NAUTICA DISCOVERY, \$65

Crisp basil, lemon and cedarwood. Who it's for: "After I discovered my third tribe in the Amazon, the university asked me to come back and teach. I was like, 'No way. Forget it.'"

JEAN PAUL GAULTIER LE MALE, \$79

Lavender, mint, orange blossom and vanilla. Who it's for: The guy who knows his Manhattan from a rob roy. (This fragrance comes with a limited edition cocktail shaker.)



EAU DE PREP TOMMY, \$65

Grapefruit and sage with a splash of tonic. Who it's for: He's a Cinderella story, lining up his putt on the 18th hole, a 20-footer to win the PGA Championship....



By
CHUCK
PALAHNIUK

SLOUCHING, LURCHING AND SALIVATING TOWARD BETHLEHEM

ZOMBCON, THE FIRST NATIONAL CONFERENCE FOR THE UNDEAD, TURNS OUT
TO BE A CELEBRATION OF LIFE IN ALL ITS MONSTROUS VARIETY



ILLUSTRATION BY ALBERTO SEVESO



1. BRUCE CAMPBELL, STAR OF THE CULT FILM SERIES *THE EVIL DEAD*, OFFICIATES AT A ZOMBIE WEDDING. 2. ZOMBIES ATTRACT CELEBRITIES: LEGENDARY (AND SOMETIMES HORRIFYING) ACTOR MALCOLM MCDOWELL SPEAKS AT THE CONVENTION. 3. GEORGE ROMERO, DIRECTOR OF THE 1968 CLASSIC *NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD*, AND A FAN. 4. ZOMBIE SEX APPEAL. 5. MISSING ORGANS = ZOMBIE CHIC.

FRIDAY:

It's sad that the Women of Faith don't understand. Of all people, this Christian choral group should understand, lunching in the sci-fi shadow of the Space Needle, amid a *Logan's Run* cluster of white futuristic meeting halls and splashing fountains. Here the Women of Faith (henceforth WOF) are seated primly on outdoor benches, tucking their skirted thighs together, balancing pastel-colored box lunches on their laps and nibbling sandwiches as they try to ignore a dead girl covered in blood walking past.

The sky is blue. The air, chilly. The girl, wearing a red dress, her face bruised purple and mangled with scars, is dragging a dead infant still attached to the umbilical cord that dangles from between her gore-smeared knees. Moaning softly, she's tough to overlook. Nor is hers the only dead infant on parade. Another dead woman, her own white ensemble clutched with bloody handprints, staggers past with an inert baby—anoxic blue-white, touched with crimson blood—strapped to her side in a baby harness. In contrast, a pair of kissing, hugging, clearly in-love walking-dead lesbians carry a live baby, albeit daubed with corn-syrupy red. They also carry a picket sign that says HEATHER HAS TWO ZOMBIES. It's hard to tell what aspect of their tableau most pisses off the WOF. Clearly this nice luncheon has been spoiled by an apocalypse.

Welcome to ZomBcon, the world's first zombie culture convention. Time: Halloween weekend. Place: "The Zombie Capital of the World" as decreed this morning at nine A.M. by no less a personage than Seattle mayor Mike McGinn. What's now called Seattle Center was built in 1962 to present "a glittering projection of life in the year 2000." Friday, October 29, some 50 years later, this optimistic world is overrun with 20,000 scabrous, foot-dragging undead corpses. Officially, the zombies are here because their god is here, George Romero, director of 1968's classic *Night of the Living Dead*, the most successful father of a monster since Bram Stoker. The actor Bruce Campbell, star of the

cult film *The Evil Dead*, is also a big draw. Representing the book side of zombie culture is Max Brooks, author of *The Zombie Survival Guide* and *World War Z*. Because the Big Names have lured these legions of undead consumers, the zombie merchandisers have rented space in the exhibition hall in order to exploit them. Or so it would seem. There's Zombie Flesh Jerky ("Free Body Part in Every Bag!"), where the man in the booth asks passersby, "Free sample? Spicy or teriyaki?" There's a display for Zombie Tools ("Fuck the Revolution, Bring on the Apocalypse!"), which look like very elaborately customized machetes. There a salesman recruits a volunteer from the crowd and demonstrates the finer points of cutting throats and disemboweling. Elsewhere, zombie cartoonists are sketching quick caricatures. Zombie tattoo artists are inking zombies with pictures of zombies. For slow-moving zombies who partied especially hard at the VIP Zombie Cocktail Reception the previous evening, a booth sells Zombie Blast Energy Shot ("Six Hour Energy in a Two-Ounce Shotgun Shell"). At the rear of the exhibition hall, behind the displays of zombie toys and T-shirts and publishers, a small stage faces an audience seated in folding chairs. On stage, microphoned to compete with the undying din of milling, moaning, shopping zombies, a man named Stephen Lindsay (author of *Jesus Hates Zombies*) shouts indignantly, "Jesus was *not* a zombie because *Jesus* was resurrected *with his soul!*"

Most of the zombie action happens here in the Seattle Center Exhibition Hall (SC in ZomBcon lingo). Zombie culture lectures take place in the quieter Northwest Conference Rooms (NWR). Films are screened at the SIFF. Prom Night of the Living Dead happens in NM. However, the printed, stapled ZomBcon program is not always correct; typos abound, but it's hard to expect a kind of clockwork precision from people who appear to have their abdomens sliced open and their intestines spilling out. To keep from tripping, most staggering corpses pinch at their own sloppy entrails and carry them, daintily, much like the Jane Austen zombies do their (continued on page 122)



"No, thanks, I've already eaten."

2010 RASHIDA JONES

THE PARKS AND RECREATION STAR TALKS ABOUT GROWING UP AS HOLLYWOOD ROYALTY, HANGING WITH MICHAEL JACKSON AND GOING NUDE IN THE APPLE STORE

by **DAVID HOCHMAN**
PHOTOGRAPHY BY SHERYL NIELDS

Q1

PLAYBOY: You star on *Parks and Recreation* and have roles in three movies this year, including this season's *The Big Year*. And didn't you go to Harvard? We're all slackers by comparison, you realize.

JONES: It's just who I am, I guess. I came out of the womb reading books and thinking about my next project. I'm a born nerd. There's also this thing of wanting to make your parents proud.

Q2

PLAYBOY: But with parents like Quincy Jones and actress Peggy Lipton, shouldn't you be lounging around your pool all day?

JONES: Look, I have parents who have accomplished so much. I have a father who came from nothing and conquered the world. The last thing I'm going to do is sit here and spend his money and try to look pretty. That's not interesting to me

at all. I've been acting professionally for 15 years, and I've had to prove myself. Someone may think, Oh, everything was handed to her, but it doesn't really work that way. The nice thing about comedy in particular is that it's a meritocracy. Funny people aren't going to have you around because you know other people. You have to make people laugh.

Q3

PLAYBOY: Who makes you laugh?

JONES: Aziz Ansari is so funny, though nobody thinks he's funnier than Aziz. He'll ruin a take because he's laughing at himself. I love that man. The Inappropriate Yoga Guy from YouTube is such an asshole in the funniest way. I also (continued on page 118)







THE HISTORY of SEX

PART ONE

SIR RICHARD BURTON

IN THIS DISPATCH,

We introduce you to the Indiana Jones of coitus,

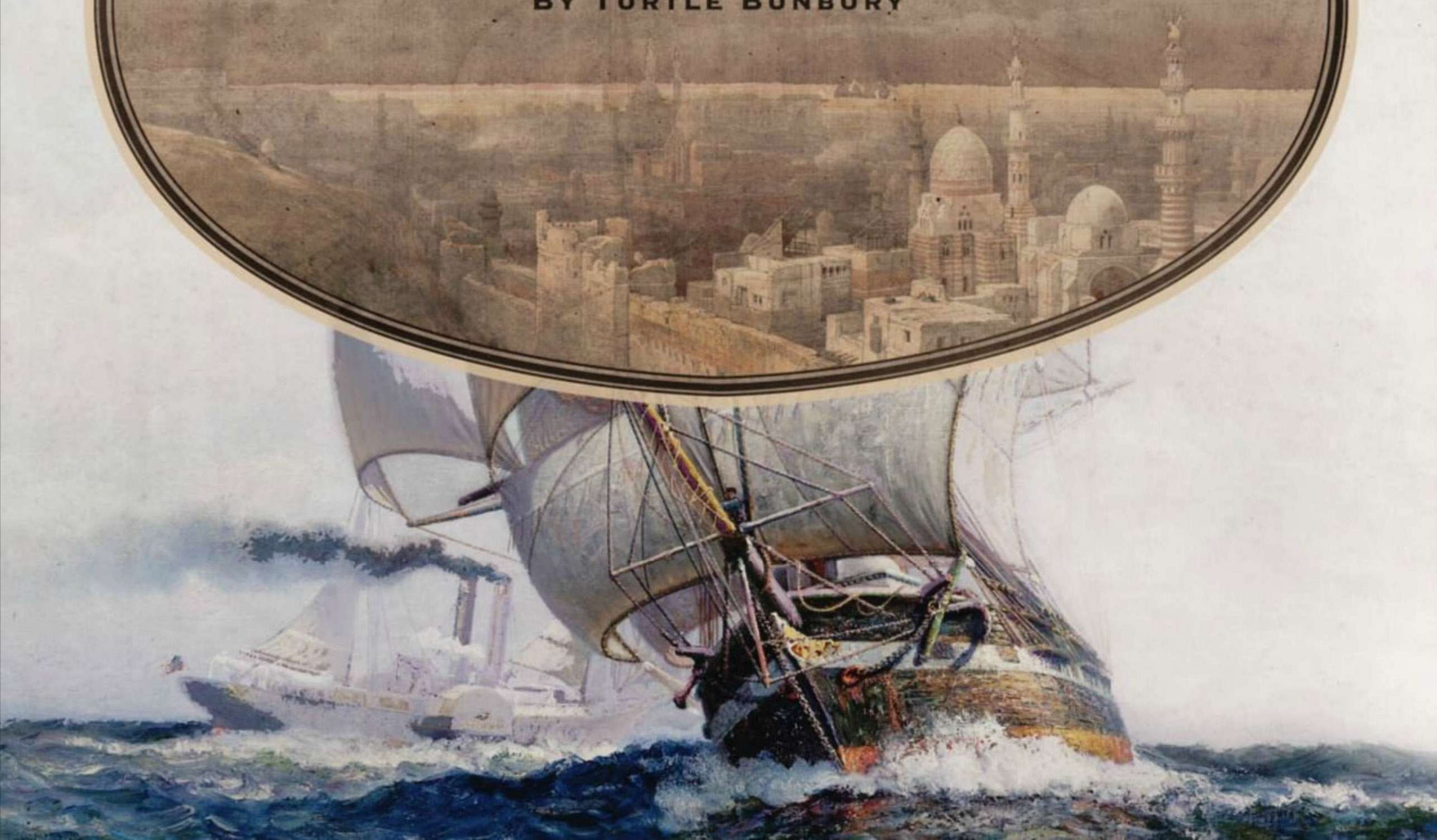
TRANSLATOR OF THE KAMA SUTRA,

EROTIC ADVENTURER

&

PROGENITOR OF MODERN SEXUALITY

BY **TURTLE BUNBURY**



HE DISCOVERED the longest lake IN AFRICA,
studied the language of monkeys, translated the Kama Sutra into English and founded
THE KAMA SHASTRA SOCIETY TO CIRCULATE
EROTIC LITERATURE THROUGHOUT VICTORIAN BRITAIN.

"Men who are well acquainted with love," this peculiar man wrote, "are well aware how one woman differs from another in her sighs and sounds during the time of congress. Some women like to be talked to in the most loving way, others in the most lustful way, others in the

most abusive way, and so on. Some women enjoy themselves with closed eyes in silence, others make a great noise over it, and some almost faint away. The great art is to ascertain what gives them the greatest pleasure and what specialties they like best."



DANCING GIRLS OF CAIRO: IN HIS EMBRACE OF THE EXOTIC, BURTON REJECTED ANGLICAN PROPRIETIES OF ALL SORTS.

What sort of explorer would write such a thing, in the middle of the 19th century? What sort of libertine would challenge nearly all the conventions of his time and would live seemingly a century ahead of his time? What sort of man would present his contemporaries with a worldview so extraordinary that he was viewed as a madman?

Let us consider Sir Richard Francis Burton.

He was born in 1821 on the south coast of England. His paternal ancestors hailed from the Lake District, but during the 1770s Burton's grandfather relocated to the western shores of Ireland and became a Protestant clergyman. Sir Richard boasted

that his grandmother Maria descended from the Countess de Montmorency, a mistress of Louis XIV's who fled Paris with a baby boy hidden in a basket of flowers and settled in Ireland. The child's name was Louis Drelincourt, and according to Richard, he was not only Maria Burton's grandfather but also the son of Louis XIV.

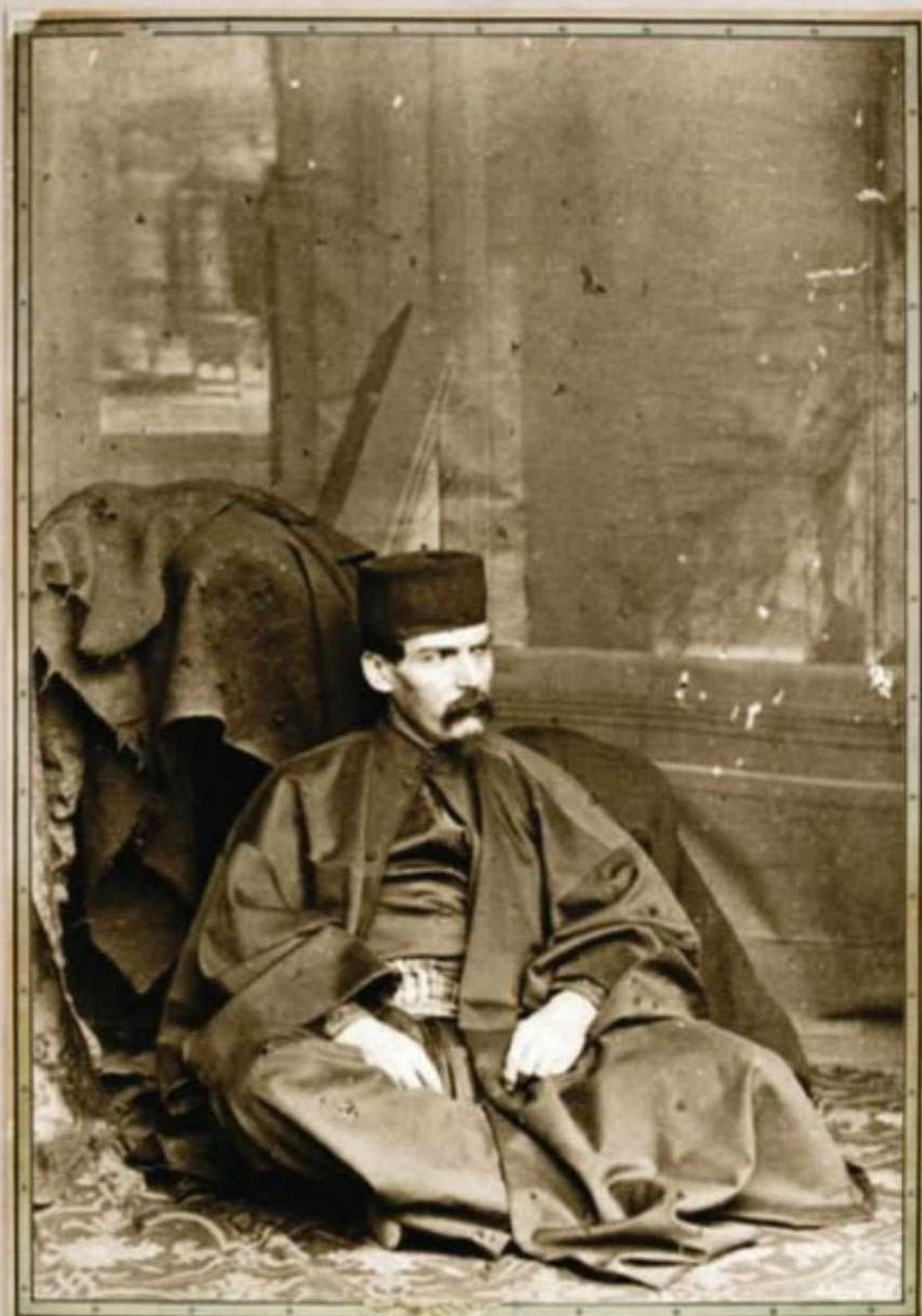
Richard's father, Joseph Netterville Burton, was born in Ireland in 1795. Contemporaries described him as a "tall, handsome man with sallow skin, dark hair and coal-black eyes." In March 1820, 25-year-old Joseph, by then an officer in the British army, married Martha Baker, "the accomplished but plain daughter" of a wealthy English gentleman.

However, just four months later, Joseph was reduced to half pay when, summoned to testify in an adultery trial against Britain's Queen Caroline, he refused to do so. When Caroline died soon afterward, Joseph realized his prospects for military promotion had all but collapsed. He abandoned the army and moved to France. By 1823 the Burtons were living in a château near Tours with their three small children, Richard, Edward and Maria. The youngsters attended a school run by a man who once took them to watch a woman being guillotined for poisoning her family.

The Burton children terrorized the neighborhood while their father lost himself in chemistry experiments, producing

"BEING ABUNDANT IN POCKET MONEY, THE ORGY WAS TREMENDOUS,"
WROTE BURTON OF HIS TIME IN NAPLES.

**BURTON WAS CONVINCED
EUROPEANS WERE MISSING OUT
BECAUSE THEY WERE IGNORANT
OF EROTIC TECHNIQUES.**



*Above: Burton was more than a mere orientalist—he explored the human heart as well.
Top: an illustration from Burton's Arabian Nights.*

bucket after bucket of a pungent and ultimately useless liquid he erroneously believed to be citric acid.

In 1829 the boys were sent to boarding school in London, where Richard became one of the main troublemakers. At one point he racked up 32 “affairs of honor,” as schoolyard duels were known. He loathed England and was delighted when, following a deadly outbreak of measles, his father brought him back to France and placed him under a tutor.

The family later moved to Italy, where the Burton brothers took to eating opium and mastered the arts of gambling, drinking and love-making. By their early teens both were well acquainted with the brothels of Naples. “Being abundant in pocket money, the orgy was tremendous,” Richard recalled happily. However, when their mother discovered letters of “extreme debauchery” written by two prostitutes, Joseph chased his sons to the chimney tops of their home with a horsewhip.

Richard also had an affair with a Gypsy woman, managing to learn “the rudiments of her language.” He was already showing a gift as a linguist and spoke French, Italian, Neapolitan and Latin, as well as several dialects.

In 1840 Joseph enrolled his eldest son in Trinity College, Oxford in the hope that Richard would become a clergyman. Things got off to an awkward start when a fellow student mocked his Italian mustache. Richard challenged the man to a duel and arrived brandishing a red-hot poker. His opponent fled. Richard became known as Ruffian Dick.

Study bored him. Instead, he practiced fencing and taught himself Arabic. His university career came to an end when he was summoned before the college dignitaries for attending the Oxford horse races against college rules. When Burton reprimanded the dons for treating students like children, he was expelled. He departed the college on a horse-drawn tandem, riding over flower beds, hooting loudly on a tin trumpet and blowing kisses to the shopgirls who watched him go.

He made his way to London, where he assured his father he had merely been let go early because he had done so well in his exams. Joseph threw a celebratory dinner party, during which the truth was revealed and many unpleasantnesses exchanged.

Joseph secured his wayward son a commission as an ensign with the Bombay Native Infantry in India. Richard sailed for Bombay in 1842 and was instantly smitten by the sounds and smells of the subcontinent. He applied himself to a serious study of

India’s history, culture and languages, studying Hindustani, Gujarati, Punjabi and Sanskrit. His fellow officers took to calling him “the white nigger.” Like most British officers in India at the time, he took an Indian mistress, who began to educate him in the ways of Eastern sex. Today, a family in the western Indian city of Baroda claims descent from this union.

By 1845 Burton was working as an undercover agent in Karachi for Sir Charles Napier, governor of Bombay and one of the most respected military commanders of his age. Burton later wrote how Napier assigned him the task of investigating rumors that senior British officers were frequenting a brothel in the port of Karachi where the prostitutes were eunuchs and young boys.

Burton let his black hair grow long and groomed a venerable beard. He stained his face and limbs with henna, opened a shop in Karachi and began calling himself Mirza Abdullah of Bushire. He conversed with priests, played chess with students, smoked opium with addicts. Everyone fell for the disguise, including a well-connected but “decayed beauty” named Khanum Jan, who provided him with crucial information.

However, even as Burton put the finishing touches to his report on the Karachi brothels, Napier had resigned the governorship, declaring his superiors to be “a galaxy of donkeys,” and returned to England. When Napier’s successor espied Burton’s report, which quite possibly named several of his friends, he ripped it up. Burton responded by writing a letter to his imperial employers at the British East India Company, telling them what the Indians really thought of the “foul invader” from Britain and predicting the Indian mutiny of 1857 at least 10 years before it began. Already derided for “going native,” Burton reached a new low in popularity among his fellow officers.

He continued his studies of India’s culture, learning about yoga and magic and customs such as circumcision, both female and male. But his heart broke when he fell in love with a “beautiful olive, oval-faced Persian girl of high descent” with a “siren voice and sweet disposition,” only to have her take ill and die the same year.

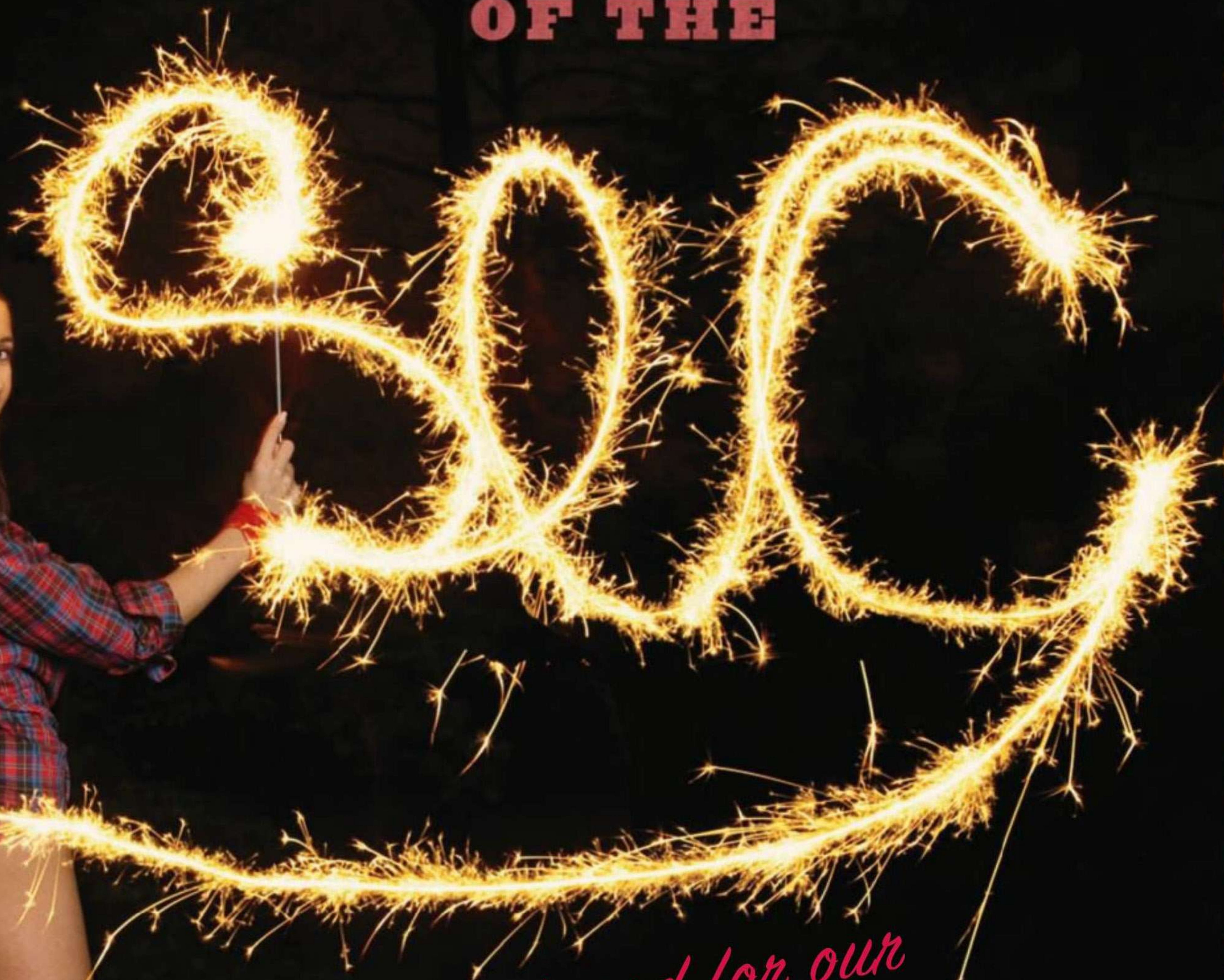
In 1847 Burton found solace with a menagerie of 40 tame monkeys that he purchased at a bazaar and taught to eat like humans. He gave each a title and a rank, including doctor, chaplain, secretary and aide-de-camp. He put pearls in the ears of one particularly silky monkey and called it his wife. Having learned how to converse with monkeys, *(continued on page 126)*



"Can't we call this something else? 'Wife swapping' sounds so Fifties."

Girls

OF THE



Get on board for our
WILD RIDE
THROUGH THE
sensational Southeast

Photography by

ZACHARY JAMES JOHNSTON • MATT WAGEMANN • JARED RYDER

AUBURN—Haley Ann



AUBURN—Kylee Noel, Brandy Evans, Kaitlyn Ryan

The SEC is the hottest conference in America today—in more ways than one. SEC teams have won the BCS national football championship the past five seasons, with Auburn bringing it home in 2010. South Carolina has won the College World Series the past two years. Alabama is the reigning women's gymnastics national champion, while Florida is number one in men's track and field and in women's tennis. Where else would PLAYBOY's

team of photographers go to shoot our annual collegiate special? To the Southeast, where the only things more smoking than the tailgate barbecues are the coeds. Representing on this spread, opposite page: Haley studies fashion at Auburn. We like what she's sporting here. Above: Kylee, Brandy and Kaitlyn also study at Auburn. Go get 'em, Tigers. Left: When we asked Faith what she likes, she said, "Gamecock athletics!" Her dislikes include Clemson University and underwear.



SOUTH CAROLINA—Faith Melissa Lanford





TENNESSEE—Liza Benson



AUBURN—Liliana Cook



LSU—Sophia Beretta



ARKANSAS—Jordan Reese



Clockwise from left: Don't cross lovely Liza. She's studying to be a litigator. She also goes for shiny lip gloss. Can you tell? Brooks is a Francophile. The alluring blonde speaks French fluently and even likes her doors French. Rachel wields a mean guitar, and she plays piano, too. She loves the Commodores. We're talking about the Vanderbilt Commodores, naturally. Arkansas's Jordan likes "mud riding" and shooting guns. That's our kind of Razorback. Speaking of guns, meet Ms. Beretta. A classic-car buff, she's originally a lone star from Texas. Liliana is simply stunning. It looks as though this Auburn Tiger has done some modeling before.



VANDERBILT—Rachel Timmons



MISSISSIPPI—Brooks Lee



TENNESSEE—Tori Tate



ALABAMA—Johnna Dominguez



Clockwise from left: Tori is planning a career in TV production. She looks pretty great on camera. Johnna's a huge football fan. Here she rests by the water, waiting for the Crimson Tide to come in. Maggie is certainly going places. She lists "doing homework" as one of her hobbies. Kimberly, a poetry fan, is one beautiful Wildcat. Jackie has a certain grace, wouldn't you say? She studied classical ballet. Among other things, Alex likes *Pretty Little Liars*. How intriguing. Nina plans to be a professional DJ. She can spin for us anytime.



GEORGIA—Nina Valerie



MISSISSIPPI—Maggie Taylor



KENTUCKY—Kimberly Vires



ALABAMA—Alex Sanders



ALABAMA—Jackie Pines



ARKANSAS
Tatum West, Ashleigh Drew



FLORIDA—Jessica Bentley, Gabrielle Rushing



Clockwise from top left: Tatum and Ashleigh get cozy down on the farm. Jessica and Gabrielle are both comfortable sans clothes; they hail from the Sunshine State. Tessa is a Hooters girl. She loves to party. So does Lisa. “I love to be loud and crazy!” she says. The sky’s the limit when it comes to Goldy; she’s working on her pilot’s license. Kassidi goes to Mississippi and loves pool days and ice cream. Talk about an all-American Rebel.



MISSISSIPPI
Kassidi Olaes



MISSISSIPPI STATE
Goldy Cass



GEORGIA
Lisa Marie



See more
college babes
at [playboy
com/SEC](http://playboy.com/SEC).

ANTHONY BOURDAIN

(continued from page 46)

but six months later we were already talking about having a child.

PLAYBOY: Do you cook for your daughter? What do you make for her?

BOURDAIN: My wife does most of the cooking for our daughter. She eats organic food for the most part, to whatever extent we can provide it, because we can afford it. She likes pasta and butter and grilled cheese and hot dogs and mashed potatoes, but she'll eat out of her zone. She's an ordinary kid who every once in a while surprises us by eating a raw oyster. She also spends a lot of time in Italy. Mom's Italian, so what we have on our table is often very different from what ordinary families have. She eats anchovies, capers, olives and pecorino, and she knows prosciutto cotto and prosciutto crudo.

PLAYBOY: How about when you were a child? What did your parents make for you?

BOURDAIN: It was not just 1950s food—you know, mac and cheese and frozen dinners. My mom also had a small repertoire of dishes, mostly out of Craig Claiborne or Julia Child, that she did very, very well. For company she had a tight repertoire of credible French dishes.

PLAYBOY: Was it a special occasion for your family to go to a restaurant?

BOURDAIN: No, fairly common. Or we'd order in. First I was in New York, but I grew up in New Jersey. What was New York–New Jersey food? It was Chinese, Italian or deli, and every few weeks to go into New York City to try something, like a Chinese place, a smorgasbord.

PLAYBOY: How would you characterize your childhood?

BOURDAIN: I was born in Columbia-Presbyterian in New York, then whisked off immediately to a little bedroom community in Leonia, New Jersey. For the first couple of years we lived in an unimpressive house, then moved across the street to a much nicer one. I was something of a reading prodigy. I grew up in a house full of music and books. I was a shy, awkward, terribly insecure kid who overcompensated. I learned early on that the baddest, most dangerous, reckless kid who seemed sure of himself got the good things in life. I suddenly portrayed myself as the baddest, most reckless and most sure of himself. Clearly not giving a fuck or pretending to not give a fuck was a successful strategy to gain popularity and girls, and that was my act, honestly.

PLAYBOY: Did it work?

BOURDAIN: Yeah. You get the things you think you want.

PLAYBOY: What was your first restaurant job?

BOURDAIN: It was a dishwashing job in a crappy vacation, seasonal fish house on Cape Cod. It was okay to get fucked up in the kitchen. We all did. In restaurants from when I started, we were all working for cocaine, essentially through the 1970s, 1980s and well into the 1990s. It was the

way the restaurant business worked. In the 1990s things changed.

PLAYBOY: What caused the change?

BOURDAIN: I think it was when working in restaurants got a prestige about it, when chefs started to be noticed, when people in the restaurant business started to get wind of the fact that, Wow, I might actually have a fucking future in this. I might make some money. I might have health insurance someday. I might get some respect. So it changed.

PLAYBOY: And the era of celebrity chefs began. What has been the impact?

BOURDAIN: The better chefs feel about themselves, the more hopeful they are about their future, the better they do, the better we all eat, the better we all live. It's all good. I say that for selfish reasons, and I say that because I believe it.

PLAYBOY: Is the elevation of chefs to movie-star status a passing phase?

BOURDAIN: I hope not. Actually we're just catching up to the French. Over there people know who's cooking for them, and they pay attention. In America we haven't done it, but we are now. We should. Who better than chefs? Food is important in our lives, even at its silliest.

PLAYBOY: What's an example of silly?

BOURDAIN: At some point you saw a lot of excessive behavior, like a giant plate with a tiny little fan of poached chicken breast in the middle of a slice of kiwi.

PLAYBOY: Are there recent food trends that have gone bad?

BOURDAIN: Marcel Vigneron on *Top Chef* is talented, but he kind of lost the plot. I think molecular gastronomy—I hate to use the term because nobody who does it will call it that—has gone over the top. Not all the people who admire Ferran Adrià, Grant Achatz or Wylie Dufresne—people who were impressed by them, blown away by them or are trying to emulate them—are as talented as those guys, and they're going to make silly food.

PLAYBOY: What's it like being a judge on *Top Chef*?

BOURDAIN: It's fun. I love hanging around with Tom Colicchio. He's a serious guy, so I view it as a challenge to crack him up on camera, to see his Mount Rushmore composure crumple. Unlike similar shows, the level of competition on *Top Chef* is high. The judges take their jobs seriously. I sure don't do it for the money, because they're cheap as fuck.

PLAYBOY: How difficult is the competition for the contestants?

BOURDAIN: What's asked of these guys is really hard. It's emotionally difficult. You're cut off from friends and family for weeks. You're asked to do things that chefs would never do. I don't know if I could do it if I was asked to make a 10-course meal out of a fucking vending machine. Also, the competition itself is brutal. It doesn't matter if you're a great chef or not; whoever's food sucked the most that week goes home.

PLAYBOY: What about other celebrity chefs? What do you think of Emeril Lagasse?

BOURDAIN: As I've said to him many times, "I hated your show, dude." I made my career making fun of the poor bastard. I miss him now. He has good restaurants and is a good chef, but the stuff he made on TV was ridiculous.

PLAYBOY: Do you like Bobby Flay?

BOURDAIN: Again, an accomplished restaurateur. But I don't understand why these guys would make this candy-colored sort of crowd-pleasing television. Why would they compromise themselves so much?

PLAYBOY: Some people might accuse you of that.

BOURDAIN: Fine, you know.

PLAYBOY: What do you think of Wolfgang Puck?

BOURDAIN: Listen, I'm not eating in his shitty pizza restaurants. I think it's bullshit, and it breaks my heart to see him on QVC or whatever, but the fact is he paid his dues. He's an important guy. It's an Orson Welles thing: He made *Citizen Kane*, so it doesn't matter what he does after that. If Wolfgang Puck wants to open crappy pizzerias in airports all over America, that's fucking fine. Wolfgang was a guy who changed things for chefs. You don't have to be on TV—everybody knew who Wolfgang was. It was about the chef now. Marco Pierre White in England was another one. It was the first time you opened a cookbook and the chef looked like you did—long scraggly hair, sunken cheeks, prison camp rings under the eyes, smoking a cigarette in the kitchen. Chefs and cooks saw that and said, "Wow, I don't have to be a fat Frenchman to be a great chef. There's room for me in this world."

PLAYBOY: Is Mario Batali a good chef?

BOURDAIN: He's a monster of rock and roll. He's done everything right from the beginning. Mario's managed to balance making a lot of money, opening a lot of restaurants, world domination and his personal happiness and quality of life in a remarkable way. He's the smartest chef there is. There is no chef smarter or funnier or faster.

PLAYBOY: What do you have to say to food critics?

BOURDAIN: Some do a good job or at least try hard to do a good job. I appreciate that one administration after another at *The New York Times* has continued to have critics who are serious and who write well, whether I agree with them or not. I think there is a certain integrity to a *Times* restaurant review.

PLAYBOY: Apparently you feel differently about *GQ*'s reviewer, Alan Richman.

BOURDAIN: For Richman and me it's personal. He wrote an article about New Orleans that I found offensive, and I nominated him, jokingly, for a ridiculous fake award, Douche Bag of the Year. He took offense and reviewed my former restaurant without mentioning our previous history. He called it, like, the worst restaurant in the history of the world. So my problem with him is personal. He's a good writer, and to the best of my knowledge, to his credit, he's not bent. I don't know of



"Just think, if we hadn't been caught cheating on our mates, we'd never have met."

anyone who's ever suggested he is corrupt. But I don't like the son of a bitch.

PLAYBOY: Do other reviewers use their positions for personal gain?

BOURDAIN: I would just ask John Mariani, the reviewer at *Esquire*, a simple question: Have you ever received a free meal, services, vacations or other things of value from the subjects of your reviews? If so, please list them. That's all I fucking ask, just an honest question.

PLAYBOY: You're suggesting that you know the answer.

BOURDAIN: I'm asking the question because I've lived in this world a long time. I have a lot of friends. I have reason to believe that the answer would not portray him in a positive way. I'm not suggesting or asking anything that everybody I know in the restaurant business and everybody I know in the food-writing community doesn't fucking know.

PLAYBOY: Now, because of the internet, everybody is a critic. You go online—on Yelp, for example—and people praise or rip into chefs or restaurants, and they're anonymous. Does it bother you?

BOURDAIN: What are you going to do?

PLAYBOY: Could it be a good thing, because it keeps restaurants on their toes?

BOURDAIN: It doesn't matter what I think, because it's there. The barbarians are over the gates. They're in the house. We're overrun. Embrace it. To do otherwise is like complaining about cable television, saying, "It'll never last." Or the electric guitar: "This'll never catch on." We read differently now. You're looking at a big bathroom wall with a lot of stuff written on it, and people are smart enough and fast enough and reading and speaking a new language that allows them to pull from that wall and all those opinions—many of them valid, some not—a consensus.

PLAYBOY: Overall, how have Americans' tastes changed?

BOURDAIN: Everything continues to change. The sea change began with sushi. It was a real high watermark when Americans started eating sushi. It was a river crossing, because we were eating something that was traditionally loathsome to Americans—I mean, eating raw fish. Sushi was a leap of faith, a real tectonic shift in what your customers were willing to do. Only a few years earlier, if you cooked a piece of tuna medium rare, people would have fucking freaked on you. If you tried to serve them octopus, no way. Since then, food's gotten to be a bigger deal, and there are more and more choices, at least if you have money.

PLAYBOY: What accounts for the change?

BOURDAIN: Maybe a decline in filmmaking and other forms of entertainment. When I grew up, in the *Mad Men* period, you'd go to a movie, then you'd go out to dinner and talk about the movie you just saw and the movie you were about to see. Now you just go to dinner. You talk about the dinner you had last week and the dinner you're going to have next week while you're eating this dinner. You're sure as hell not talking about the movie, because it sucks.

PLAYBOY: Does TV suck? We're asking someone who now writes for the HBO show *Treme*.

BOURDAIN: I think some of the best writing out there right now is on television. *Justified*, *Episodes*, *Californication*, *Treme*. It's fucking awesome.

PLAYBOY: How did you get involved as a writer on *Treme*?

BOURDAIN: The show's creator, David Simon, called me up. Thank you, Jesus. It's been the most satisfying professional experience of my life. Dude, I'm working with David Simon! It's the greatest. It's fun. I've never done anything like it before. I'm honored to be at the same writers' table as David Simon and the people he works with. It is the greatest honor of my professional career. It was the greatest joy. It is the most fun I've ever had writing.

PLAYBOY: How about other writing? Are you writing new books?

BOURDAIN: Next is a crime novel. It's going to take place on a Caribbean island where displaced, exiled New Yorkers do bad things to one another. It's a love story with peripheral violence, probably extravagant violence.

PLAYBOY: With *No Reservations* and *The Layover*, traveling and writing for those shows, writing graphic and crime novels, and being a father, are you sometimes overwhelmed?

BOURDAIN: I'm at the point in my life where I'm doing only those things that are fun and interesting. If it isn't fun and interesting, I'm walking away from it. I've found myself in a position where I'm able to do cool things with cool people and make enough money. Unlike heroin, which feels good now and feels bad later, this feels good now, and when I wake up tomorrow and look in the mirror I'm going to say, "Dude, I'm working with interesting people, making things, however long they last, and feeling pretty good about it." It's fucking fun.

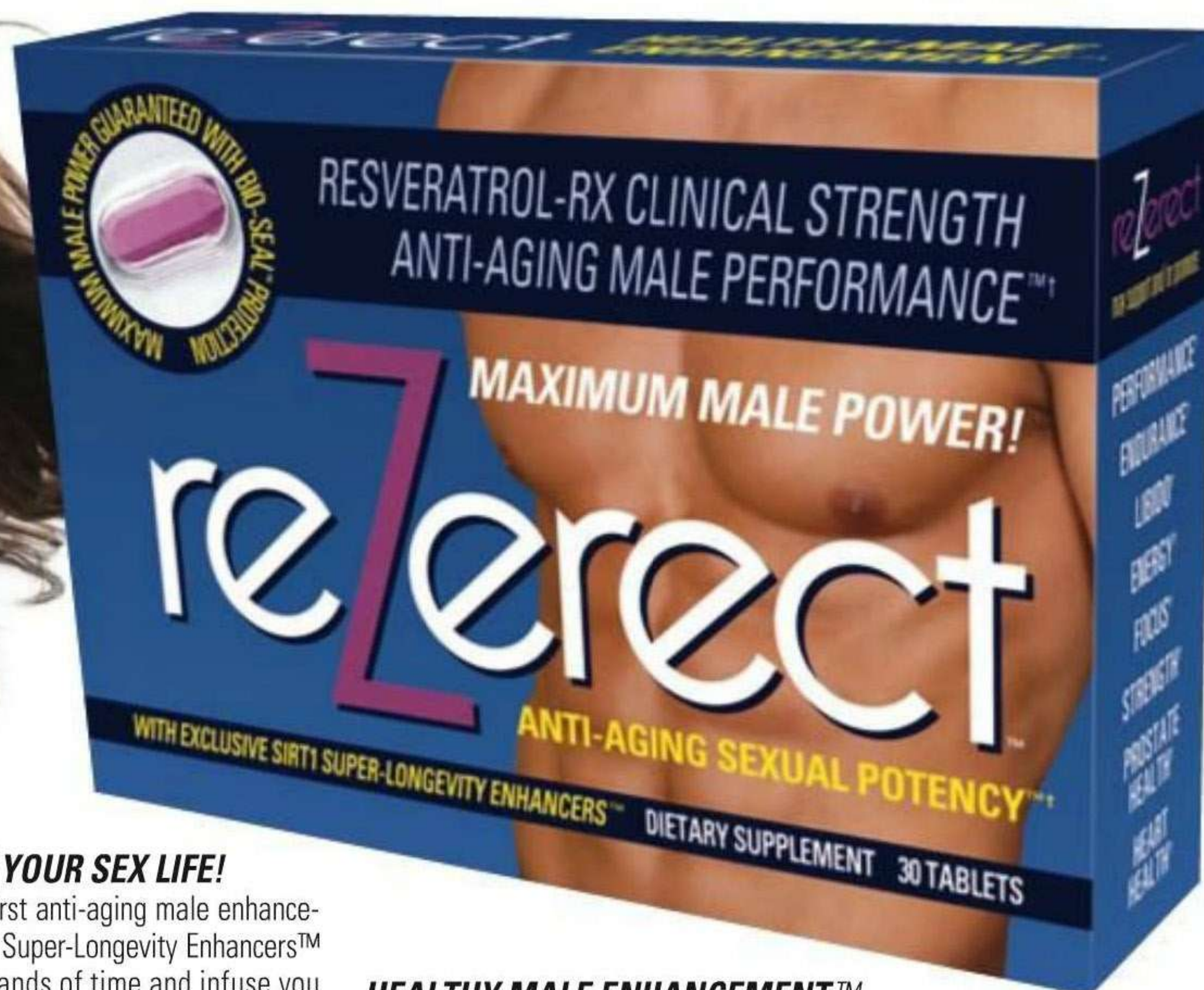


"Don't be so upset. My wife and your husband were lousy poker players anyway...."



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HOT DAMN

(continued from page 62)

and also because Lucy enjoys my transgressions, I feel certain. They allow her to feel comfortably motherly without the need to change diapers (like any real man, I change my own). “Really, Pete. Am I going to have to put you in time-out?”

“Dear God, no. Please,” I said. “I’ll be good.”

“Lies,” she said. She was in a fine mood and my heart swelled big as a stadium ringing with the palimpsest echoes of her voice: *lies lies lies*.

“Let’s go to the park,” I said. “We’ll have a picnic. We’ll walk the dog. It will be glorious.” The dog shuffled toward me wagging, the jelly beef of his middle quivering with excitement. He would know “walk” in Swahili.

“Can’t. I have a lunch date,” she said. “Promise Keepers convention, remember? We can’t all be gentlemen of independent means.”

“I worked hard for my millions,” I said, surveying the kitchen with a pugnacious eye as if seeking dissent from the microwave, the bag of dog food, the Styrofoam cooler I use instead of the fridge because the fridge stopped working well until I took a hammer to it, and then it stopped working entirely. “Lucy, it’s true, I’ve done terrible things, but surely it was worth it, all worth it, to rise above, to transcend——”

“Did you pick up your check yet?”

“Is money all you think about?” The dog trotted out from the kitchen, audibly farting, rounding the corner with quick lardy grace, a pig on roller skates.

“I’m a working girl. Rent is expensive,” she said. “Food is expensive. HRT is expensive.”

“But GFE pays well,” I said. “Beloved, let’s not hurl acronyms.”

“Life is expensive,” she said. “If you ever get around to paying your own bills, you may find that out.”

“Sweetness,” I said. “Why do you think I retain your services? You know I have no head for figures. What day is it?”

“Wednesday.”

“Of the month, creature.” The dog trotted back in with his leash in his mouth.

“Be nice. The third.”

“Success!” I said. “I’m flush. Come over. Come after your date. Help me write you a tender note. Let me rub your feet. Move in with me. I’d never try to hamper your career! I love you. How can you not know this? You know this.”

“I do,” she said. “But I’m busy. Can you make it to the mailbox?” The MS is an inconstant constant—I often can’t do today what I could yesterday. But I knew Lucy would never admit our relationship had transcended the bounds of the professional if she doubted my ability to provide for her (and if I didn’t get some sun soon, I would surely get rickets).

“There and beyond, to the moon and back,” I said.

“Good,” she said. “Go get your check. I’ll see you after, maybe. Be careful.” And then she hung up on me *again* and I turned to the dog and said, “Can you believe this shit?” and he dropped his leash at my feet and barked.

●

The kitchen is a galley kitchen, cramped and ugly but well-suited to my needs, and as I yanked open the fridge door (useless) with my left hand to gain leverage enough to reach with my right hand the sink (mystery swamp gas curling up from the drain) and from there haul myself to my feet, I was so grateful for the way the dark fake wood cabinets loom as they do, wall-mounted coffins for midgets. They’re so close I can pinball out of there easy enough, and once I make it to the couch then I’m golden; through time and trial and uncountable errors I’ve arranged this dark hole to be a marvelous engine of propulsion.

I ricocheted out of the kitchen (smelly dog bundle trundling behind, leash in mouth) and from the used couch propelled—*incoming!*—to the front door, swung it open and hung upon its knob to spin myself a quarter turn and drop into the chair chained around the pole that stands outside my front door and supposedly (hopefully) keeps the second-floor walkway from collapsing and killing us all. I kicked the front door closed like a man—with authority!—and fished the keys out of my pocket. I can still manage keys if they’re big enough, and the padlock on my chair chain is a big one by anyone’s standard, and a big lock gets a big key, yes indeed. I popped that lock on the very first try (no flies on this boy) and pulled the loose ends of the chain around my waist and slipped the U of the lock through the links of the chain and clicked it home and all the while the dog waited patiently but when he heard the lock click he couldn’t hide his eagerness and began to butt that monster noggin against my thigh relentlessly, insistent as a Witness when he knows you’re home, hears the dark siren call of your sinful thoughts no matter how hard you try to quiet them (I’m like porn to those people, I’m like crack) so I grabbed the leash from the dog’s mouth and leashed him and said, “There. Okay, creature? There.” He

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barked once in agreement and we were off: a wet-pants cripple chained to an office chair pulled by a blundering dog.

Despite everything, I know I'm a lucky man.

As proof I will cite that the wall of mailboxes are a straight shot from my door, in the very next building across the street that bisects this gray concrete complex, Satan's Legos, crackerbox village of the damned. Barring rain or catastrophe we manage the trip and back in 10 minutes, eight if the dog sees a squirrel or 12 if we find a dropped and doomed pair of underwear never again to earn redemption through laundry. Fallen soldiers we call them, me and Lucy when she's here with me, and when we do the dog looks at us like he thinks we're profound, but that's because the dog is a smart-ass.

We made our way in good time that day because it was sunny and squirrely and I sang some Beyoncé to rouse us. We were roused! Lucy would come, I was sure, and I had a check waiting for me, and the dog was outside where his farts could simply float away instead of settling upon us both like an unseen sulfurous blanket.

"Creature, you smell like the devil's deodorant," I said, and we halted. I unhooked his leash. "Go. Go and do what you do," and he waddled off to take a shit in private. Granted the freedom and plausible deniability I crave (I cannot scoop what I do not see) I was overwhelmed briefly by a world in bloom. Dandelions covered the courtyard like a rash; a fistful of ragweed erupted from the sidewalk ahead. Spring! I laughed and spun in my chair just in time to hit a boy running up behind me.

"Watch it," he said, coming around. He looked left, then right, then at me. He looked maybe 14, or older or younger since I have no children and no head for numbers besides. Tall and strong, royally attired in purple and gold, dark muscles shining. His face ran through expressions in time-lapse speed: fear, relief, mild nausea (I smelled like an ill-used bar stool) and finally a small resigned sadness that looked far too old for him. I watched, fascinated, until he said, "Man, what you looking at?" He probably could have busted my jaw with one shot.

"I'm sorry," I said, looking down. "I study the ground more intently than most. Great shoes, by the way."

"Jordans," he said. He looked around again and jogged away. "Careful how you roll," he called over his shoulder. I blinked and he was gone. So fast. I'd kill to be 14 again.

My creature returned to me, wagging, mercifully, momentarily flatulent. If I were blind I would know him by his smells alone; I've banished him from my bed on these ripe grounds. He sleeps on the weight bench now (at least it's getting some use), but how he ascends it with his stumpy little hooves, I'll never know.

He nudged my leg and I released him. It was time to get moving.

We pulled up to the bank of mailboxes and I wiggled the chair up against another pole (poles! my truest friends) and threw off my chains, or dropped them rather, setting them

appointments I missed days ago ("You are NONCOMPLIANT") but what else, *what else*, and almost I despaired, almost I was ready to give up, but there! Crumpled into the corner! I pinched it and smoothed it out and read the return address and sighed, fulfilled. "Creature," I said to the dog dropping mail in my chair. "Get your priorities straight! Only pain hides in compliance, but you can't spell blessings without SSI." I slipped the check into my front shirt pocket (from which it then jauntily jutted) and leaned against the wall of mailboxes to catch my breath, slid down to my ass on the sidewalk. The dog came over to lie beside me, maneuvered his head under my hand.

"Creature," I said, looking into his eyes. "You feel both plush and quilted. Someday I'll forgive you your smell and your run-around ways." Darkness came over his face

and I looked up to see more darkness in the shape of a man. My eyes adjust poorly in bright light, so I could only assume his intentions. I tried not to look rich or attractive, a feat.

"Good morning," I said to this backlit phantom. "I'm terribly popular today. I can offer you a seat if you don't mind an ass full of bills." I waved toward my chair, so much more inviting than a walker, and normal. Who doesn't have an office chair? I just like to take mine off-roading.

The phantom did not bend. "I'm looking for a young male," he said. His voice was oddly metallic, as if he'd swallowed a steel drum.

"I'm flattered," I said, "but my dance card's full."

"Black, five-foot-10, wearing an LSU basketball jersey."

And Jordans. "Nope," I said. "Doesn't ring a bell."

He cocked his head. "You're sure? His name is Germaine."

"To what?" I said, but he did not laugh. He was blocking my sun, and in his shadow I shivered. The dog licked my pants, tasting breakfast.

"Sir," he said, "have you been drinking?" Oh shit.

"Forgive my casual appearance," I began. "You've caught me on break, but I can assure you I'm an upstanding citizen, a pillar of the community, a veritable denizen of this fine establishment, and if I see this Germaine——"

"It's important that I find him," my phantom said, overwhelmed by my eloquence. "I'll leave you my card. If you see him, please let me know." He turned and dropped his



gently on the seat as I levered myself up and (deep breath) closed the gap between me and my box with three confident strides, magnificent strides, saturated with manliness. I caught myself palms out on the brick wall and held myself there with one rubber arm as I flippered the mail key from my pocket; it's smaller than the other, naturally, but I forgave it that long ago. Key in hand (eventually) I got the box open and clawed a weeks' worth of papers out to fall to the ground and be gathered by the dog, moistened by flappings of lip. Junk mail, vet bill, clinic bill, doctor bill, mail-order pharmacy bill (unfair perhaps to call them "bills"—they call themselves "inquiries," innocent queries as to whether you have any burdensome money you'd like them to take off your hands), appointment cards for

card in my chair in one smooth motion.

The dog squirmed forward, but I held him back. "Seducer," I muttered. "We'll wait here till he's well gone." And we did.

Did I sleep as I sat on the sidewalk? It's possible, but more likely I simply fell into a reverie about my Lucy, about the day ahead. I would bathe so that I might greet her more sweetly, wafting warm puffs of Dial, of ultra-light smoke because Lucy loves the taste of tobacco (though herself has quit smoking, citing her teeth, her smooth root beer skin), and she would walk into the apartment to find me waiting on the couch, limbs arrayed regally, Hot Damn chilling in the ice chest, gun oil tastefully displayed on the end table (an offer, an invitation, not a demand), the check on the coffee table, the dog sated with Slim Jims, the television on but muted so she could engage or ignore it as she chose. My resources are limited; my love is not.

I heard nothing and the dog did not move, but when I opened my eyes the chair was gone.

I blinked and the chair was still gone. The check. The check! Gone. I craned my neck left and then right and then left again. Nothing. No one. The chair was gone and the chain and the mail and my dull fat-boy padlock gone with it.

"Hello?" I said, and then louder "Hello?" The dog stood up and began to wag, anticipating company.

"Hey, whoever?" I said to the deserted courtyard, the closed doors around me. "Whoever you are, and no offense, but I need that chair, you dumb-shit creature, and my check as well. My wife is a lady! A lady with taste. For her love, I must be a high roller. Return my property to me at once, though you can keep the rest of the mail if it means that much to you, my compliments;

learn the wonders of compliance and so forth, steal my identity to buy liquor and cigarettes, begin your downward spiral now, I'm happy to help, only please do return my chair and my check, please. Thank you." It was a good speech, I thought, and the dog was a generous audience, but we stood there together alone. "Beautiful," I said, and the dog licked my fingers.

"Okay," I said, and again, "Okay. We are not without options." We were not. I had my keys, and my phone filled with numbers for groups that would offer eventual, grudging assistance, and I had (God help me) an actual rape whistle on a cord around my neck that I could blow and blow until someone responded or the dog went mad and ate my face, whichever came first. There was no way to make it back to the apartment on my own, not all the way, because of the street: a burning plain with no handholds and nothing to lean on, plenty of gravel and glass to scrub up your cheek when you fell, and pot-holes of garbage water circling with cigarette butts and diapers and needles and scum.

"It can't be done," I said. "The only thing to do is sit and wait." I scratched the dog's head and he farted.

We had to wait. Someone would come for their own mail soon, surely, and who would object to walking a strange smelly man back to his home? Or Lucy would come and, when not met by me (she has a key to my place, of course—if I trust her with my heart, why not with my TV and booze?), would almost without question eventually probably come looking for and find me. And how would she find me? Lying against the wall limp and fragrant as a used condom. How enticing.

"Madness," I said in the dog's mud-flap ear. "Sheer madness. It's a suicide mission. We'll never make it back alive," and he turned and licked my face like the breeze at low tide. I closed my eyes and sighed.

I shook my head. Then I put my palms against the wall and began to stand up.

Heat, heat and light. I was on the ground with the sun in my face, so all I saw at first was a shadow and I thought of my phantom and quivered. Then I felt the shadow's sneaker nudge my shoulder and then the shadow said, "You drunk?" and I laughed and said, "If only."

I made it all the way to the corner just leaning against the building, and I felt good, strong, excited somehow, the promise of Lucy radiating through my legs (they were not at all rubbery, not even a bit) and I leaned against the corner of the building and looked at the street before me and thought, I can do this, I can actually do this, and believed it. There was no traffic; I just had to go slow. This could really work. My body was a boat, a steamship, mine to command, my first mate drooling at the ready. I took a breath and exhaled and stepped away from the building strong, sure, solid as a boulder rolling, inhaled and exhaled again, stepped, stumbled, recovered, smiled at the dog and collapsed right there, landed face-first on the sidewalk.

The dog nosed me in my ribs, his snout a lever (he is well-trained) and I spat out a chip of something hard, pebble or tooth, and tongued my split lip and said, "Thanks, yes. Good creature," and rolled onto my side and lay there God knows how long.

"How come you on the ground, then?" the shadow said and squatted before me, a boy suddenly, the boy from before, dark cap of lamb's-wool hair shaved close to his skull. "Somebody fuck you up?"

"Not recently," I said and sat up. My vision heat-waved a moment and settled. The dog wiggled toward the boy, wagging, and the boy looked to me in question.

"He's friendly," I said. "Knock yourself out."

The boy enfolded the dog in his arms and they made a picture, I'll say. "What's his name?" the boy said.

"I don't know," I said. "He never told me. Your name's Germaine, isn't it?"

He nodded. If he wondered how I knew, he didn't show it. "What's wrong with you?" he said.

"I fell."

"How come?"

"I'm clumsy." The dog wiggled from the boy to me and back again.

"Your lip busted."

"I suspected as much," I said. I tilted my head from side to side, front to back, my neck stiff.

"I always see you," Germaine said. "You stay in C building." He pointed and I nodded. "You ain't supposed to have pets."

"I'm an exception," I said. "He's a service creature. Germaine, are you the one who took my chair and my check?"

"Chair, yeah. Don't know nothin' about a check," he said, looking not at me but the dog, petting it fast to make the fur crackle and rise. "What kind of dog is this?"

"Miscellaneous," I said. "Why did you take my chair?"

"You was passed out," he said. "I thought maybe when you sobered up you ain't want to go riding around in a desk chair no more. You look an ass."

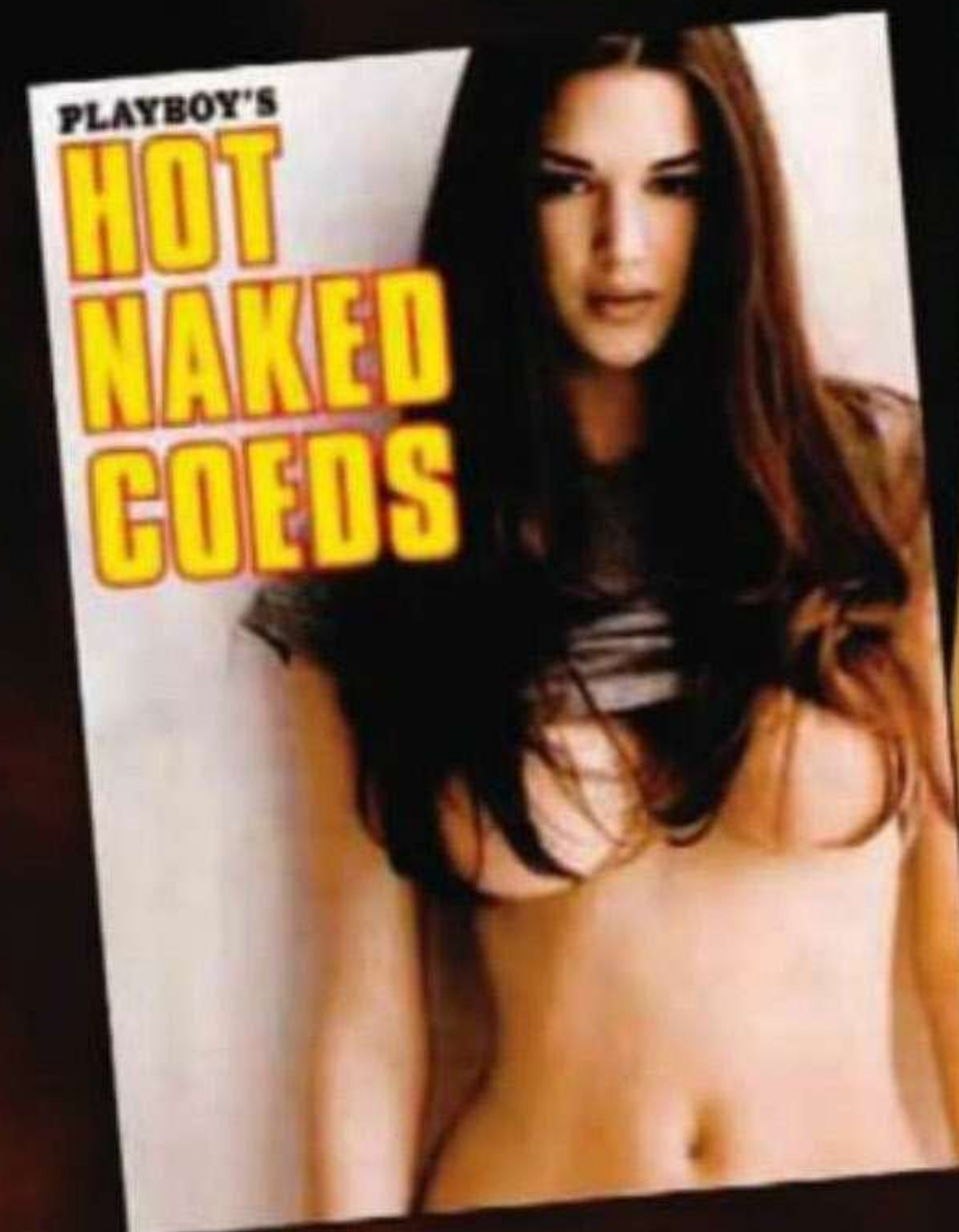




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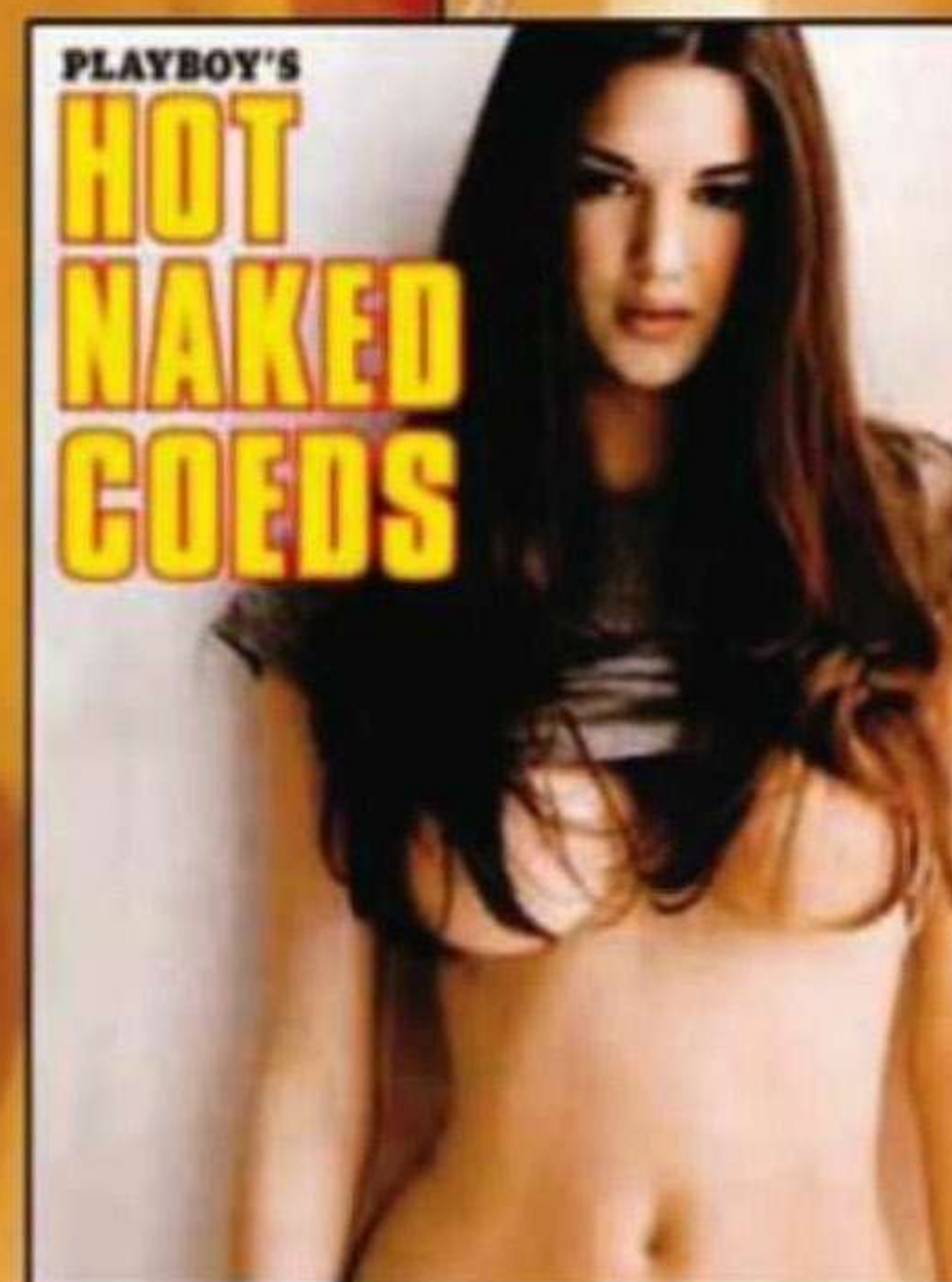
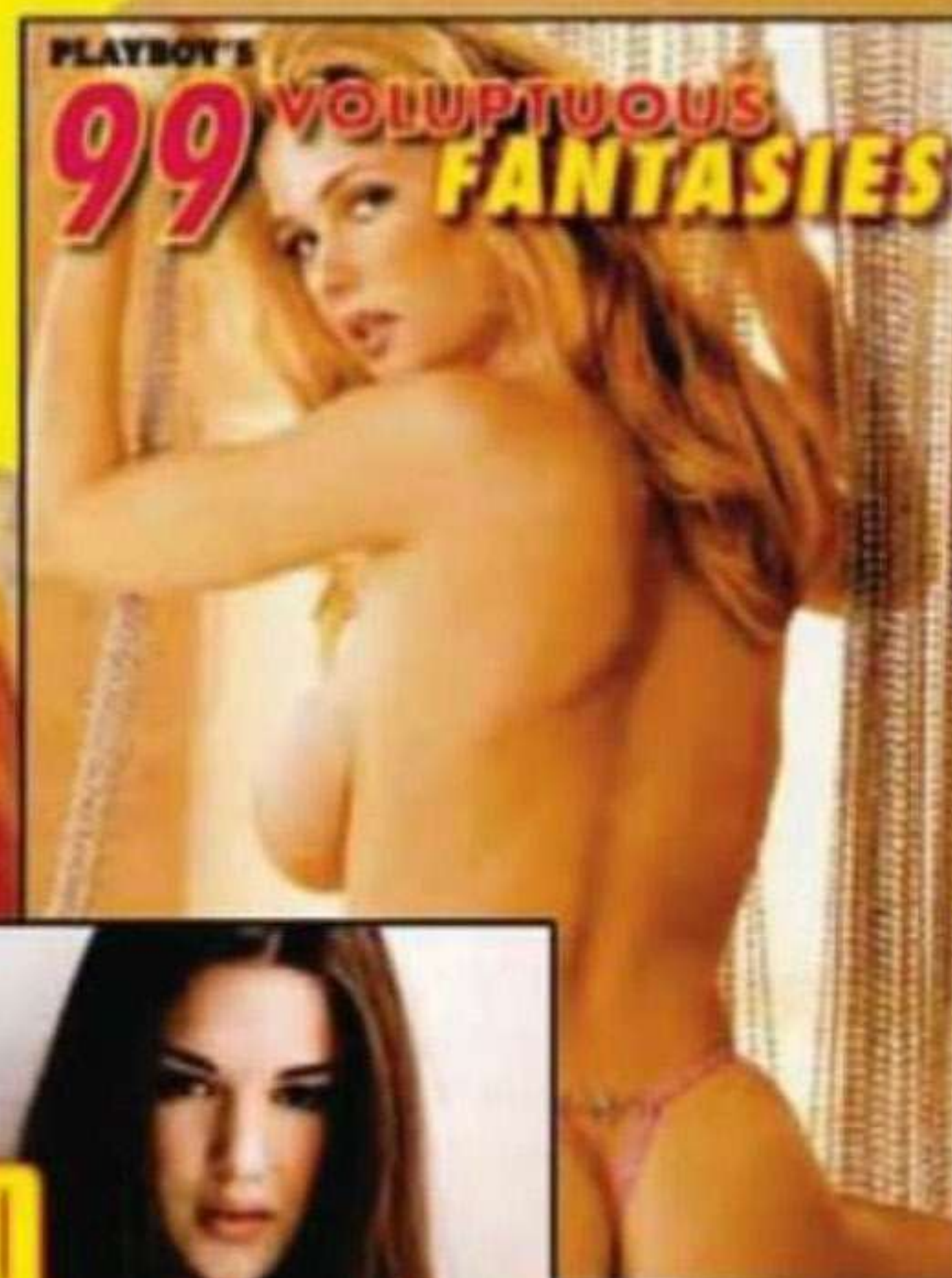
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"You give me too much credit."

"I ain't steal it," he said sharply. "I put it back next to your house. I'm trying to make this a nice place."

"That's noble of you."

He snorted. "You shouldn't drink so much. It's a curse. You sober now?"

"Stone," I said. "Germaine, you seem smart."

"I am."

"I'm told this is a Wednesday. Shouldn't you be in school?"

"Yeah," he said. "But I ain't." He smiled at me for the first time and I felt good, happy to take credit for it. "I can't be on the street anyway. Five O come trolling, always tryin' to hang some shit on me."

"Are you a wanted man?"

"Man, they called me up to the office 'cause they think I'm the one tagged the portables, but I never," he said. "I saw that cop from down the hall and I just ran. I got to find a place to hide out until my mom goes to work. She sees me out of school, that's my ass."

"Your mother sounds firm but fair."

"She'll beat me raw," he said. "That's probably what's wrong with you, somebody ain't beat you enough." The dog licked his mouth and he sputtered.

"Germaine," I said as he wiped the back of his hand against his mouth repeatedly. "Could I prevail upon you for a favor before you go?"

"Speak plain."

"Can you go get my chair for me?"

"What for? You got legs," he said, and he's right, I do, and I've accepted their limitations (I have, goddamn it) and those of the rest of my body (which are many). I've heard any number of snickers and jokes and made for myself even more, but because he was young and spoke without malice I was blindsided and suddenly hoarse, ashamed.

"Please," I said. "I need it. You can keep the check—"

He stood up, angry, and I'll admit it: I flinched. "Man, I told you I ain't know nothing about no check," he said. "You calling me a liar and a thief, too."

"I didn't say that—"

"You lay around here drunk, nobody say nothing," he said. The dog looked up at him and he patted his head. "I show up," he went on, quieter, "everybody act like I did something. Wonder why."

"I'm sorry," I said, and meant it.

"You want your damn chair then go get it." He had the dog's leash in his hand and I realized he could just leave if he wanted, just up and walk off with my own goddamn dog (my only recourse a whistle) and then he did just that, and I was alone.

I used to bench 275. An impressive number, especially to the ladies.

I was what the city called a trades helper and the guys in my shop called a flunky. We went out on calls fixing streetlights, patching holes. It's hard work but good money, get to be outside, get time to read or crack jokes or just goof off. It was everything I wanted. I was good at it, too, put up a pole or bust out a 12-foot trench like *that*. I was a monster! When I got sick, nobody could believe it, least of all me.

I dropped my head. Lucy, you'd never

doubt me. I could have thrown you over my shoulder like a scarf. I could have thrown Germaine in a Dumpster. I hated him briefly, then let it go. If I saw a bum like me lying on the ground, I'd probably steal his dog too. How would a guy as weak as me be able to take care of a dog anyway? How would a guy as weak as me take care of anyone?

"Hey," Germaine said, and I looked up. He crouched beside me, dog at his heels. "We back. I was just playing."

"Fabulous."

"Hey," he said again. "You messed up, huh?" and I nodded, too low to be clever.

"Can you stand up?" he asked. "Walk at all? I'll take you back to your house. We can go right now," and he stood up and over me, suddenly giant, sun behind him blazing, a crown of fire.

We made it across the street easily, my hand on his shoulder, the dog trotting nimbly in the cool of our arching shadow. "Thank you for being tall," I said.

"That's how we do," he said. "Thanks for being skinny."

"That's a relatively recent development."

"See?" he pointed and I saw the chair against its pole, just like always. He walked me all the way to my door.

"I was wrong to ever doubt you," I said. "I owe you one. You lift weights? Come in for a drink."

He side-eyed me. "I ain't like that," he said, my smart boy, and I smiled.

"Me neither. I'm married."

"Don't mean nothing."

"I love my wife," I said, and he could see by my face it was true. He considered. "What you got to drink?" he said.

"Mr. Pibb and some Sprite, I think."

He laughed. "I know you got more than that."

"You like cinnamon?"

He nodded. "You got cable?"

"I do. And I got something to give you if you can use it." The dog danced between us, flagrantly fragrant. "You may want to Febreze it first," I said.

"How about me?" The rumble of drums! "Can I get a Mr. Pibb?"

Oh dear. My phantom.

He emerged from behind the shadowed pole. "Peter Simon?" he said. "You dropped this. I was just coming to return it." The check! I took the envelope from him like thin folded grace, too stunned to mention his lie. Because I never would have dropped it, not in a million years.

"Germaine Cousins?" he said. "Could you come with me, please?"

It seems such a long time since I was young. When Germaine said the school sent police to find truants, I'd assumed he was joking or, at the least, that police sent for children would be different, cuddly, cartoonish, smiling, in spangled uniforms like some odd breed of



"Yes, I am surprised. This isn't what I thought you meant when you said you were bringing us home a sex toy."

G-rated strippers. But now that I could see his face I could see this cop was just a regular cop and so I employed (as best I could) my regular cop stare-down, part intimidation and part weariness and a spoonful of sympathy—*We are men who've seen trouble, you and I, brothers*—and said, “I’m sorry,” my hand on Germaine’s shoulder squeezing. “You’re mistaken. This is my son.”

The cop had a picture and he made a show of looking at it and looking at Germaine and looking at me and looking at the picture again.

“Recessive genes,” I said and waved a hand slowly in front of him. “This is not the boy you’re looking for.”

“I look more like my mom,” Germaine said, accent polished to please.

“Officer Creature, my son is ill,” I said. “And I am ill. Please, we must rest.”

“I have orders,” he said. “Sorry.” And truly he did seem to be! He had the same water-blue eyes as my creature, and he turned them big and wet upon me. Could he be swayed? Could we be saved?

“We are nothing to you. A man and his boy.”

“I’d like to believe you, sir,” he said.

“Then do.”

“Give me one good reason.”

“Oh, come on,” I said. “If you’ll just give me a chance to get my wallet, my friend Mr. Lincoln will give you five.”

“Dad,” Germaine said. “It’s over. I don’t mind. I’ll go.”

My front door opened. “Go where?” Lucy said. “I made lunch,” and curled an arm around my waist. I swooned, laid my head on her shoulder. Germaine gasped.

To have seen her that day as he did! To witness, when all hope was lost, your salvation arrive in fishnets and pink leather, to stand glowing in the doorway with cinnamon schnapps, with hot dogs aboil on the stove. Lucy, beloved, my faith never wavered.

“Mom,” Germaine said, and his voice was a bird singing. “Mom, I’m so glad that you’re home.”



MANNY

(continued from page 67)

Pacquiao’s 2007 campaign drew crowds of thousands, who reached to touch him and chanted another of his nicknames, *Pambansang Kamao*—National Fist. Still, he lost to the incumbent, an entrenched politician who is said to have bought the election for the going rate: a bag of rice or 100 Philippine pesos (about \$2) per vote.

Last year the champ ran again. At one rally he treated his followers to dinner: 20,000 hamburgers. At another he fed the multitude chicken, rice and his personal-label Pacman Water. “I am smarter now,” he said. “Ready to win.” Smart enough to count on Luis “Chavit” Singson as a political advisor. Singson, 70, is no buttoned-down American-style politico. The globe-trotting one-time governor of Ilocos Sur province and a national security advisor to former president Gloria Macapagal-Arroyo sports ostrich-skin boots, a leather jacket and aviator shades as he boards his \$8.5 million private jet, his jet-black Elvis pompadour barely budging in the wind. Like many Philippine power brokers, Singson has been linked to bribery, beatings and vice rackets, with whispers of worse. His Manila mansion is guarded not by a watchdog but by a tiger that he feeds by hand. Singson’s watch-tiger scarfs more steak in a day than many Filipinos eat in a year. Still, the governor casts himself as Pacquiao’s kindly mentor, a right-hand man for the people’s champ. “I pressed him *not* to go into politics,” Singson says during takeoff from Manila’s Ninoy Aquino International Airport. “‘Wait till you retire from boxing,’ I said. But Manny could not wait. He is the people’s hero.”

“What does he need to learn about politics?” I ask.

“The ropes! I mean, he spends his *own* money on constituents. I say, ‘Manny, there are agencies for that.’ But no, he follows his heart. One guy he gives money, another a car. Another poor guy, Manny took pity and bought him a house!”

With help from Singson and a war chest of nearly \$7 million, Pacquiao won last year’s election in a landslide. Voting was relatively peaceful, nothing like the previous election day, when a partisan gunfight left 57 voters dead. On the day welterweight champion Pacquiao became Congressman Pacquiao, the first active pro athlete ever to win a national election, shootings and bombings killed no more than half a dozen Filipinos.

The two-fisted congressman went straight to work. He supported a bill to keep young girls from being bought and sold as sex slaves. He secured \$4.55 million for a hospital in his home province. And in a bit of horse-trading any politician might admire, he stumped for Nevada senator Harry Reid, a former Golden Gloves boxer, during Reid’s 2010 reelection battle with a Tea Party Republican. Reid may owe his post as Senate majority leader to Pacquiao, whose support gave Reid a crucial edge with minority voters. In return, Reid is helping push

the U.S. Congress to pass a trade bill that could create more than 100,000 jobs for fabric workers in the Philippines.

Why take time out of training to wage political battles? To Pacquiao, the answer is obvious. "I care about my people," he says.

It's such a cliché, delivered in the halting English-as-a-second-language that makes him the master of bland quotes. Pacquiao still thinks in Tagalog, a Philippine language perhaps better suited to the typhoons of emotion and, yes, spirituality of his homeland. He sees me roll my eyes as I write the line down, *I care bla bla*, and he looks pissed. He leans so close that I can see craters on the flaming-meteor tattoo on his left forearm, the arm that leads to his clenched fist. Then he touches the fist to his heart.

He says it again. "I care."

In February he rode Amtrak from New York to Washington, D.C. His handlers hyped the trip as a political pilgrimage: Mr. Pacquiao goes to Washington. The idea was to promote his May 7 bout against Shane Mosley, but the champ was more interested in scoring political points in the power capital of the world. With his 24-7 camera crew in tow, three guys with boom mikes shadowing his every move, the champion led his entourage through the lobby of the U.S. Capitol, up marble stairs to the second floor and past busts of all-American crooks Richard Nixon and Spiro Agnew. Soon he was posing for pictures with Reid, the 71-year-old majority leader. They squared off like fighters, fists clenched, both knowing Pacquiao could knock Reid's block off the planet with a flick of his fist. They traded gifts: folded flags of the Philippines and the U.S. Then Reid shook hands with Pacquiao's wife, Jinkee, a petite, curvy shopping champion wearing four-inch heels, a tight skirt and a diamond ring the size of a tooth. Next came the main event: Mr. Pacquiao meets Mr. President.

As Pacquiao led his crew to the White House, motorists leaned out of their windows to see the little guy and his camera crew. *Bang*—a four-car fender bender. Pacquiao, being Pacquiao, made sure the drivers were okay before he went on to meet Barack Obama.

He was nervous. Reaching up to clasp hands with the six-one Obama, Pacquiao thought, He's so tall! He began burbling about NBA hoops. "Mr. President, I

heard you like basketball. My team is Boston Celtics," said Pacquiao, who'd climbed onto a stool for publicity photos with Kevin Garnett, Paul Pierce and Ray Allen.

"I like the Celtics too," Obama said, handing over three shopping bags full of presidential M&Ms and a wristwatch emblazoned with the Presidential Seal.

"I hope you come see me fight Mosley in Las Vegas," Pacquiao said.

"Can't do it," Obama said, "but I'll watch it on TV."

So would more than 1.3 million others. Despite going up against a Lady Gaga HBO special, Pacquiao vs. Mosley would be one of the top pay-per-view fights of all time. (One holdout was Mayweather, who tweeted his 1.2 million followers, "Everyone watch Lady Gaga tonight.") Pacquiao's latest tilt at the

tradition, he had rented a Vegas ballroom and hosted a Mass for himself, family and hundreds of fans. A priest blessed his gloves, his trunks, even the protective cup he wore under his trunks.

Mosley's gloves, unblessed, were black. Pacquiao wore canary-yellow gloves to symbolize, he said, "my hope to end poverty."

Ringside fans thought the other guy looked yellow. "Mosley, throw a punch!" one yelled. Instead the challenger reached out to tap gloves with Pacquiao at the bell and again at the start of the next round and whenever the referee broke up a clinch. Mosley backed-pedaled. In the third, Pacquiao decked the challenger with a canary-quick left. His power shocked Mosley. So did his speed. Nothing Mosley had seen on tape prepared him for this alien coming at him so fucking fast from

six angles at once. He spent the next few rounds backing up, covering up, trying not to get knocked out. A leg cramp slowed Pacquiao in the fourth, but Mosley made no move to punch him. Instead he tapped gloves again. Now the crowd was booing.

"Quitter!" somebody shouted. "You puss!" Which Paris might tweet "pu\$\$," since Mosley would collect \$5 million for his so-called effort. The JumboTron over the ring showed a giant Jinkee pressing her million-carat diamond to a plump upper lip, but boxing's first lady had nothing to worry about. Her man, powered by eight weeks of nonstop training, was in command. Mosley reportedly wanted to quit during the 10th round. He said he had a blister on the bottom of his foot, presumably near the

puddle that remained of his courage.

After the most one-sided decision in recent boxing history, the champ shrugged. "What am I going to do if my opponent doesn't want to fight? It's not my fault." Then he, Jinkee and their Filipino crew went out to celebrate. Paris Hilton tweeted, "Pac-Man is an incredible fighter! Wow...Manny & his wife Jinkee. Love them :)" The neon city pounded with music, dance steps, laser light and Jäger shots while the bout's few highlights ran over and over on a thousand monitors, ESPN pundits wondering why men like Shane Mosley and Floyd Mayweather kept avoiding Pacquiao inside the ring and out. After all, Mosley and Mayweather weren't defenseless kittens. They'd collected a dozen world titles in eight weight classes.

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MGM Grand had Vegas buzzing with boxing fans, gamblers and celebs, including the newest member of the champ's entourage, Paris Hilton. "Pacquiao kicked his A\$\$," she tweeted after his \$22 million victory over Miguel Cotto. The stakes were higher tonight, with the champion getting at least \$30 million. "The fighting congressman," ring announcer Jimmy Lennon Jr. said, introducing "the pride of the Philippines, Mannn-ny 'Pacman' Pac...qui...owwww!" After LL Cool J lip-synched "Mama Said Knock You Out" and Jamie Foxx sang a very Vegas "America the Beautiful," air-punching "amber waves" and "fruited plain" like Tom Jones, the boxers tapped gloves in a customary show of prefight sportsmanship. The champion's gloves had been sprinkled with holy water. That morning, per Pacquiao

Both had held the unofficial title Pacquiao now owns: best pound-for-pound fighter alive. The unbeaten Mayweather might still be the best technical boxer of his time: best defense, best footwork, best counterpunch. Even after losing to Pacquiao and admitting he was awed by Pacquiao's power, Mosley said Mayweather might be "technically better."

So why would Money Mayweather spend two years ducking Pacquiao? Why not money up for the fight of the century?

Maybe because boxers have spies. They have flunkies, golfers, managers, agents and subagents, trainers and ex-trainers, masseurs and masseuses and old sparring partners, all sending gossip from the other guy's camp. And what Mayweather has heard from Camp Pacquiao can only worry him, because the more you find out about the short stick of dynamite from GenSan City, the more superhuman he seems.

Running uphill with his Bruce Lee bangs bobbing up and down on his forehead, he doesn't look so tough. At five-seven the champ is half an inch shorter than Lee was. That's not so much taller than another deadly shrimp he resembles, Charles Manson, but despite his helter-skelter style in the ring, Pacquiao's no killer. During the Margarito bout last year at Cowboys Stadium, he rained 474 blows on the taller, heavier Tijuana Tornado, punched a hole in Margarito's cheek, smushed his nose into chili burger and broke the orbital bone over his eye. He might have done worse but held back because he had the fight won.

"Finish him off!" Roach yelled between rounds.

Pacquiao shook his head. "No," he said. "Boxing isn't killing each other. I beat him up enough."

Today he's in Baguio City, a cramped, bustling town of 300,000 in the misted green Cordillera mountains northwest of Manila. Baguio is a thousand twisting alleys under buzzing power lines and laundry lines hung with colorful shirts and skirts. To get here from the capital, you bump along in a jeepney on cratered hillside roads for six and a half hours—or join Pacquiao for a 28-minute zip in the governor's private jet.

Pacquiao attends morning Mass, then jogs toward heaven to begin another 7,000-calorie training day. Every step of his

10-mile run is uphill, into the mountains. Still he's sprinting at the end. Roach hired an Olympic marathoner to pace him, but the boxer often outruns the runner. After roadwork he relaxes—his resting heart rate is a tortoise-like 42 beats per minute—then works out and spars.

Team Pacquiao's base in Baguio is the Cooyeesan Hotel Plaza, a multicolored hulk strewn with phone and TV wires. There's a dark, drippy *Blade Runner* aspect to the place, a crumbling, once-palatial hotel that now serves largely as a dorm for Koreans who come here, of all places, to study English. You follow the dueling beats of Korean and Philippine music down long, dim halls rank with cooking smells to a gym, where the music gives way to the popcorn sounds of boxing gloves hitting punch-

"Mike, that was slow for him," said Roach. The trainer has spiced up past sessions by offering sparring partners \$100 for each time they hit Pacquiao hard, but Pacman is too quick, too strong, seemingly immune to fatigue. After sparring partner Shawn Porter caught him with a \$100 punch, Pacquiao instantly knocked Porter off his feet.

Other boxers take 60-second breaks between sparring rounds, replicating the three-minutes-on, one-minute-off pace of a bout. Pacquiao often skips the breaks. He spars to the bell, takes a breath and resumes, often a dozen rounds or more at a stretch. In eight weeks of training he'll spar more than 1,400 rounds. His workouts continue with sessions on the heavy bag and the speed bag and 10 to 15 minutes of high-speed rope skipping followed by

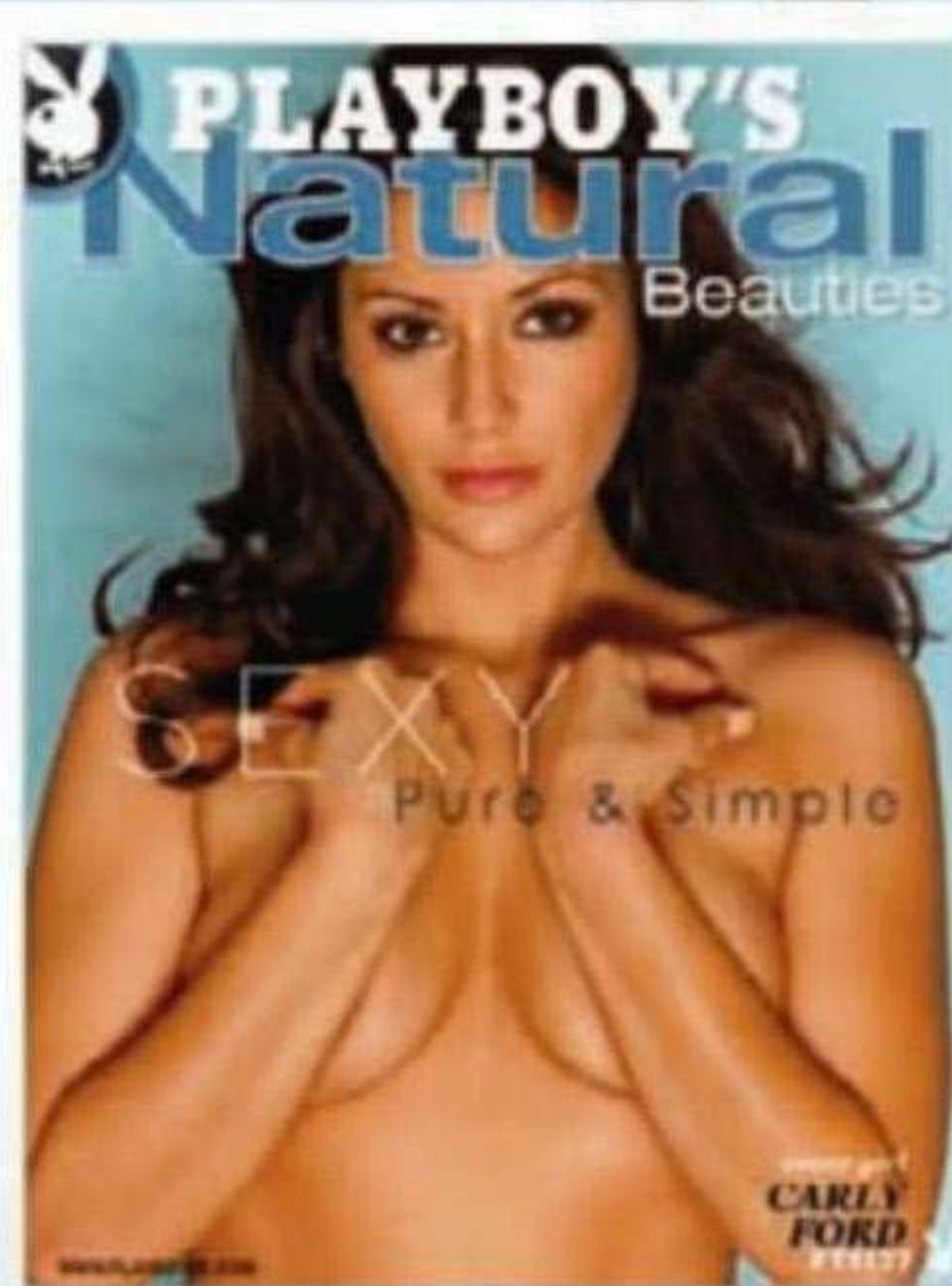
weight lifting, countless crunches and, in one legendary instance, a demanding abs-building routine: letting a friend smack him in the stomach with a bamboo stick.

After one of six daily meals—chicken, rice, eggs, beans, beef broth and a protein shake—he'll play full-court basketball for a couple of hours. Pacquiao calls himself a point guard but plays more like Ray Allen than Rajon Rondo—if Allen owned the team and shot like there was always 00:01 on the clock. His proudest moment was winning a game with a buzzer-beating three-pointer. Nobody had the heart to tell him that the other team let him shoot. An unwritten rule of Philippine hoops prohibits guarding the National Fist.

Or disturbing his sleep. The night-

owl champ likes to nap between workouts, sometimes for two or three hours. He slips into bed in an apartment upstairs from the gym, a bodyguard shuts the door and everyone tiptoes around until Pacman wakes. Roach waits as patiently as the rest of them, sitting in a folding chair at the corner of the ring. The trainer avoids most of the pomp and voodoo surrounding his fighter. He's been around enough champions to know how polluted the air around them can get as the money, the fawning flunkies and the tangy, willing women lead them down the garden path to hell. Roach watched Tyson's posse grow into a small army of groupies and goons. "It got to where I wouldn't even go in Mike's house. The guys around him..." he says, shaking his head. "No thanks." Tyson has mellowed

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TWO ISSUES
IN ONE!

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ing bags. The champ's workouts are local events, with stooped old men, schoolboys and schoolgirls clustered around the ring. Pacquiao's punches are a blur; the sound of a left smacking one of Roach's practice mitts makes a little girl jump. Roach wears a chest protector as thick as a gym mat. Still he winces at a couple of his fighter's body shots. One punch knocks a mitt off his hand. Roach watches the mitt fly out of the ring, then blinks and turns his focus back to Pacquiao—and his visual field fills up with the champ's fist. Pacquiao pulls the punch just short of the trainer's nose. Then he grins. "Ha!"

His maniac workouts impress other champions. After Tyson watched one of Pacquiao's sparring sessions, he told Roach, "Freddie, you should slow that guy down."



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since then—he hugs and kisses the homing pigeons he raises. (“They don’t have a mating season,” Tyson told Roach. “They’re like humans; they fuck all the time.”) Some say the new, nicer Iron Mike is chemically enhanced. “They finally got Mike’s meds right,” an insider says. But Roach thinks Tyson’s shrinking entourage was a factor, too. It’s hard to be human when everyone around you treats you like a god.

Roach checks his watch. Shakes his head. Watching a bodyguard approach the champ’s door, he whispers, “*Shhh!*” He knows he’s a supporting actor in a farce, one of a hundred-plus people waiting for a grown man to wake up from his nap.

So why not go wake him up?

Roach laughs. “*You go wake him up,*” he says. Roach is a four-time trainer of the year with 25 world champions to his credit, but Pacquiao is his meal ticket. They began as mentor and student, “but it’s more like equals now. Pacquiao’s smart, dedicated. He’s made himself so much better—a more complete fighter.” He knows it sounds corny, but watching his fighter grow into a world champion and potential world leader has been “kinda inspiring.” Sure, Pacquiao enjoyed his wealth, fame and comfort, but at least he brought another purpose to the ring.

“Aside from the bullshit around him, he’s centered,” Roach says. “The idea that he represents his people, that he’s on a mission... it’s not bullshit. That’s really *him*.”

At last Pacquiao pads out of his nap room. He shakes my hand and sits perfectly still for another of our talks, listening closely, answering questions in his usual sincere, boring fashion. Then he thanks me for my

time. I’m thinking, CHAMP MAKES MODERN SPORTS HISTORY—THANKS SPORTSWRITER.

About 3,500 calories later, his day ends. Manny and Jinkee head to bed a little after two A.M. To sleep. No sex—he and Roach have agreed there will be no sex for the next couple of weeks. Believing the old adage that sex saps strength, Pacquiao follows a strict no-Jinkee policy during training. “We’ve talked to doctors about it,” Roach says. “Sex lowers your testosterone, so you’re not as mean.” Most boxers abstain for a week or more before a bout. “I ask my guys for 10 days,” Roach says. Of course Pacquiao beats the others even when it comes to abstinence. He stays chaste for 21 days before a bout, husbanding his energies for postfight festivities. And with that policy, Roach says, “when a fighter wins, the couple is usually very happy that night.”

Unbeaten since 2005, Pacquiao plans to fight five or six more times. That would leave seven or eight years between his retirement from the ring and the campaign of his life. “Manny is going to be president of the Philippines,” says his legendary promoter, Bob Arum. Arum, 79, promoted the Ali-Frazier “Thrilla in Manila” in 1975, three years before Pacquiao was born. He compares Pacquiao’s charisma to Ali’s. “He wants to help his people like Mandela, like Gandhi, and his popularity gives him a platform. We may be seeing the first stage of a world leader’s life.”

Under Philippine law, presidents must be at least 40 years old. They serve six-

year terms. Pacquiao will be 37 when the next presidential election comes in 2016, so he can’t run until 2022. By then his children—Emmanuel Jr., Michael, Princess and Queen Elizabeth—will be teenagers or older. Jinkee’s hands may be pinned to her sides by ever-heavier diamonds. Pacquiao’s goatee will be going gray, his tats fading, his legacy...what?

“I am a man of the people,” he tells me again. “I have to win all my fights, all the fights I have left, so I don’t disappoint them. Boxing, then politics.”

He already has his face on a Philippine postage stamp. When he’s not voting on bills in Manila, starring in martial-arts movies, schmoozing with Playmates from the Philippine edition of *PLAYBOY* (“We’re all jealous of Jinkee,” one says), introducing products like his MP8 cologne and healthy “Pacquiao Produce” veggies or training for his next bout, he hosts innumerable civic events, often jamming onstage with his MP Band. When he and Will Ferrell sang “Imagine” on *Jimmy Kimmel Live* (“You may say I’m a dreamer, but I’m not the only one...no need for greed or hunger, a brotherhood of man”), it was a joke to Ferrell, but Pacquiao meant it.

In Baguio he hosted the first annual Congressman Manny Pacquiao Cup, a nationally televised basketball tournament in which Team Pacquiao and the MP Warriors were favored, mostly because he was playing for both teams. Opposing players whipped cell phones out of their uniform shorts to snap photos of Pacquiao. Lucky for him, Team Pacquiao and the MP Warriors were in opposite brackets. The tourney ended before he had to guard himself.

He lives in a GenSan City mansion with a pool, target-shooting range, grand piano, peach-painted walls and floor-to-ceiling photos of the fighting congressman. No watch-tiger but plenty of help to dust the chandeliers. He sharpens his mind with chess, his reflexes with darts and hoops. On jaunts through coconut groves and tumble-down one-TV villages in his home district, he rides in a bulletproof Hummer or one of several gleaming black Escalades, also bulletproof. His vehicles have no license plates. For longer trips he crisscrosses the 7,107 Philippine islands in Singson’s \$8.5 million Dornier jet or a turboprop the governor uses as a backup. Tonight it’s the jet, knifing through fat cotton clouds to a runway hanging off a mountaintop.

“Manny is special, quick and strong like a tiger,” says Singson, who knows tigers. Hoping to breed a liger, Singson tried to mate his female watch-tiger with a lion. Unfortunately for the lion, the tigress resisted, and she outweighed him by about 100 pounds. “He tried and tried,” the governor says, “and then we found him dead.” An autopsy showed the lion had died of a heart attack. He was punching above his weight class.

Cocks are tougher. They die of battle wounds. Cockfighting is legal and popular in the Philippines, where the sport is televised six nights a week. Gamecocks with razor blades strapped to their claws fight to the death in dirt-floored cockpits while breeders and fans call out bets on the outcome.



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A recent “Cock Derby” drew a crowd of 22,000. The cocks’ owners carried them into the loud, dusty arena in cardboard cages. They held them by the tails over a line in the dirt, shaking the birds to rev them up. Then, at a referee’s signal, they let go, and the birds exploded into fierce battle. Some of the hacked, bloodied losers that survived were killed by their owners. They would be soup that night. Of course some cocks, Mosley-like, won’t fight. Rather than flutter off with \$5 million, those chickens get their necks snapped. Even champion gamecocks tend to be crippled, blind, spent at the age of two or three. For a fighting cock, a 4–0 record is a great career.

Pacquiao raises fighting cocks at a farm in his home province. A giant championship belt hangs over the gate at Pacman Farm, where muscled roosters with black and orange feathers spar—without the razors—under palms and mango trees. Manny likes to pad between the thatched huts in jeans, a polo shirt and his ever-present wraparound shades, inspecting the thousand-plus birds that bear his brand. Now and then he picks one up, gentle as a man lifting a newborn, and hugs it. He wants to feel the bird’s trip-hammer heart against his chest.

The best human fighter alive is starting to feel his own mortality. He has been boxing professionally for 15 years. If not for his sense of duty as the hero of 94 million Filipinos, he might be ready to slow down. Duty and some unfinished business with Floyd Mayweather.

They both know the heavyweight division is dead. Today’s MMA stars are more famous than the Klitschko brothers. Only one fight can make boxing matter again, but time is running out. Pacquiao is 32, Mayweather 34. Pacquiao has already fought more pro rounds than Sugar Ray Leonard totaled in his career, and Mayweather isn’t far behind. Still

Mayweather ducks and weaves. He swore he’d fight Pacquiao if he would pee in a bottle and give blood in unprecedented Olympic-style drug testing. When Pacquiao balked at that, Mayweather accused him of being a steroids cheat. When Pacquiao agreed to the testing and a group of backers from Singapore offered a record \$65 million purse for the fight of the century, more than doubling the best payday of his career, Mayweather said he’d meet to discuss the bout—but only if he got \$10 million for the meeting.

In the end, the factors that make Pacquiao vs. Mayweather an irresistible match—their contrasting styles and personalities, their dominant records and the lack of worthy foes—mean less than nothing to Mayweather. A modern American solipsist, he thinks the universe revolves around him. While Manny Pacquiao builds hospitals, lobbies Congress and literally prays for his people, Money Mayweather complains that the judges conspired against him on *Dancing With the Stars*.

“What can I do?” Pacquiao asks. “If it happens, it will be a great fight. Maybe the greatest. If it never happens....”

Pacquiao sits on a couch outside his nap room in the Cooyeesan Hotel Plaza. His eyes are steady, dark and deep. When I ask if he’d like to pass a law to make Mayweather fight him, he looks puzzled. Irony’s not his thing. When I ask if Mayweather is chicken, Pacquiao draws a blank. *Chicken* meaning scared doesn’t translate. But it gets him musing about cockfighting.

“I like the sport,” he says. “I like the roosters. It’s like boxing—the rooster has to be in shape. He has to train for the fight, and he has to have so much fight in his heart.”

Pacquiao has fight in his heart. Does Mayweather have fight or feathers? The future of boxing, if it has one, hangs on the answer.



“You’re standing too close!”

RASHIDA JONES

(continued from page 90)

love the guy behind the *My Son Is Gay?* video. Crazy fun.

Q4

PLAYBOY: With all the improv on *Parks and Rec*, does the comedy tend to devolve into we-can’t-say-that-on-TV territory?

JONES: Often. We do something called fun runs. Once we have the scene in the can, we get an opportunity to do whatever comes into our heads. My patented move is to do a penis joke. In an episode of *Parks and Rec* last season, Amy Poehler’s and Adam Scott’s characters are going on a road trip together, and she wants to make it as unsexy as possible so she can avoid having feelings for him. I say, “Why don’t you make him a mix tape with, like, German glockenspiel music and Roosevelt’s great speeches on it?” Then I say, “Why don’t you ask him about his penis?”

Q5

PLAYBOY: Wait. What’s unsexy about a penis?

JONES: Well, A, everything, and B, it’s the last thing a guy wants a woman to be talking about when they’re on an awkward business trip together. They ended up keeping the line in the episode.

Q6

PLAYBOY: You’re single. Do men constantly hit on you?

JONES: On New Year’s Eve this guy came up to me really drunk and was like, “Oh my God, I love you. This is the best night of my life. I can’t believe I’m seeing you. This is amazing.” Then he goes, “What’s your name?” So that didn’t work out. We’re not getting married.

Q7

PLAYBOY: You’ve said in the past you’re not a big fan of marriage. Do you still feel that way?

JONES: This whole marriage-monogamy thing, in some ways, hasn’t worked for everybody. Statistically it’s pretty clear, since half of couples stay married. And then, of the people who are married, at least 25 percent have admitted to cheating. I think in the next 50 years relationships and intimate relationships will be redefined, because they have to be. I don’t know about polyamory and polygamy, but something’s going to shift. There are so many options now, so many outlets for people to meet and get together, so many distractions. I imagine we’ll get to a point where we can have meaningful relationships that are finite. We don’t get married till death do us part.

Q8

PLAYBOY: You play a bird-watcher in *The Big Year*. Did that require special training?

JONES: I had a bird-calling coach because I had to learn birdcalls. Turns out it’s one of those weird gifts that come naturally to me. It just came chirping out of my throat. I was hitting all these crazy Minnie Riperton high notes and started making all these shrieking sounds. If you can squawk into that two-octave-up, Mariah Carey range,



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which I somehow managed to do, bird callers think you're some kind of god.

Q9

PLAYBOY: Any other secret talents?

JONES: I don't know. Something that's not completely nerded out? Not really. My activities tend to revolve around crossword puzzles, reading and playing piano and games with my friends. I enjoy traveling. Oh my God, I sound like Miss September. Turn-ons: crosswords and long walks on the beach. That's hot!

Q10

PLAYBOY: You seem so wholesome. Were you ever really bad?

JONES: Well, in high school I never drank, I never smoked, I never smoked weed. I was president of the varsity club and was on the math team and then student government. I was in every activity. I saved all the bad stuff for college.

Q11

PLAYBOY: Give us one image, please.

JONES: Okay. Picture me with eight gay dudes, all of us wearing matching BVDs and sparkles on our faces, with glow sticks and pacifiers and backpacks and skater jeans, at an all-night rave, out of our minds somewhere in Rhode Island until eight A.M. Mostly, though, college was me trying to look cooler than I was. There were definitely

some Carhartt jeans and backward Kangol caps in my repertoire.

Q12

PLAYBOY: When you were a kid, would the stars your dad produced, such as Ella Fitzgerald and Count Basie, hang out at your home?

JONES: Major musicians were definitely around, for sure. Nobody was cooler than Miles Davis. I remember his scratchy voice. Even the way he'd say "What's up?" was cool. Frank Sinatra was another supercool cat. I went to see him in Vegas as a teenager, and my sister and I were having problems getting backstage. We finally did and told Frank about it. He was like, "Who did you have problems with? Who do I need to talk to? I'll take care of it." He was going to crack some skulls.

Q13

PLAYBOY: What's your favorite Michael Jackson memory?

JONES: Michael basically grew up with us, so I have a million memories of him. We were at each other's house all the time. He was definitely a little bit of an alien, for sure, and when I was young, it felt as if he was my age, not 18 years older, but with just a little bit more pep. Later, we'd go out on the town together. He always wore those surgical masks. Once, my sister, Michael, Emmanuel Lewis and I got in a car with

Super Soakers and went by a movie theater and supersoaked the hell out of people waiting in line. They had no idea they'd just been supersoaked by the King of Pop.

Q14

PLAYBOY: You've dated a number of successful, famous men: Tobey Maguire, John Krasinski and President Obama's young speechwriter Jon Favreau. Did you ever have sex in the White House?

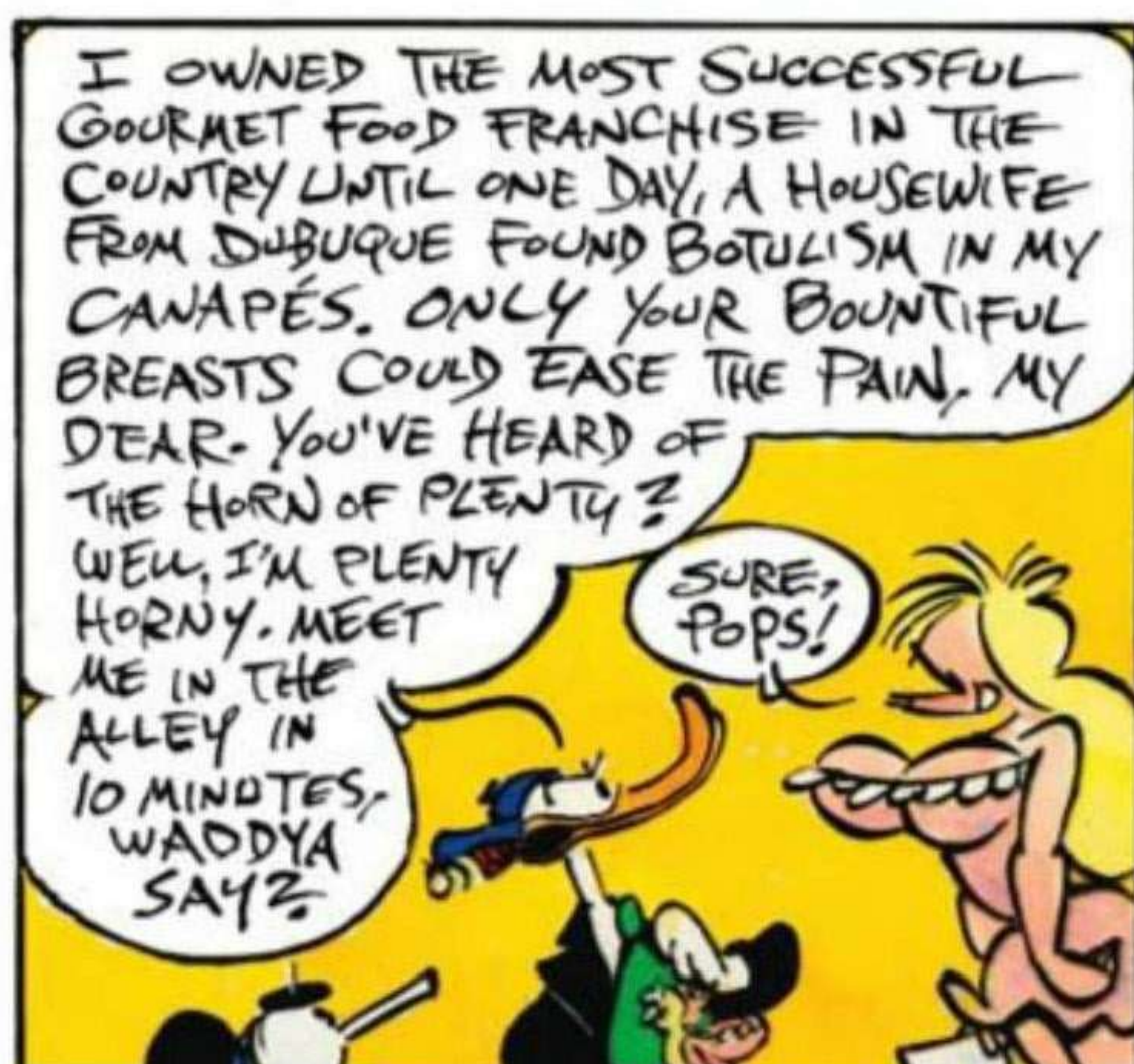
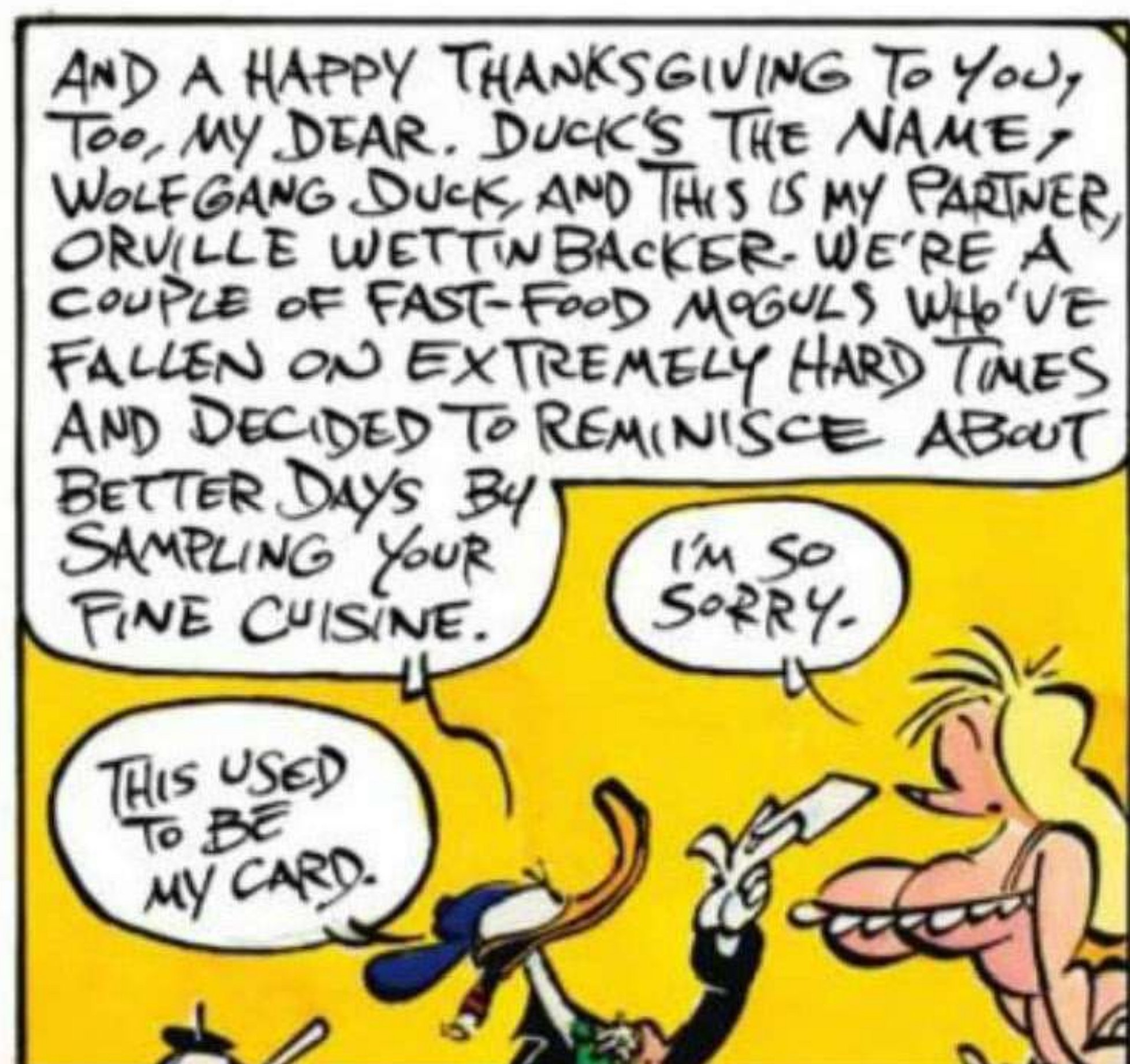
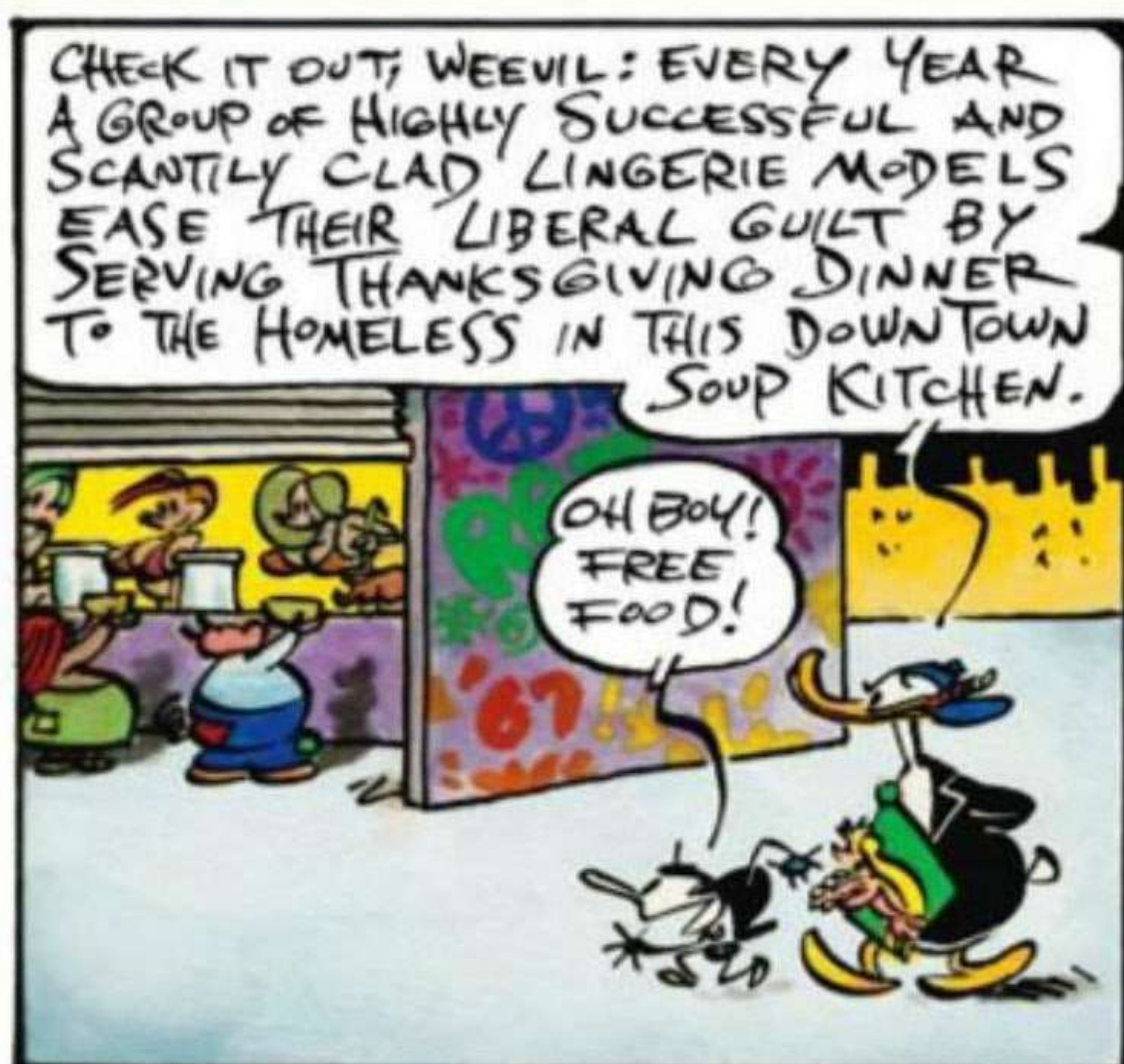
JONES: Oh my God, no. I mean, have you been to the White House? People are sitting around watching you from every angle. They're also, like, planning on how to keep us from economic collapse. They're protecting our nation. They're not having sex. Well, I mean, I know sex has occurred in the White House. Just not with me.

Q15

PLAYBOY: We've heard you may want to run for public office one day. Is that true?

JONES: I would like to. I'd love to be a senator, governor or even work for a nonprofit, just to do something for the public sector. Life is long and really unpredictable, but I'd like to do a lot with the time I have. My dad told me a long time ago to live life in love and not in fear. I know that sounds really vague and hokey, but it can be applied so often. When I make decisions based in fear, they're always wrong for me.

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Q16

PLAYBOY: You created a comic-book series about a fearless female CIA agent. Any plans for a *Frenemy of the State* movie?

JONES: Totally. I'm writing it right now for Imagine Entertainment and Universal. It lives somewhere between *Legally Blonde* and *Batman*—comic but a little dark. Well, more than a little dark in places. My dream casting would be Dakota Fanning a couple of years from now. She's young and hot. I'm writing it with a guy [writing partner Will McCormack], and we go back and forth about how men and women look at comic books so differently. Of course, they look at life so differently. They look at each other so differently.

Q17

PLAYBOY: Help us out. What don't men get right about women?

JONES: Okay, this may sound illogical, but if you say, "I understand" and rub her back, that's all she needs a lot of the time. You don't have to fix her problems. You don't have to make it better. You just have to weather the storm. Even my most stable girlfriends are incredibly emotional, complex, dynamic creatures. That's just the nature of who women are.

Q18

PLAYBOY: Before *Parks and Rec* you starred on *The Office*. Does it really have a future without Steve Carell?

JONES: It's still a hilarious show, but Steve definitely made it the sensation it was. I honestly didn't think I was going to make it when I first got there because Steve was just too funny. In one of the first episodes I shot, we had a crazy conference room scene in which he was doing some insane presentation and being outrageously hilarious. I cracked a couple of times and thought for sure I would get fired.

Q19

PLAYBOY: TV people often talk about the intimate relationship fans experience with them. You're in their living rooms, so strangers think they know you. Does that get annoying?

JONES: It's fine. People are mostly cool. They also sometimes misrecognize me. It's not just the typical "Didn't we go to high school together?" which does happen. It tends to be more specific. In my 20s everyone thought I was Fiona Apple. Now I'm either the wife from *The King of Queens* or somebody on *Community*. But I'm not going to sit here and complain about standing out. It's part of the fun. And in L.A. it still doesn't matter. I call up a restaurant and say, "It's Rashida Jones," and I still get, "Sorry, we don't have another reservation for a month."

Q20

PLAYBOY: If you could be anonymous for one day, what would you do?

JONES: Probably do something naked somewhere. Streaking through a large crowd has always been a secret fantasy of mine. Disneyland would be fun. Or maybe just showing up at the Apple Store naked and picking up an iPod shuffle and pretending nothing was wrong or different.



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ZOMBIES

(continued from page 88)

hoopskirts (more on them later). The zombie mom mentioned earlier, for example, is constantly stumbling over her dead kid's dangly umbilical cord (no more on her, I promise).

A lecture by Max Brooks is moved from the quiet NWR to the cacophonous SC, but Brooks refuses to compete with the steady chain-saw-level roar. He leads his audience back to the original venue, saying, "My father always says, 'If you can't flaunt it, hide it.'" Brooks is, of course, the only son of Mel Brooks and Anne Bancroft, as well as a child of the 1970s, and for him the zombie craze represents the constant nature of chaos and threat he's lived with his entire life, from swine flu to the ozone hole and Y2K, climate change to SARS and 9/11. "In the past," he says, "you had to make a mistake to invite trouble. You had to violate a tomb or invite a vampire into your home. Now, no matter how careful you are, the monsters arrive right at your doorstep." The zombie metaphor wraps all of those real-world threats into one concept that young people can grasp, and it gives them a fictional excuse to learn skills that might save their lives in an actual catastrophe.

Brooks's survival guide was inspired by his mother, who gardened and canned food and once looked down at the family dog and said they—Anne, Mel and Max—could butcher their beloved pit bull for meat if circumstances required. "She really had the heart of an Italian peasant woman. She would've

eaten the carp out of the pond in our yard if she had to." His oral history about a world war of zombies against humans, an unrelenting story of national governments claiming to have control and answers but ultimately failing, was inspired by all the experts who treated Anne Bancroft for cancer before her death, in 2005. He says, "They [zombie fans] don't wish so much for a zombie apocalypse—they would like for their parents and family to be alive—but what appeals to them is the idea of attaining their own independent and autonomous lives." For all their gore and slaughter, zombie stories depict people accepting responsibility for their own fate. Citing 9/11 and Hurricane Katrina, Brooks says people are losing faith in the idea that governments can rescue them, and they're rejecting victimhood.

In college, Brooks joined the ROTC but didn't do military service. "Look," he says, sitting onstage as he extends both legs straight in front and pulls up his jeans to show hairy gams more like a werewolf's than a ghouls. "My knees are pronated. They point together." After enough drilling in Army boots, he walks like a zombie.... A dog tore away the side of his neck when Brooks was a child.... All of that added to his formative zombie background. A living-dead member of the audience asks if he could bring himself to kill a family member if he or she became an undead cannibal, and Brooks says, "That would depend on which family member it was—and if they owed me money."

Hereabouts, zombies are a fact. Never forget that. And to dis them or dissect them

by suggesting that the Reanimated Walking Dead are a symbol is to take a big steaming crap in the collective zombie punch bowl. No matter how you couch your proposal—that zombies represent Muslims or gays or WOF in nice floral-print skirt-and-sweater sets—a thousand earnest faces will stare at you with bloodied puppy dog eyes. A thousand sincere, oozing corpses wearing pink lapel buttons that say ZOMBIES WERE PEOPLE, TOO will fidget uncomfortably until one young hero will take us back to the literal by shouting, "But what if the flesh-eating bastards were crashing into this room right now!?!"

Yes, to suggest that zombies are a metaphor amounts to a sacrilege. Here is a theology slowly taking shape. A catechism is being taught and proto-rituals are conducted.

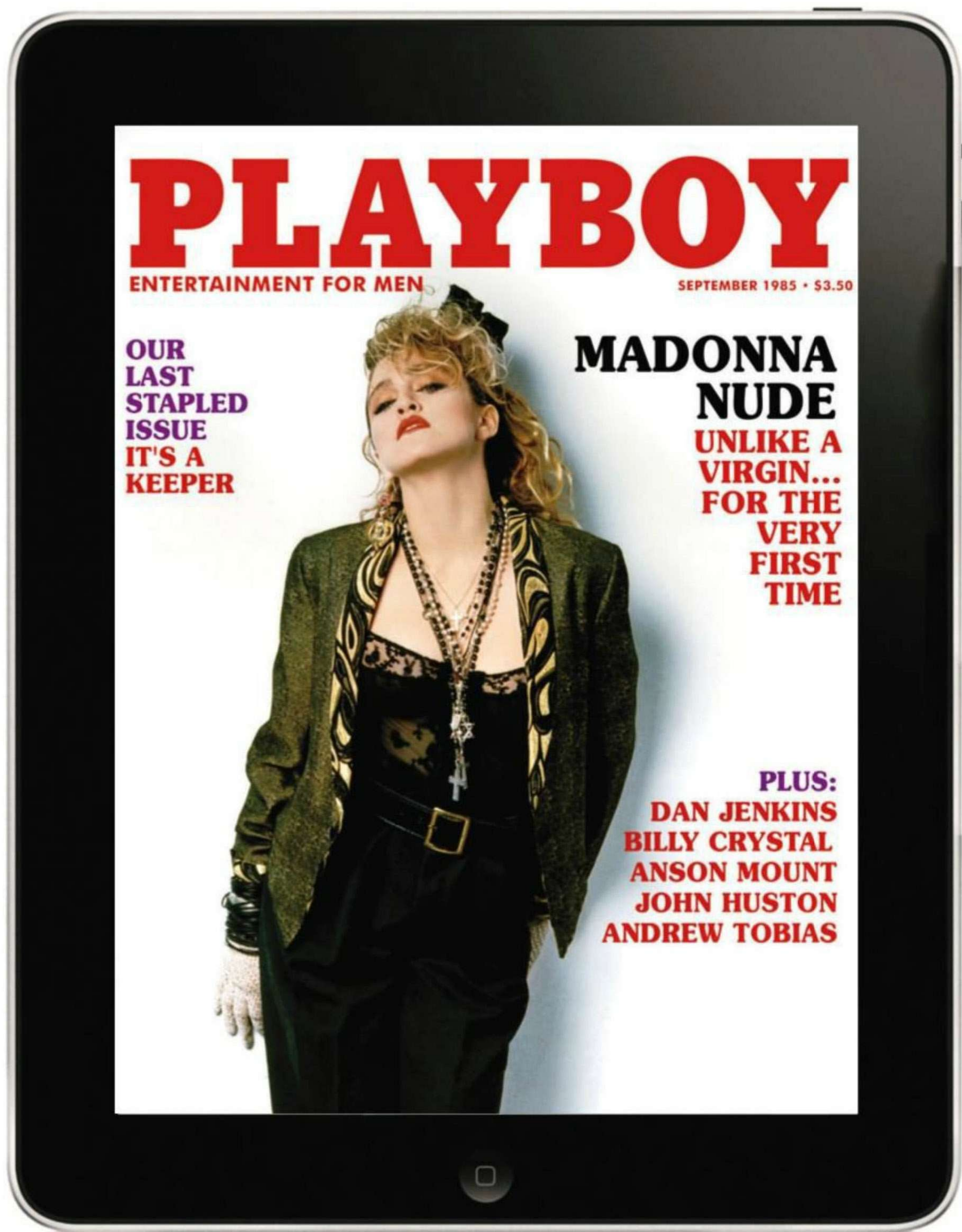
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Saturday: Nothing is sadder than a zombie in the rain. It's the clown white of necrotic skin mixing with the runny black of gangrene and the red of dissolving blood. Likewise, the scowling WOF in their Tammy Faye Bakker cosmetics have become finger paintings, and it's getting more difficult to tell the two groups apart. Some of the most comely zombies (granted, their throats are slashed messily and their eyes gouged out) are the sub-category of Jane Austen zombies swirling in satin hoopskirts, their hair swept into elegant updos. In a culture previously dominated by males—zombies are for boys, vampires for girls—the book *Pride and Prejudice and Zombies* has given female readers the perfect formula of romance, dress-up and bloody hand-to-hand combat. A zombie John Wayne Gacy dressed as his clown alter ego Pogo socializes with a zombie Hannibal Lecter. A zombie Osama bin Laden shoots the breeze with a zombie Dan Aykroyd who eats french fries with the zombie pitchman Billy Mays in his blue Oxi-Clean shirt and a knockout Ann-Margret zombie who wears a curve-hugging gown pieced together entirely from leering, hideous latex masks. A sexy zombie Cinderella competes for attention with a sexy zombie martian. Hourglass waists, exposed midriffs abound. Perfect breasts hover braless within cropped tops. But even the ready miles of exposed thongs are negated by the barbecue forks and bloody hatchets that emerge from the pretty heads of these same girls. Zombie hunters fairly bristle with plastic machine guns and real baseball bats strapped across their backs. One zombie, wearing a blousy linen poet's shirt and a black leather cowboy hat, shouts at a zombie priest, "I'm *not* a zombie Zorro! I'm a zombie *Stalker!*" The priest promenades with a zombie nun whose habit is slashed across the waist to reveal a torrent of cascading viscera. Everyone agrees that the previous night's Prom Night of the Living Dead, featuring retro 1980s dance hits and zombie burlesque performers, was a success.

On the SC floor, cage fighting champion Nate "Rock" Quarry is building his brand, including a video game called *Zombie Cage Fighter* in which he appears as a character. In real life he's smiling, and the undead aren't his enemy as he uses his phone to show them Grand Guignol postfight pictures of his face, the right side perfect, while the left is battered



"They're sweeping the building for drugs. Can I put a small bag of white powder in your desk?"



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into a cubist nightmare, his left eye sunken into a dark pit. On the telephone the blood is real, and his audience of stitched monsters nod and murmur their admiration.

Not a machete swing away, someone has spilled a sizable puddle of blood on the white SC linoleum, and subsequent passersby are tracking bloody footprints in every direction. It's a clear slip-and-fall hazard that a living-alive, grumbling non-zombie janitor is working to resolve with a mop and bucket.

Popular metaphors shape how we see the world; for example, the housewife will always carry the taint of the Stepford wife, and ZomBcon is no different. In the FC (Founder's Court), it's impossible to tell who's a zombie and who's simply ugly, old, poor or schizophrenic. Seattle's muttering homeless recede into the landscape. Is that a Ted Raimi zombie? Or is it the real Raimi, still hungover from Prom Night of the Living Dead? Regardless, in the NWR the members of the Zombie Research Society (identifiable by their matching navy blue blazers and their distinct lack of blood and putrescent sores) are discussing different aspects of the inevitable global zombie invasion. Dr. Steven Schlozman (co-director of medical student education in psychiatry, Harvard Medical School) is lecturing on brain physiology. Daniel Drezner (professor of international politics at the Fletcher School of Law and Diplomacy, Tufts University) is lecturing on how differing political ideologies will deal with that invasion. "My concern is that Marxists and feminists would be okay with a dead uprising," says Drezner. "Marxists would perceive it as the downtrodden proletariat masses rising against their wealthy oppressors. Feminists—unless all the walking dead are white heterosexual males—would be likely to practice inclusivity and offer the undead full political suffrage."

Listening in the audience are zombie angels, their feathery wings spattered with red. Zombie surgeons and nurses sit in bloody scrubs, listening while Schlozman explains the inevitable stages of a zombie narrative, how the trapped humans find themselves inside a shopping mall or supermarket, surrounded by desirable consumer goods they soon discover are of no real value. Then he explains why those survivors begin to battle

one another. That in-fighting, a second-act staple of all zombie stories, demonstrates what Schlozman calls neural mirroring, the idea that when humans interact they mirror or echo one another's emotional states. Humans get none of this mirroring while fighting zombies; the undead operate with a completely flattened affect, so humans pick fights with other humans just for the need to produce an emotional effect. Schlozman uses a PowerPoint presentation to teach the finer points of brain imaging and neural pathways. What's amazing is that hundreds of young people (granted, they're blood-soaked and putrid) are sitting bolt upright and Paying Attention. They're jotting notes and asking questions about the amygdalae, the hypothalamus, prions and international foreign policy.

By Saturday evening the WOF are replaced by the bejeweled and tuxedoed patrons of the Seattle ballet, symphony and opera, who are no happier than their daytime brethren to find themselves dining in swanky Asian-fusion bistros seated next to decayed graveyard escapees wearing their diseased lungs on the outside.

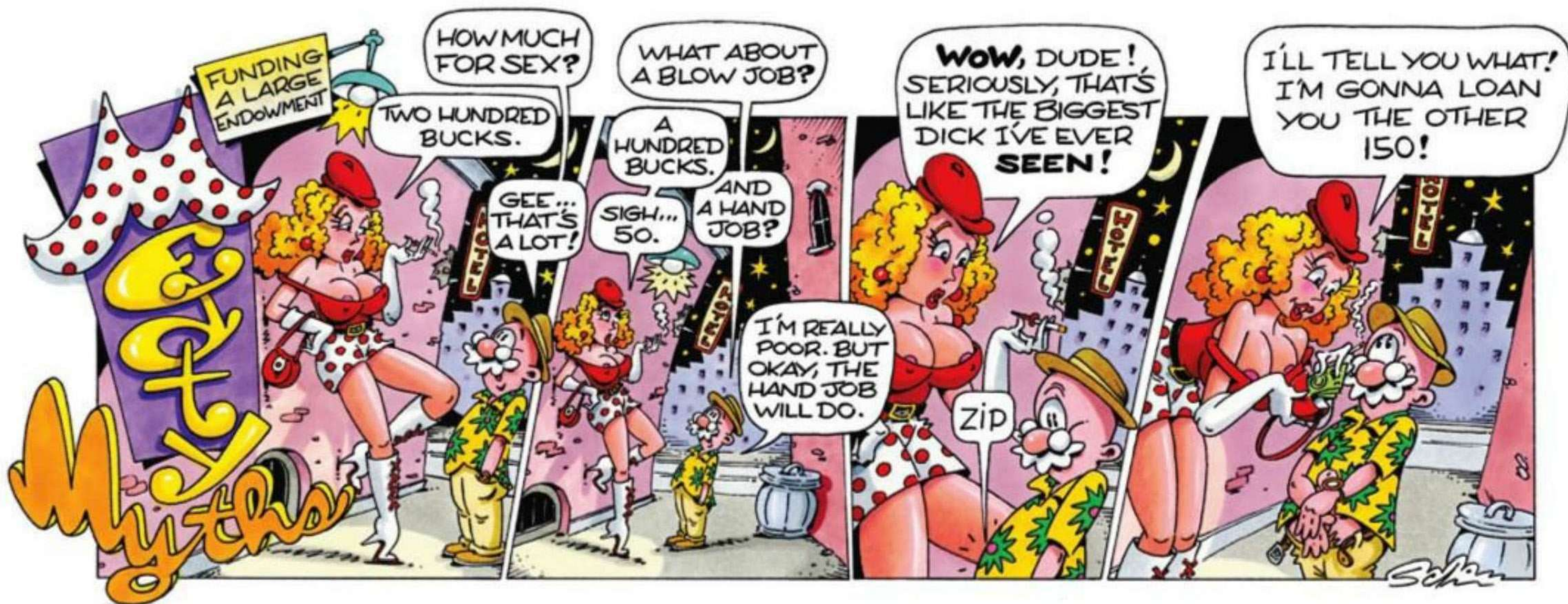
In the street, rain pelts the lucky 200 dead folks who're hurrying to attend a zombie wedding in the EMP (the Sky Church above the Science Fiction Museum). There Bruce Campbell officiates wearing a red tuxedo, a red necktie and a black shirt while the zombie families of the zombie bride and groom stagger and moan. The space is cavernous, dark but lit with red floodlights, and the booming sound system plays Michael Jackson's "Thriller" while the zombie bridesmaids re-create the dance from the music video. A tiny zombie child plays the flower girl with a basket of rose petals. A guest chews the rancid stump of a severed leg. The bride appears on the arm of her deceased father—he's stabbed through the gut with a wooden stake that juts out of him in both directions; she's so pregnant that her gown has split and an unborn, undead baby protrudes from her bursting belly. At the head of the room, Campbell entertains the crowd with a steady patter: "This wedding march is going to take them a little longer—because they're *dead*! I've heard of the *best* man, but this is the *worst* man!"

Then, disaster strikes. Here in the sight of God and Bruce Campbell, during the sacrament of holy matrimony, armies of living-alive photographers flood into the EMP and set upon the rotting guests from every direction. The evil camera-faced hordes advance in a seemingly endless piranha stream, clicking and flashing, assailing the poor stunned zombies with huge telephoto lenses. In the church's intense red lighting, the zombies' bloody camouflage vanishes, leaving them as more or less ordinary people dressed in somewhat shabby formalwear. The overwhelmed undead, far outnumbered, retreat in terror, herded and surrounded, battling the shutterbugs for their undead lives.

Sunday: In the Exhibition Hall, a master of ceremonies leads the audience of zombies in a sing-along of "A Zombified Rhapsody"—sung to the tune of Queen's "Bohemian Rhapsody" but with new lyrics supplied on orange-colored sheets. "Mama, just killed a zom," everyone sings. "Put a gun against its head. Pulled my trigger, it's re-dead...." In place of the Queen line "Mama mia, mama mia..." just as the WOF sing their hymns, the zombies sing, "George Romero, George Romero, George Romero movie show."

It's impossible to overstate Romero's effect on his fans. Imagine if you threw a National Baptist Convention and invited Jesus Christ and Jesus actually showed up and he was smiling and affable and walked among his devotees, *and he gave everyone his autograph....* With his gray ponytail and thick-framed glasses—suarish Goliath-brand frames he finds in vintage shops, each lens so large it suggests a television screen filled with a gray eye—Romero stands head-and-shoulders tall above the zombie hordes who trail everywhere in his wake. Taking several hurried steps to keep pace with each of his big, shambling strides, they reach their leprous fingers to touch the hem of his untucked shirt.

His 1968 film, *Night of the Living Dead*, is the proof of continuing life after death after death after death. The film's distributor removed the copyright notice by accident, and the work quickly lapsed into public domain. Independent theaters



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nationwide showed it as a midnight movie and kept it alive for a decade. Next, videocassette recorders came to market and every household needed tapes. In the third decade of its undying life, Romero says, gamers picked up the zombie torch and made it burn even brighter.

Sitting in a quiet break room reserved for vendors (the VRR), a locked door separating him from the endless groaning, adoring hordes, Romero removes his glasses and rubs his eyes. "I don't understand it," he says. "I really don't quite get why so many people are willing to dress up and jump on the bandwagon...."

It seems sad that Romero and the WOF don't understand: ZomBcon is a religious pilgrimage. A Field Trip to Hell. To be more accurate, here is a generation serving their apprenticeship to Death. In the same way they played dress-up or soldiers as children, pretending to be adults, these young women and men are adopting the obvious traits of a worst-case, albeit inevitable, fate. They're "trying on" the infirmities of old age. They're carefully road testing the scars and lesions of future accidents and disease. Tonight they'll scrub away their gangrene under a hot shower, and on Monday morning they'll return to a job or a classroom, and when anyone asks, "What did you do over the weekend?" they'll say, "I died. My skin turned black with rot and hung in tatters. My bowels prolapsed from my anus. I lost my eternal soul and mingled with 20,000 folks in largely the same condition...."

"We made a little film," Romero says, and he shrugs. "We thought we were making an angry film about what was going on in the late 1960s. We focused more on the destruction of the family unit, the angry mob."

Beyond the locked doors of the VRR the zombies are organizing their ranks. Several thousand are gathering not a shroud's length away to march through downtown Seattle. An undead army of young corpses collects on Mercer Street, facing west toward the sunset. To lure them along, a ZomBcon organizer hefts a long pole, and dangling from the end on a length of string is a human brain of plastic. It's bait. A Communion wafer. The leader shouts, "What do we want?"

The zombie army shouts, "Brains!"

"When do we want them?" shouts the leader.

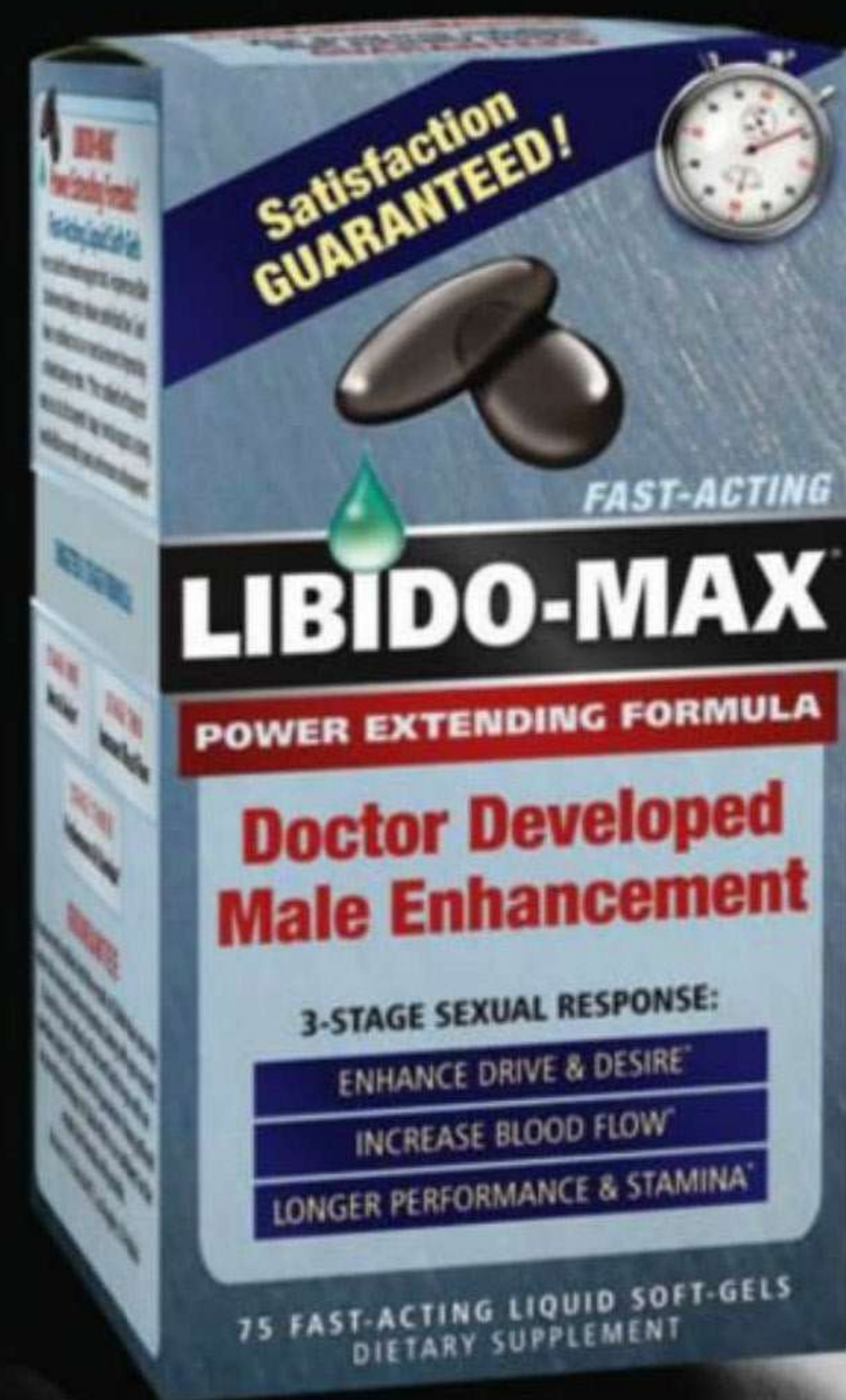
The zombies shout, "Now!" And slowly the entire enterprise lurches forward a tentative step. In unison, the zombies reach toward it, their grail object, repeating their call and response. And even on this joke-shop brain, this plastic prank, there they are: the hypothalamus...the amygdalae...the occipital gyri. Here are international crisis management and pandemic disease protocols. This cathartic weekend is about the threat of global climate change, religious unrest and the stalled economy. And it might look like a big party, but the unreasoning, unfeeling undead of a generation have learned something, and they want something as they stagger en masse another faltering step toward the horizon.

ZomBcon 2011 will be held in Seattle October 21 to 23. For more information, go to zombcon.com.



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SIR RICHARD

(continued from page 94)

Burton began to compose the world's first simian dictionary, but his notes were destroyed in a warehouse fire some years later.

What most impressed Burton during his time in India was the enlightened manner with which the exotic East treated the subject of sex, not least when compared with the absurdly frigid attitudes of Britain and the West. Burton was convinced Europeans were missing out because they were ignorant of the erotic techniques teenage Hindus learned as a matter of course. The concept that women might actually derive pleasure from sex made British society blush. But Burton believed strongly in the notion of sex as something to be vigorously enjoyed by both men and women.

It was also during this time in India that Burton became enamored with tantric sex. Among his earliest notes were his remarks on how to boost a man's staying power, or the "retaining art," as he called it. The solution, Burton wrote, "is to avoid over-tension of the muscles and to preoccupy the brain" by drinking sherbet, chewing betel nuts and perhaps even smoking a pipe while having sex.

By his own admission he was stranded in the wrong century. His voracious appetite for learning gave him thoughts on sexuality that were more attuned to our present century than his own. But at the least he was determined to awaken Western society

to the joys of erotic literature. As he put it, the "European novelist marries off his hero and heroine and leaves them to consummate marriage in privacy; even Tom Jones [hero of the comic novel by Henry Fielding] has the decency to bolt the door. But the Eastern storyteller...must usher you, with a flourish, into the bridal chamber and narrate to you, with infinite gusto, everything he sees and hears."

While he was gathering his thoughts on pornography, Burton was simultaneously evolving from an eccentric soldier-spy into one of the world's most remarkable explorers. In 1852 he obtained the backing of both the Royal Geographical Society and the British East India Company to travel in the Middle East. That same year the 31-year-old made an extraordinary hajj, or pilgrimage, to the forbidden cities of Medina and Mecca, becoming one of the first non-Muslims to manage this feat. He traveled in disguise as an Afghan doctor, surviving an attack by bandits and narrowly escaping discovery when, forgetting to squat like an Arab, he lifted his robe to urinate. His meticulous preparations for the journey included having a circumcision and mastering the Persian, Afghan and Arabic languages. During this time he often sat around campfires, listening to legends of old. Many of the kinkier tales he heard were extracted from *The Arabian Nights*, which he would later come to know very well. Curiously, when Burton returned from his pilgrimage to rejoin the

British army, he sat for an examination as an Arab linguist and failed.

His Middle Eastern adventure was followed by an expedition to Harar, a sacred Islamic city in present-day Ethiopia that no European had yet entered. Soon after, the Royal Geographical Society dispatched him to the African interior, accompanied by three other English officers and a number of African bearers. As the expedition prepared to leave camp, they were attacked by a group of 200 Somali natives. One officer was killed and Burton was severely wounded, a javelin impaling both of his cheeks.

Shortly before his father's death, in 1857, Burton was again recruited by the Royal Geographical Society to travel to Africa and locate an "inland sea" known to Arab traders and slavers. He had hoped this would lead him to the as yet undiscovered source of the Nile. In fact, his journey through the dense African jungles led him to Lake Tanganyika, the deepest lake in Africa and the longest freshwater lake in the world. He was the first European to set eyes on it; his traveling companion, Lieutenant John Hanning Speke, was blinded by a tropical disease and unable to see the water. The men returned home separately, in dreadful health, and became bitter enemies until Speke's death, probably by suicide, in 1864.

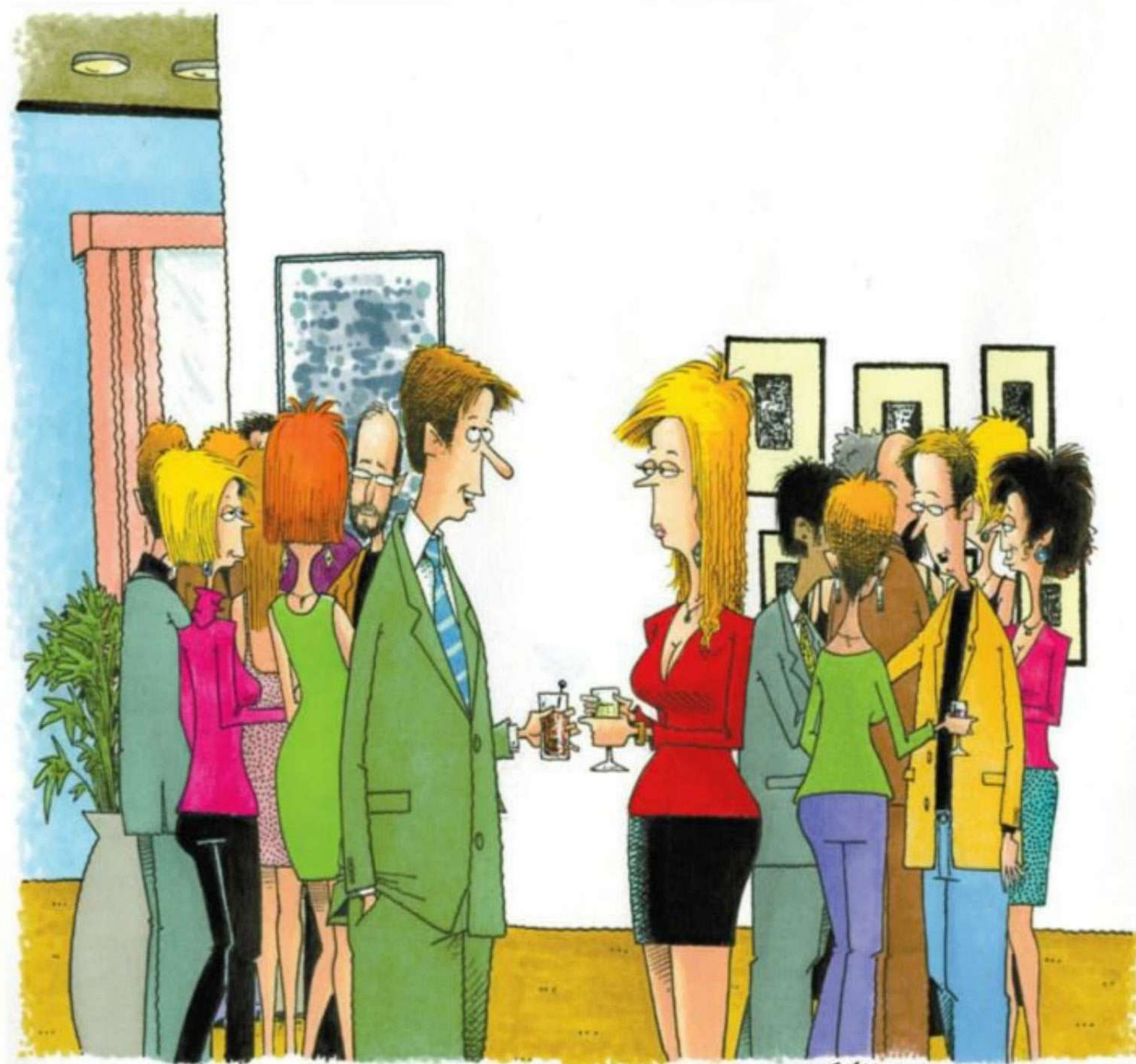
In 1861 Richard married Isabel Arundell, a spirited English beauty "with yards of golden hair" and dark blue eyes. They were married in a quiet Catholic ceremony in England and honeymooned in Ireland. The Burtons had no children, but they must have enjoyed a fantastic love life because, despite his immense sexual zeal, he appears to have remained faithful to her for the remainder of his days.

Shortly after their marriage Burton was posted as consul to an island off the coast of Equatorial Guinea, from where he explored the coast of west Africa. By 1865 the Burtons were in Brazil, where he canoed down the São Francisco River from its source to the falls of Paulo Afonso.

Four years later he was made consul to Damascus but fell out with the city's Jewish population when he challenged their money-lending policies. He also infuriated the governor of Syria, who dispatched several hundred armed horsemen and camel riders to kill him. "I have never been so flattered in my life," Burton wrote, "than to think it would take 300 men to kill me."

By now Burton was a well-known figure throughout Britain, famed for his satanic looks and his skills as a raconteur. The British public adored him, but the upper echelons of society were uncomfortable in his presence. He had acquired a kindly wife, but for many he was still the same untamed, unruly soul who had terrorized the streets of Oxford in his youth. He played up his mysterious, wandering reputation with aplomb. When a clergyman asked if he had ever killed a man, he replied, "Sir, I'm proud to say that I have committed every sin in the Decalogue."

In 1872 he was transferred to Trieste, in Austria-Hungary, a peaceful posting where he found the time to develop his passion for travel writing and, increasingly, erotic literature. Spurred on by a heart attack, he became more determined than ever to enlighten the otherwise staid British about



"I enjoy long walks on the beach, also. Mostly because short walks never lead to a remote enough spot for a blow job."

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“social and sexual matters.” His travel books already included highly detailed appendixes and footnotes that covered geography, languages, customs and—most pertinently—the sexual habits and techniques of those he encountered. His notes even included measurements, taken by him, of the penises of inhabitants of the regions through which he had traveled. When these explicit details were published in his general works, many readers were scandalized.

Undeterred, Burton joined forces with Forster Fitzgerald Arbuthnot, an Oriental scholar of Irish descent. In 1882 they co-founded the Kama Shastra Society of London and Benares, a semifictitious publishing house that sought to translate and publish a series of ancient erotic texts. Publishing pornography in Victorian England was a most ambitious plan, given the strict censorship laws, but there was a strong black market for such works.

In 1883 the Kama Shastra Society published its first book, “for private circulation only”—Burton’s groundbreaking translation of the Kama Sutra of Vatsyayana. The historic sex guide, believed to be more than 1,600 years old, included such chapters as “Sexual Union,” “About a Wife” and “About Others’ Wives.” The secret print run was an instant success, and the Kama Sutra went on to become one of the most pirated books in the English language, though Burton conceded that one would have to be indubitably athletic to achieve some of the recommended positions.

Burton’s next project was a translation of *Ananga Ranga*, or *The Hindu Art of Love*, a 15th century work that gave readers detailed suggestions about how to bring a woman to the maximum state of pleasure. “How delicious an instrument is woman, when artfully played upon,” he wrote. “How capable she is of producing the most exquisite harmony;

of executing the most complicated variations and of giving the divinest pleasures.”

He then turned to *The Perfumed Garden*, an erotic 15th century Arabian sex guide that had been translated into French a few years earlier. The book is a bawdy rollick, spiced with useful advice and curious recipes such as the consumption of “a glassful of honey, 20 almonds and 100 grains of the pine tree” to reduce impotence.

As an accomplished storyteller, Burton was one of the most popular after-dinner speakers of his generation. But his linguistic skills were probably never better employed than when he undertook the translation of *The Book of the Thousand Nights and a Night*, better known as *The Arabian Nights*, a labyrinthine sexual fantasy replete with tales of lust and orgiastic rompers, as well as such classic stories as “Aladdin’s Wonderful Lamp,” “Ali Baba and the 40 Thieves” and “The Seven Voyages of Sinbad the Sailor.”

Burton’s ambition to translate the Persian masterpiece dates back to at least 1852, when he vowed to publish “a full, complete, unvarnished, uncastrated copy of the great original.” He correctly deduced that *The Arabian Nights* was a collaborative work, primarily written in the 10th century, with the earliest stories—including the one of Sinbad—dating to the eighth century. Although the stories had been translated into English as early as 1796, Burton’s version of *The Arabian Nights* was unquestionably the sauciest. Even Aladdin gets to joke about the size of his member.

In 1885 Burton printed 1,000 copies of the 10-volume series at his own expense, while Isabel overcame her innate primness and mailed out 34,000 circulars advertising the new book and assuring readers there would only ever be 1,000 editions. By the time their subscription numbers reached 2,000, the Burtons were kicking themselves that they

had promised to restrict the print run.

Between 1886 and 1888 Burton translated a further six volumes of *The Arabian Nights*, entitled *The Supplemental Nights*, each one annotated with his now trademark footnotes. Virginity, incest, hermaphrodites, STDs, bestiality, lesbians, circumcision—Burton was not one to leave any bedsheet uninspected. He even managed to include an extensive account of the invention of the condom.

He also liked to shock. Men sweated over his discussion of certain Egyptian women’s penchant for murdering their husbands by tearing out their balls. Women gulped at his account of apes from west Africa that had been known to rape women, though Burton “could not convince myself that they ever kept the women as concubines.”

The journalist Henry Reeve declared *The Arabian Nights* to be “an extraordinary agglomeration of filth” and “one of the most indecent books in the English language.... Burton [is] for the sewers.” But others considered it a work of genius or, as the *New-York Tribune* called it, “a monument of knowledge and audacity.” *The Arabian Nights* was also a financial success, and the Burtons pocketed a tidy profit. As he later said, “I struggled for 47 years. I distinguished myself honorably in every way I possibly could. I never had a compliment, nor a thank you, nor a single farthing. I translated a doubtful book in my old age and immediately made 16,000 guineas. Now that I know the tastes of England, we need never be without money.”

While he claimed *The Arabian Nights* was intended for men, and for scholars in particular, Burton rightly suspected it would be their wives who actually devoured the contents. That said, when Isabel subsequently published her own version of *The Arabian Nights*, she slashed 215 pages’ worth of her husband’s juiciest text, replacing expressions such as *satisfying their lusts* with *embracing* and axed all his more vivid footnotes. Isabel Burton’s desexed version was an understandably poor seller.

Burton’s fascination with sex, combined with his anti-imperialist sentiments and tendency to “go native,” set him at odds with the Victorian society in which he lived. Nonetheless his achievements were such that he was honored as a fellow of the prestigious Royal Geographical Society. And in 1886, much to Isabel’s delight, Burton was knighted by Queen Victoria.

He died of a heart attack in Trieste on October 20, 1890. Although Burton was not a Catholic, his wife persuaded a priest to undertake the extreme unction two hours after his passing.

At the time of his death Burton was still working on his translation of *The Perfumed Garden*. This work was never published. In a hasty bid to protect her husband’s reputation, Isabel burned the manuscript and several other unpublished pornographic works soon after his death. “Sorrowfully, reverently, and in fear and trembling,” she later wrote, “I burnt sheet after sheet, until the whole of the volumes were consumed.”

Sir Richard and Lady Burton are buried together in a tomb shaped like a bedouin tent at Mortlake in southwest London.



“We offer the deluxe wax job, the express wax job and my personal favorite, the Brazilian wax job.”





PLAYMATE NEWS

OUR CENTERFOLDS ARE ALL ATWITTER

Online connections have become more intimate in recent years. Playmates regularly give the public a glimpse into their lives and their bedrooms, using just 140 characters and TwitPics. “If something is going on that I think my friends and fans would enjoy, I’ll post it,” Miss November 2010 Shera Bechard says. In one such TwitPic moment the girls “planked” (a meme that has people everywhere lying face-down in random locations) in front of Hef at the Mansion. And on our favorite day of the week, Frisky Friday, Playmates post sexy nonnude photos of themselves—#TGIF.



Ashley Mattingly



Planking at the Mansion



Shera Bechard

THE WINDY CITY VS. MARILYN’S DRESS

A 26-foot statue of Miss December 1953 Marilyn Monroe on Chicago’s Magnificent Mile has drawn gawkers and strong reactions. Inspired by the titillating scene in *The Seven Year Itch* in which Marilyn’s dress billows up

from the breeze of the subway below, the sculpture provides an unabashed view of her underwear. On-lookers have this to say about the piece: “Seeing her beauty three-dimensionally is moving,” says Mandy from North Carolina. “An up-skirt statue in a public place is disgusting,” Jon from Iowa says. “Art is supposed to be provocative; it’s supposed to get people talking,” Chicagoland’s Charlie says. “Plus, if I get caught out in the rain, I seek refuge under Marilyn’s dress.”



FLASHBACK



When we met Miss November 1976 **Patti McGuire** 35 years ago, the St. Louis stunner told us she planned to learn tennis or skiing. “I think everyone needs at least one physical activity to be good at. Something that requires concentration and coordination. Something other than sex.” Patti went on to become PMOY 1977, and in 1979 she married none other than Jimmy Connors, who was one of the best netters in the world at the time. The doubles partners have two children together and happily reside in Santa Barbara, California.

DID YOU KNOW ?

Bleacher Report named Miss July 1998 **Lisa Dergan** (of FOX Sports) one of the 35 sexiest sportscasters in the world.

Miss September 1995 **Donna D’Errico** put off searching for Noah’s ark after her partner received death threats.

Miss September 2011 **Tiffany Toth** appears in two 2012 FastDates.com motor sports calendars: *Iron & Lace* and *Garage Girls*.

MY FAVORITE PLAYMATE

BY JIM STERANKO

—award-winning writer and illustrator of comics such as *Captain America*

“Miss December 1976 **Karen Hafter** had a dark, smoldering persona that typified the Bunnies at the New York Playboy Club—a cool, convenient haunt catering to the



eye, the mind and the palate. I'd challenge my colleagues to a game of guessing our Bunny's name based strictly on her appearance. Those who were closest would eat dinner free, on the loser! I'm pleased to say I won much more than I lost.”



PMOY 2010 **Hope Dworaczyk**'s ideal evening: “I would have a couple of friends over, open some wine, sit outside by the pool as the sun starts to go down, and then I'd turn the Jacuzzi on and just laugh with some of my girlfriends.”



HOLIDAY TRIMMINGS WITH JAYDE

PMOY 2008 Jayde Nicole runs Jayde Nicole Fitness, a site that builds custom nutrition and fitness programs. She offers the following pieces of advice to those who wish to avoid feeling like a stuffed turkey this season: “The holidays are stressful, which leads to overeating, so take a breath, watch the game or soak in the tub. At parties with buffets or hors d'oeuvres, plug your tally into your phone—seeing what you've ingested helps curb gorging. Enjoy but don't indulge. Pie is great but best if thinly sliced.”



JESSICA RABBIT'S SEXY BIKINI BOTTOM

Former Bunny blackjack dealer and Miss February 2009 Jessica Burciaga was selected by Chynna Dolls to be its new model—and for good reason. While most bikini companies focus on the top, Chynna Dolls' Scrunch Butt technology lifts the contours of one's derriere. A fitting example is to the left.

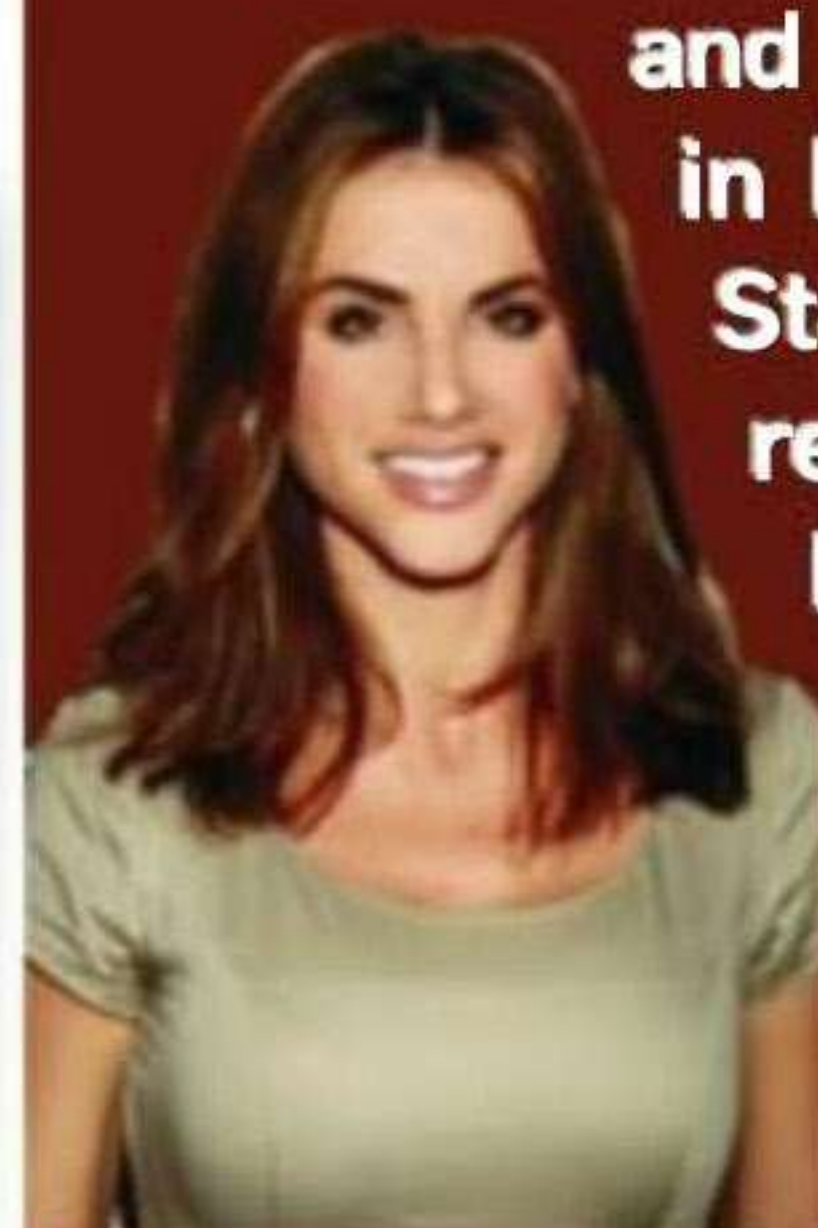


PLAYMATE GOSSIP

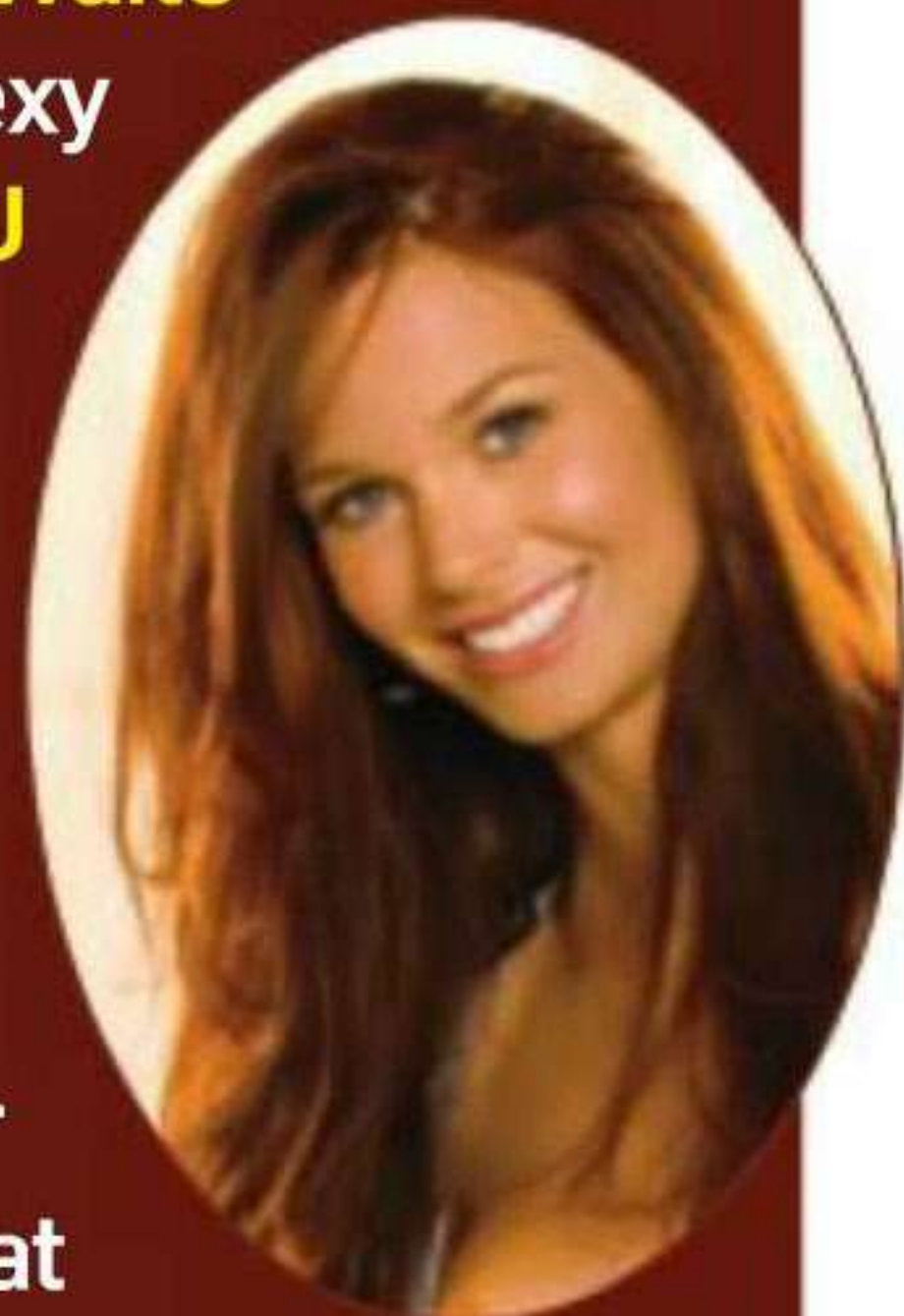
Adult programming has traditionally focused on the individual viewer, but we think it's much more fun when enjoyed with a friend—which is why Playboy TV's new lineup caters to couples. The event that celebrated the launch of our new block of programming (described by *The New York Times*



as “more intimacy, less pornography”) brought out former NBA great and current talk-show host John Salley, Miss May 1998 **Deanna Brooks** and Miss July 2007 **Tiffany Selby**.... Prior to the ESPYs (the sports equivalent of the Emmys), athletes, entertainers and Playmates convened at Boulevard 3 in Los Angeles for the Playboy All-Star Celebrity Kickoff Party. On the red carpet, Warrick Dunn, the former NFL standout and part owner of the Atlanta Falcons, said, “I'm eager to check out the Playmates—I'm living the dream!” At the gala, Miss May 2006 **Alison Waite** was among our sexy



Centerfolds.... Miss May 2008 **AJ Alexander** had her dream beach wedding in Florida in July. She and her husband, Travis, wore white as they exchanged vows and rings on the sand. The couple then danced as the sun dipped into the Gulf.... This was one wet, hot American summer thanks to Camp Playboy's presence at Comic-Con. In our first-ever party at the event, we transformed 40,000 square feet of space into a recreational oasis—replete with a giant Rabbit Head lake, croquet, horseshoes, a zip line and Playmate camp counselors. Here's cabin five: Miss March 2009 **Jennifer Pershing**, Miss December 2010 **Ashley Hobbs**, Miss September 2009 **Kimberly Phillips** and Miss November 1998 **Tiffany Taylor**.



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PLAYBOY FORUM

THE CULT OF THE BOSS

WHAT IS THERE TO ADMIRE ABOUT BUSINESSMEN?

BY JOHN SUMMERS

Conservatives invoke Adam Smith and Friedrich von Hayek in their defense of the free market. Liberals invoke John Maynard Keynes for his defense of government intervention. Only in Thorstein Veblen, however, may a sane person hope to understand the carnival of mendacity that has sent America spiraling into the abyss.

Veblen, nearly forgotten today, grew up in a gilded age disfigured, like our own, by robber barons, predatory monopolies, financial panics, lockouts, strikes and mass unemployment. Then, as now, a priestly class of economists rationalized such phenomena while the people, overwhelmed by a swell of ignorance and greed, emulated the pecuniary values of business. A long agricultural crisis devastated the country. Politicians intoned assurances that these were temporary abnormalities in a Sound System, just as our own Depression is cast as a trial of faith, a crisis of confidence.

Veblen smashed this big lie by attacking the superstition of "natural law." Classical economists, thus indebted, had portrayed capitalism as a reflection of timeless truths and eternal laws. Veblen treated economics as Darwinian cultural science. He found conflict, force and fraud persisting in a society supposedly harmonized by contracts, laws and peaceful rules of rational exchange. His economics tried to explain why capitalism did not fall apart from sheer sleaziness. "The great American game, they say, is poker," he wrote in 1923's *Absentee Ownership*, his book that most illuminates our own era. "Just why real estate should not come in for honorable mention in that way is not to be explained offhand."

Although Veblen armed his contemporaries with irreversible insights into the monstrous nature of consumer capitalism, life among the late-Victorian academic class condemned him to the immiseration that is often the fate of original minds in America.

He was born on the Wisconsin frontier in 1857 to Norwegian immigrants and reared on a farm in Minnesota. At Carleton College he married Ellen Rolfe, a niece of the school's president. He embarked on graduate study at Johns

Hopkins and then at Yale, where he received his doctorate in philosophy in 1884. But as he disbelieved in supernaturalism, he disqualified himself from teaching philosophy in any God-fearing college or university. The next seven years he passed reading, unneeded and unemployed, on farms owned by his father and father-in-law. Eventually he found work teaching economics as a low-level instructor at the University of Chicago, where, in 1899, he wrote his first and most famous book, *The Theory of the Leisure Class*.

Nobody has attacked the strategic imperative of consumer capitalism—confusing personal worth with the accumulation

and display of commodities—with a more vicious erudition than Veblen in this great book. Most of its admirers, however, misunderstood his intentions. His students complained of his mumbling through interminable lectures and refusing to give examinations. He gazed silently out the window while his students waited for him to speak.

Even this indiscretion Veblen's senior colleagues might have forgiven had he not also seduced their wives. Irregular relations with Laura Trigg, the wife of a colleague, got him fired from Chicago when Ellen supplied school officials with a dossier of his infidelities. He moved to Stanford, where he was fired again, also for reasons of moral unfit-ness. Dismissed or refused at Cornell, Harvard and the University of Missouri, he took revenge by writing *The Higher Learning in America: A Memorandum on the Conduct of Universities by Business Men* (1918). The subtitle he preferred was "A Study in Total Depravity."

Veblen wrote prodigiously after leaving Missouri and won a share of notoriety and influence as an editor in New York. But the Roaring Twenties left him a defeated man. During his last years he lived alone, unemployed and impoverished, in a small cabin in the hills surrounding Palo Alto, California. He survived on the strength of donations from admirers. "After all," said President Calvin Coolidge, "the chief business of the American people is business." And the people had joined the businessmen in an extravagancy of frenzied greed, the end of



which Veblen knew was coming. He died on August 3, 1929, less than three months before the Great Crash. Shortly after, he resurfaced as a prophet without honor, a “masterless man” who suffered from “woman trouble,” as John Dos Passos wrote.

The conspicuous inattention given today to Veblen’s criticism of business can’t conceal his broad relevance. The corporation, he said, burst into the 19th century as nothing more creative than a collective credit transaction; it was an institution mobilized by the business class for the purpose of seizing control of the industrial process from workers, farmers and engineers.

Business enterprise was “a competitive endeavor to realize the largest net gain in terms of price.” The point was to manipulate markets, to maximize profits, using methods of chicanery and prevarication against consumers. “Its end and aim is not productive work,” he wrote, “but profitable business; and its corporate activities are not in the nature of workmanship but of salesmanship.” Joseph Schumpeter famously said business entrepreneurs practiced “creative destruction.” Veblen said they were just destructive.

Even Karl Marx, who marveled at the productive capacities of modern capitalism, turned businessmen into heroes. Veblen called them saboteurs in pursuit of “the right to get something for nothing.” Their network of credits, liabilities, collateral and other make-believe schemes of capitalization operated on the medieval principles of force and fraud.

Business-as-usual extracted a continuing surcharge on the underlying population’s “instinct of workmanship.” Industry made useful things for human needs. Business made money.

Veblen’s distinction between industry and business reads like an advanced memorandum on the follies of “growth” as the tonic for our malaise. Against the barrage of pecuniary language directed our way by consultants, management theorists, self-help gurus, venture capitalists, financial journalists and other vested interests, he said America’s enormous productive capacity suffered from a corporate form designed to make money, whatever the cost, while denying workers a chance at meaningful participation. Business’s destruction of farming, handicrafts and small-scale production, combined with its plunder of natural resources, has left us—just as Veblen warned—with ancestral memories of craftsmanship, and a food fetish. The best we can hope for, while our politicians wrangle over the businessman’s debt and securities, is to return to the same stupefying jobs we once held and to pay for the privilege of turning ourselves into brands. Liberals, meanwhile, make new idols of rapacious businessmen such as Steve Jobs and Warren Buffett, and evangelical Christians make common cause with their natural enemies—libertarians—in the Tea Party. America, left and right, remains in thrall to what Veblen called the “business metaphysic.” The market is not an impersonal, fallible mechanism for distributing resources. It’s a source of spiritual values, and it’s never wrong. The invisible hand distributes virtue and honor along with wealth. God wants you to be rich. But rich or poor, you have what you deserve. Such is their message in this time of despair. Which proves that orthodoxy in the service of business, and business armed with religious purpose, cannot be killed by ideas alone.

John Summers is editor of The Baffler.

TURN OUT THE RED LIGHTS

CHANGE COMES TO AMSTERDAM’S
BEST-KNOWN TOURIST ATTRACTION

BY SHARON ZUKIN

The Prostitution Information Center is situated in a small storefront on a narrow street in the oldest part of Amsterdam, a few steps from the city’s oldest church. Mariska Majoor, a former prostitute who founded the center in 1994, takes my name and collects 14.95 euros for a guided tour around the red-light district, the only place in the world—except for Bangkok—where women in fancy underwear stand in red-lit windows, selling sex.

Next door a shop sells juice and Coca-Cola, toilet paper and paper towels, condoms and lubricating jelly. In the windows beyond the shop, three women stand waiting for customers. One raps on the window to tell me to move because I am blocking her view of potential clients. More important, I am blocking their view of her.

The windows of the red-light district are not only Amsterdam’s best-known tourist attraction, luring a good portion of the nearly 5 million visitors who come here every year, they are also a lightning rod for the city’s politicians, who want to clean up the district and turn it into a shopping and entertainment center. But Project 1012, the redevelopment plan named for the area’s postal code, is not the same as bringing Disney into Times Square. Amsterdam’s politics and history make a complicated brew.

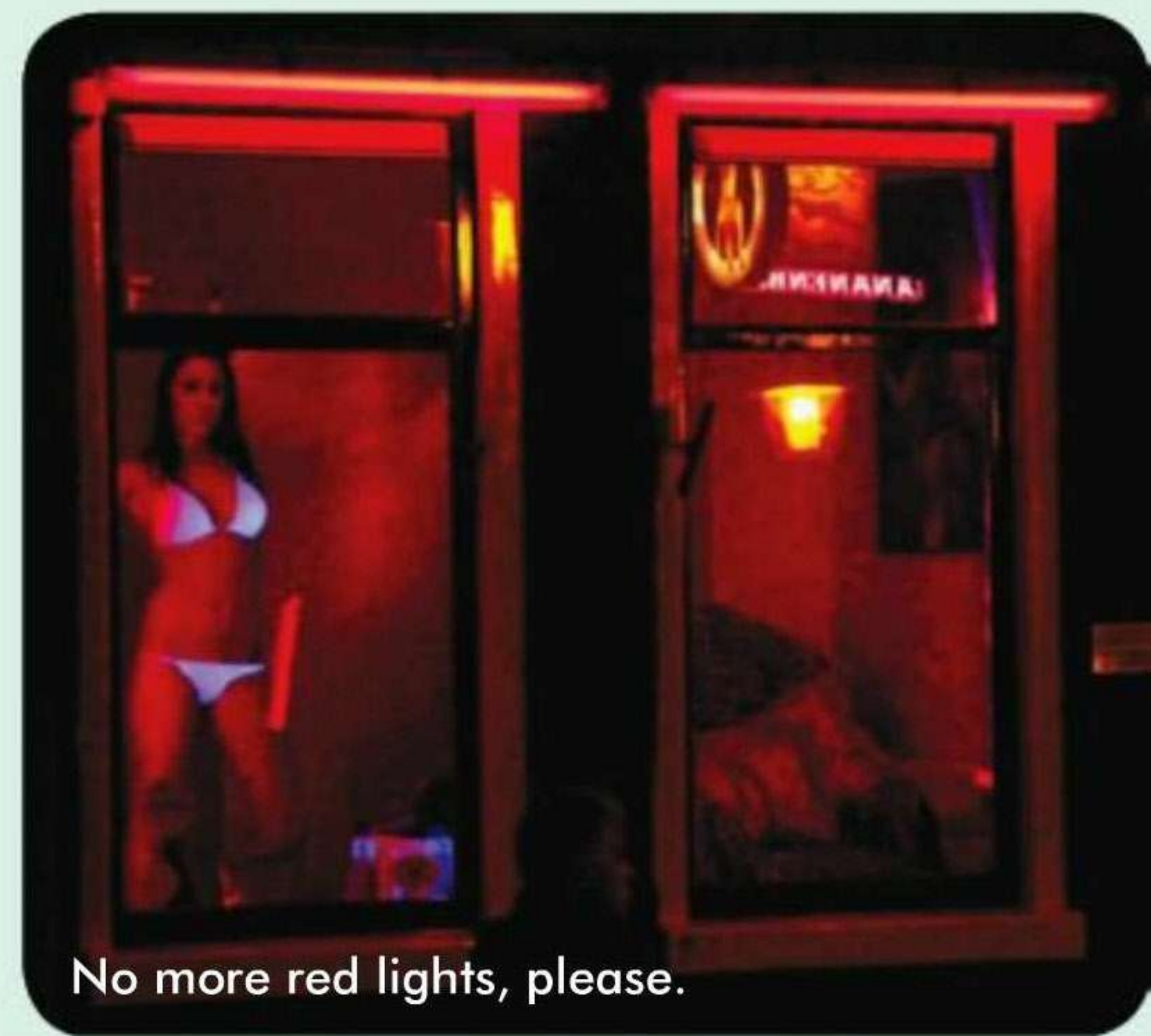
Like Times Square and other urban centers where prostitutes once shared the streets with drug dealers, con artists and drunks, Amsterdam’s red-light district is valuable real estate in a great location. But unlike in other places, redevelopment here is an enigma wrapped in a paradox.

The paradox comes from the legalization of prostitution in the Netherlands 11 years ago. The city government can’t get rid of the district now because sex workers have every right to do their jobs, and they say they don’t need pimps. Unlike streetwalkers, who are illegal, some window prostitutes claim that displaying their bodies in public view protects them from danger.

The women size up prospective clients and choose men who don’t look drunk, drugged or prone to violence. Sometimes a prostitute smiles and flirts or knocks on the window to attract the attention of a man passing by. On my tour, I saw one woman, whose ample charms were barely confined by her black bra, laugh and mimic a young man playing air guitar on the sidewalk outside her window. At another window, after catching someone’s eye, a young blonde woman



Thorstein Veblen: doubter.



opened her door to chat. "You can come in," I heard her say with a Polish accent.

The tiny rooms behind the windows feature a panic button that a prostitute can press to ring an alarm. Even when the red velvet curtains are closed, Amsterdam's sex workers feel the police are working with them, not against them.

The legal situation makes for a thriving economy. Not only do prostitutes work as independent contractors, the room rental agents who manage the leases for their eight-hour shifts and the building owners earn a ton of money.

On Saturday nights, when young male tourists roam the streets, they throng the bars, sex shops and coffeehouses that legally sell small amounts of marijuana and hashish. Although the government says many of them are tied to organized crime, these establishments own a lot of real estate in the district.

Legalizing window prostitutes gives the government a way to control the sex business. Human traffickers who force women, especially foreigners, to do sex work are supposedly stymied by legal registration. The room rental agents must check the women's passports to see that they are citizens of countries in the European Union. Legalization also allows the government to tax prostitutes' income.

But legalizing prostitution doesn't change the in-your-face display of bodies for sale. Though Amsterdam residents say the windows have been a part of the city's culture for 50 years, the frontal view of near-naked bodies can be hard for Americans, especially women, to take. Nor does legalization eliminate marijuana fumes or the trashy neon lights of coffeehouses, sex shops and bars. The red-light district—where everything is allowed—looks less like a dream and more like a dump.

Shortly after prostitution was made legal, the Dutch came up with a law to make the red-light district smaller and reduce the number of windows. The government can deny a business license to anyone suspected of criminal activity. Applied to the red-light district, it has forced brothel owners like "Fat" Charlie Geerts to sell their buildings to the social housing corporations that already own two thirds of the city's rental apartments.

Between 2007 and 2010, these forced sales reduced the number of prostitution windows from almost 500 to about 400. Now the city government aims to cut the number to fewer than 300 and concentrate them in fewer blocks. This will free historic buildings—many classified

as national monuments—for renovation and new use.

Politicians want to stamp out crime and defuse charges of human trafficking. In this case they have been joined by luxury hotels and stores that will benefit if the city sweeps the open sex trade away from their properties. For the housing corporations, benefits will come from renovating historic buildings, many with canal views, into expensive apartments.

Most Amsterdammers cannot afford to buy an apartment in the center, and they resent what they see as government-sponsored gentrification. Some local residents, moreover, say they want the area to retain its randy charm—especially since an expanded police presence and closed-circuit television cameras have greatly reduced crime. For now, Project 1012 is stalled because the city

government cannot afford to buy more buildings. But it still encourages upscale restaurants to take the place of tawdry coffeehouses. The enigma of redevelopment is that the government is spreading gentrification.

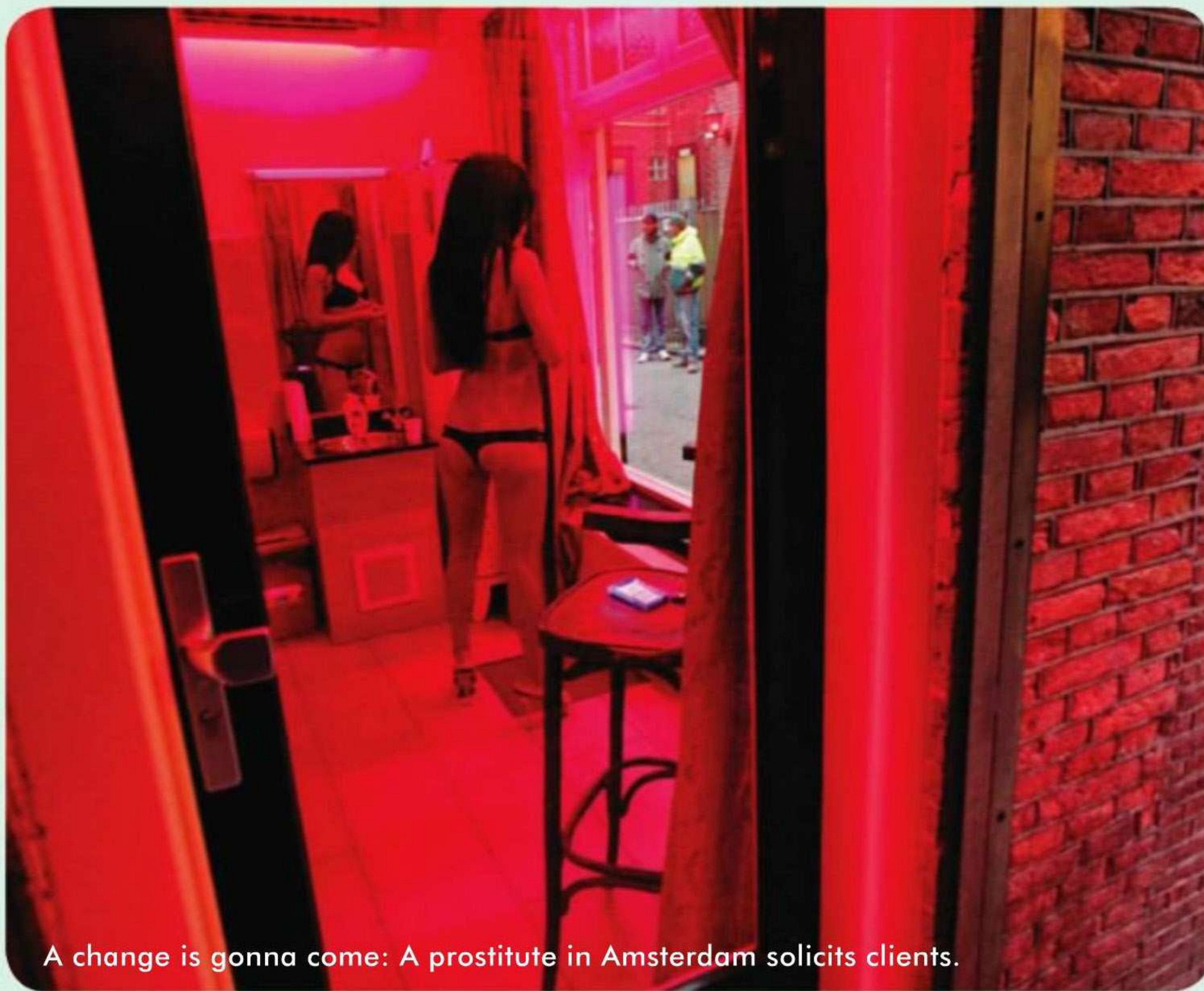
I don't like to see gentrification come to any low-rent neighborhood, but this isn't a low-rent area. Prostitutes pay 85 to 180 euros per eight-hour shift to rent a ground-floor room with a single bed and a window. A building owner

earns \$36,000 a month in rent for the continuous use of his windows—and most building owners in the red-light district have multiple business interests. Which is better: window prostitution or family-style gentrification?

Fantasy and anonymous sex play an important social role in cities—but where is their place? Since the 1960s many ports have lost their economic value, requiring a shift from traditional pleasures offered to sailors on shore to different kinds of entertainment. Amsterdam should not be Disneyfied, but it's hard to see why the city should continue to devote such a prominent place to prostitution.

At the end of the PIC tour, my guide offers to take a photo of me sitting on a red plush chair in the storefront window. I remove my jacket and fantasize that I have a price tag on my breasts and thighs. It's not a pleasant feeling.

Then it is nearly dark and the crowd slowly shifts from a mix of casual shoppers to groups of men. By nine o'clock the only women on the streets here will be standing behind plate glass.



A change is gonna come: A prostitute in Amsterdam solicits clients.

*Sharon Zukin is author of *Naked City* and a professor of sociology at Brooklyn College.*

READER RESPONSE

THE DISTRESS OF DAMSELS

I would like to suggest Rachel Shteir may well have yelled “Do something!” even if her two companions during the assault she describes had been female (“Do Something,” August). Or maybe not. Given the strength of our cultural tradition of men saving women, from fairy tales to film, it is difficult not to read the event in those terms. As is often the case, a victimized woman thinks more about her own helplessness and what she could have done than about why the burglar victimized her and not the men. (He had a gun; he could have tied up any or all of them.) Our culture embraces the idea of the damsel in distress while also inculcating in women



Hit-Girl takes careful aim in *Kick-Ass*.

the notion that they are helpless and tolerating—even encouraging—violence toward them by treating them as passive objects of male control. Yet with the wide circulation of pop-culture narratives that suggest women can do something—from the film *Freeway* (a nice twist on Little Red Riding Hood) to *Kill Bill* and *Kick-Ass* (Hit-Girl is awesome!)—we may be moving away from a culture in which women perceive themselves as deferring to men. Of course, women must also take responsibility for perpetuating the notion. In her account, Shteir demands D behave like “a man,” which in her view is taking action against the burglar, even if that might be unwise. And she emasculates S, who left the scene “to get help,” which is not a stupid idea given the circumstances. So the myth also proves to be oppressive for men, who can be pushed into rash action to conform to stereotypes about masculinity.

Anne Duggan
Detroit, Michigan

Duggan, director of the women's studies program at Wayne State University, is

associate editor of Marvels & Tales: Journal of Fairy-Tale Studies.

KICKING THE HABIT

I have encountered countless people who can't believe I was an alcoholic and crack addict and have no clue what Alcoholics Anonymous is or what it does for me (“Twelve Steps to Nowhere,” September). Melba Newsome doesn't have to get it either, nor does Charlie Sheen—we can all see how well his “cure” is working. AA has helped millions of people.

Jeff Taylor
El Paso, Texas

There is one aha fact that helps clarify the treatment of alcoholism: While some people abuse alcohol, others are dependent on it, which science recognizes as a pathology of the brain's reward pathway. The latter are more difficult to treat, and so it's easy to see why some people struggle in AA and sometimes die despite working the steps. Most people outside AA don't realize that for some alcoholics spirituality can change brain chemistry. I just buried a friend who was 24 years sober through AA, and his last years were full of joy and serenity. Twelve steps to nowhere? Not in the eyes of scientists.

Carlton Erickson
Austin, Texas

Erickson, director of the Addiction Science Research and Education Center at the University of Texas at Austin, is author of Addiction Essentials: The Go-To Guide for Clinicians and Patients.

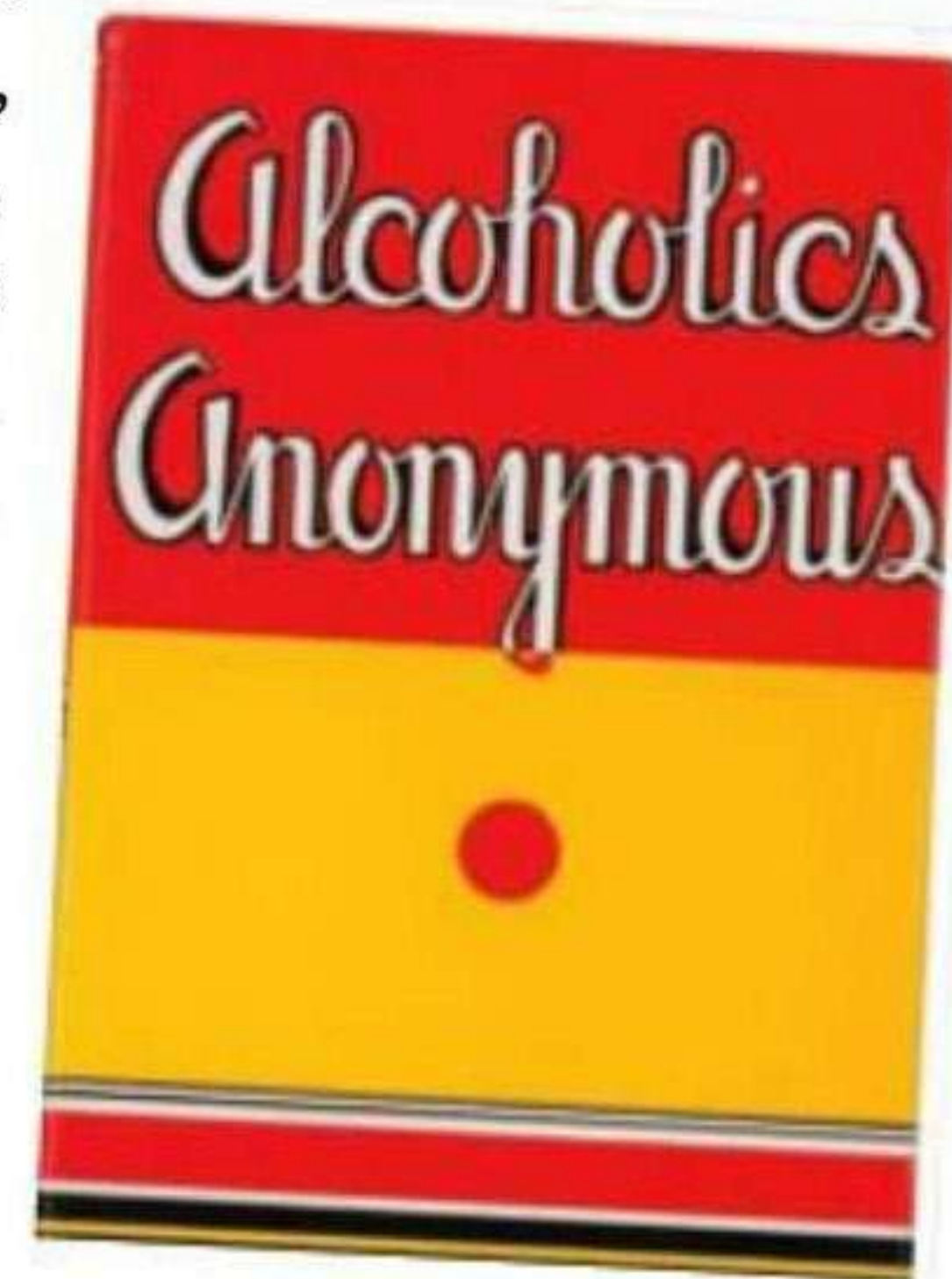
Based on a large array of studies, participation in AA is generally though modestly associated with better recovery. If support



Ray Milland on a bender in *Lost Weekend*.

groups were so consistently found to be beneficial in the management of any other chronic disease, there would be rejoicing. Project MATCH, which Newsome

refers to, compared cognitive-behavioral and motivational treatments with Twelve Step Facilitation. It is fair to say none of the principal investigators, myself included, were proponents of TSF. Yet when the data were in, the TSF group fared just as well as the other two on two key measures—days abstinent and drinks per day. On one measure—the



The first AA Big Book.

percentage of people who remained totally abstinent—TSF did 10 percentage points better. People who lacked social support for sobriety did particularly well in TSF. I don't think anyone should be forced to attend AA; that seems contradictory to co-founder Bill Wilson's style. But AA deserves better than what Wilson warned against, which is contempt without investigation.

William Miller

Albuquerque, New Mexico

Miller, professor emeritus of psychology at the University of New Mexico, is co-author of Rethinking Substance Abuse and, most recently, Treating Addiction.

PARENTS BEHIND BARS

Thank you for mentioning our site fcnetwork.org in your response in September to a prisoner's question about parental rights. Some therapists would agree with the mother's decision to limit exposure to an imprisoned parent; others would argue more damage is caused by separation. Rights and policies vary by state. Regardless, I would advise any incarcerated parent to write to his or her children. Even if they aren't mailed, accumulated letters prove interest and caring and can sometimes prevent termination of parental rights. More important, the letters may someday help to heal the pain of abandonment for the child.

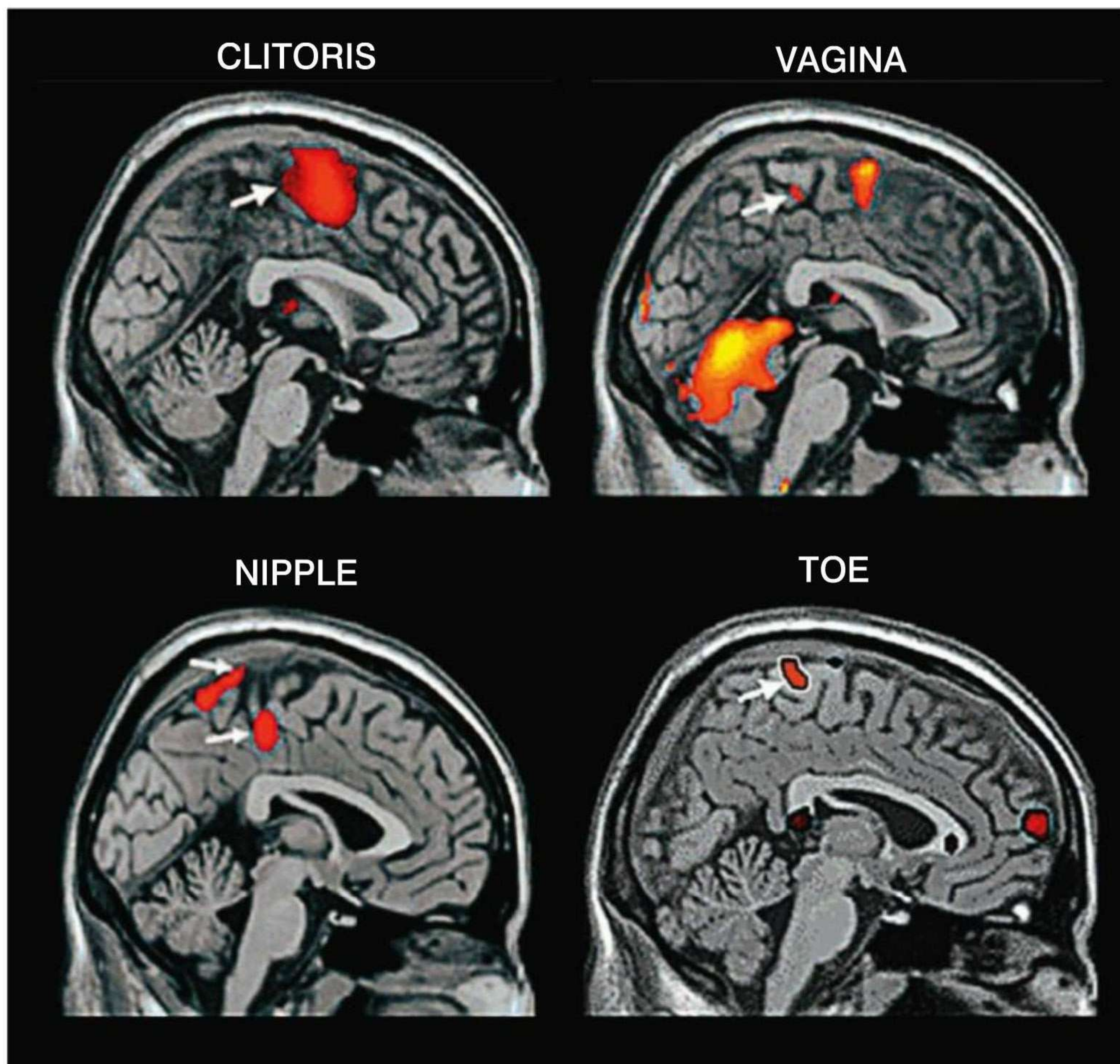
Ann Adalist-Estrin

Jenkintown, Pennsylvania

Adalist-Estrin is director of the National Resource Center on Children and Families of the Incarcerated.

E-mail via the web at letters.playboy.com. Or write: 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611.

NEWSFRONT

**Sex on the Brain**

NEWARK—Sexologists have long debated if women can climax from vaginal stimulation alone or if all orgasms originate with direct or indirect stimulation of the clitoris. But new research seems to confirm that no clit is an island. Scientists at Rutgers mapped blood flow in the brains of 11 women volunteers as they masturbated. Different parts of the brain lit up when the subjects caressed their clits or vaginas. The study also found that stimulating the nipples lit up the same area of the brain as caressing the genitals, which may explain why some women climax from nipple stimulation alone. The researchers next hope to map brain response to G-spot stimulation. In other groundbreaking sex research, Dutch psychiatrists report that delaying puberty in children who believe they may be the wrong gender can ease their anxiety considerably. Seventy teens with gender dysphoria were given hormones to suspend puberty until the age of 16, when they would be legally able to begin a sex change. Although the scientists said the delay gives a child time to determine if he or she is transsexual or “just different,” all 70 teens eventually made the switch.

Toeing the Line

WASHINGTON, D.C.—The Army banned soldiers from wearing trendy athletic shoes that resemble gloves. “Effective immediately, only those shoes that accommodate all five toes in one compartment are authorized for wear,” an official directive stated, because toe shoes “detract from a professional military image.” Fans of the footwear called for the Army to stand down, pointing to a Pentagon photo of a Special Forces soldier leaping from a helicopter while wearing a pair. The Navy issued its own directive approving the shoes.

**Saying Too Much**

AKRON, OHIO—When police stopped her son after a short car chase, Dorthea Frazier lost it. “What the fuck are you arresting my son for?” she screamed, calling one officer a

“fucking crooked-ass cop.” The officer asked her to quiet down or go inside because she was riling up the growing crowd, which outnumbered the police 10 to one. Convicted of disorderly conduct, Frazier argued that her language did not rise to the level of “fighting words,” which the U.S. Supreme Court has ruled are not protected speech.

While a “reasonable person” might hear her abusive language as incitement, she argued that there should be a less restrictive, “reasonable officer” standard that applies only to police. A state appeals court upheld her conviction.

Driving While Smashed

NICHOLASVILLE, KENTUCKY—Police arrested a 36-year-old man for allegedly driving drunk during a demolition derby. Witnesses claim David Warner consumed several Bud Lights before climbing into his vehicle for the small-car competition, which he won. The police officers who asked Warner to step out of his crushed car after the event say he refused to take a Breathalyzer test, telling them, “I

ain’t blowin’ in that fucking tube, so you can stick it up your ass.” Warner admitted to drinking a few beers before the event to “loosen up” but said the DUI complaint was sour grapes by the drivers he beat.

Sex Doesn’t Sell

BETHESDA, MARYLAND—The Marriott hotel chain says it will no longer offer porn in its 600,000 rooms. The company insists the decision has nothing to do with its Mormon owners’ support of former board member and family friend Mitt Romney, who is seeking the Republican nomination for president and who has been criticized by the religious right for his connection to porn profits. Marriott says many guests now access porn on their laptops, though by one estimate the chain still makes \$175 per room annually on adult channels.





SPLASH NEWS

Rise and Shine

The five-second delay was created to prevent provocative images from appearing on live television, but it wasn't enough time to keep NICKI MINAJ's wardrobe malfunction off the air during her recent performance on *Good Morning America*.



ISABELLE RUEN

The Life of Reilly

RACHEL REILLY's on-again, off-again romance with her *Big Brother* co-star Brendon Villegas has had highs (he bought her a star) and lows (he sent photos of his penis to another woman), but for now it's a go: The couple is currently engaged.

A Dirty Mind?

Recognize this smile? It belongs to VANESSA BRANCH, star of the Orbit gum commercials. You can also catch the British-American actress in the forthcoming flick *Arena* with Samuel L. Jackson and Kellan Lutz. She gives us a good clean feeling, no matter what.



SPLASH NEWS



GETTY IMAGES

A Protestant Wind

A cheeky breeze in Calgary gave us a closer look at KATE MIDDLETON—revealing that her sister isn't the only one in the family with a rear worthy of its own website and Twitter account.

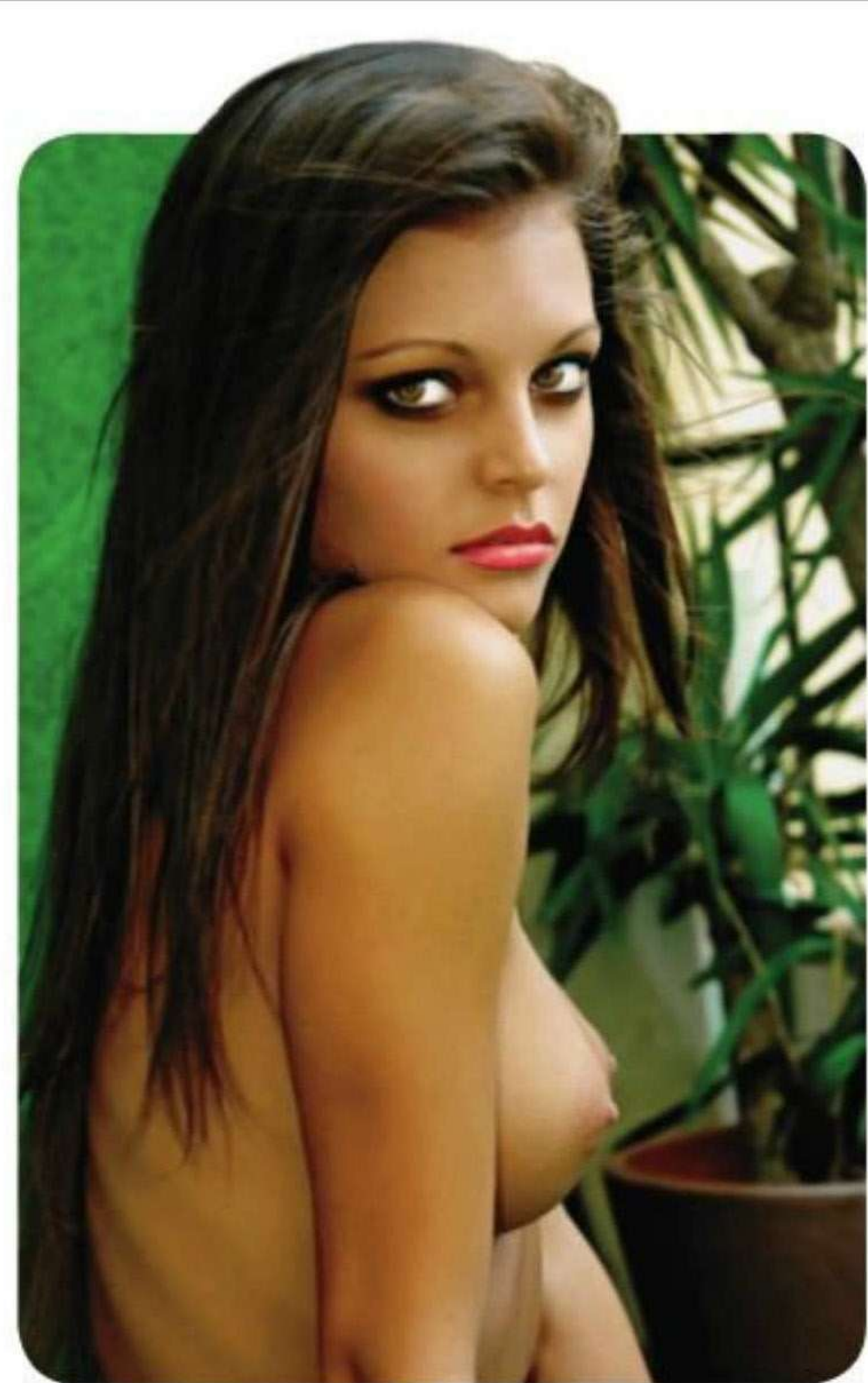
SPLASH NEWS



LANDOV

Smells Like Team Spirit

It's easy to get excited about a team when its number one fan looks like JAVY. The voluptuous model and her fellow soccer devotees cheered on Paraguay during the team's quarter-final match against Brazil at the Copa America.



MC PHOTO INTERNATIONAL

Hungary Eyes

Meet GYÖNGYI PÁPAI, *PLAYBOY* Hungary's Miss January 2011. The 24-year-old stunner loves dogs and rap music, which makes us envious of both Snoop Dogg and Bow Wow.



STEVE TORRES

Hawaiian Siren

Sizzling beach beauty **CHERIE BLAZE** keeps busy as a bikini model in Florida and Hawaii and often works as a sexy extra on TV shows. It makes sense, since she is the perfect complement to all that beautiful tropical scenery.



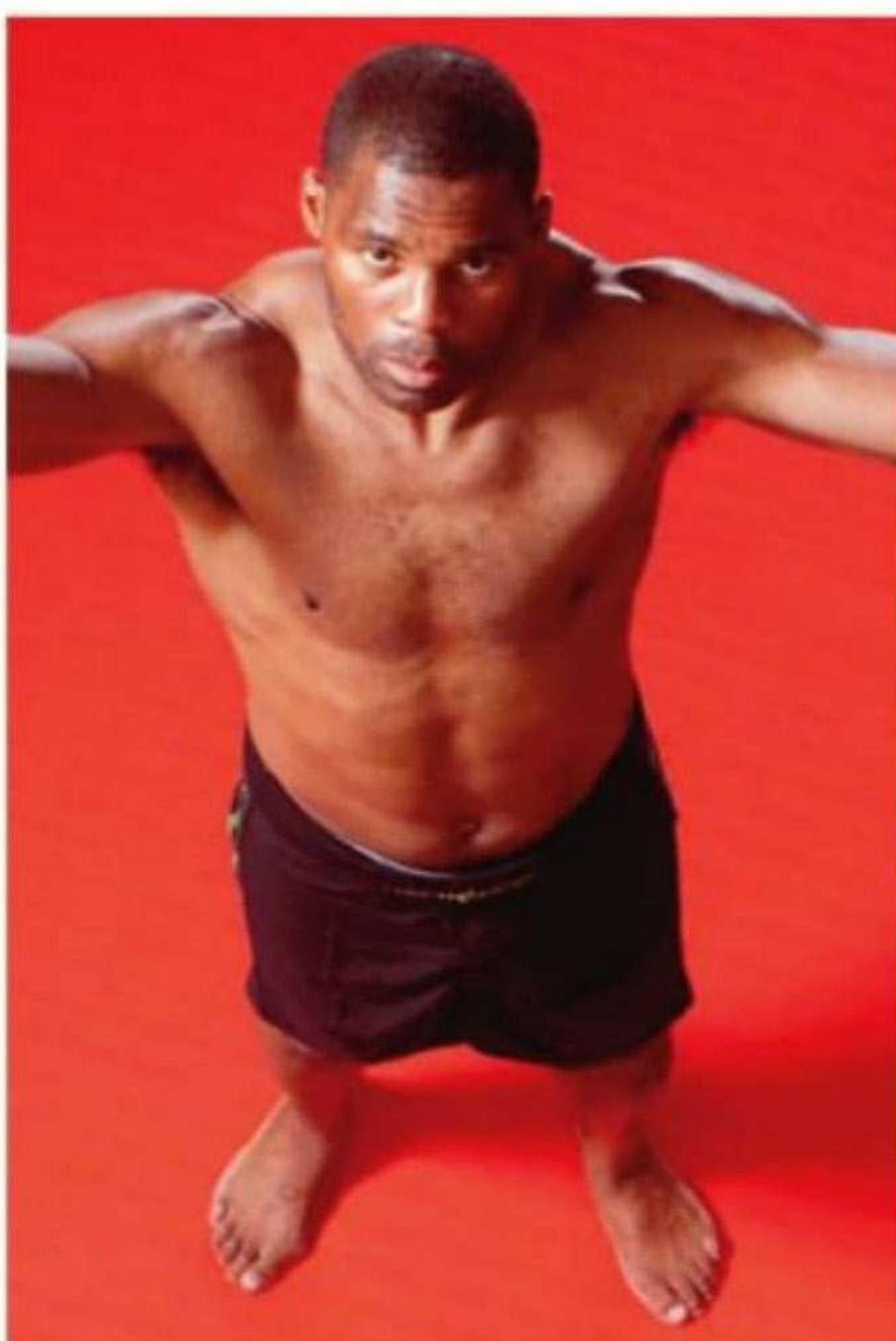
LUBOMIR SPIRKO

The Perfect Czech Mate

Czech model **STANISLAVA KOPÁČKOVÁ** was *PLAYBOY* Slovakia's Miss September 2009. For her shoot, the blonde beauty showed off her natural curves on the beaches of Costa Rica. We wish things like her washed ashore more often.



LEEANN TWEEDEN: THE PERFECT HOST.



HERSCHEL WALKER: LEAN, MEAN FIGHTING MACHINE.



THE MAKING OF SCARFACE.

NEXT MONTH



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SEX IN CINEMA—WHAT WERE 2011'S MOST EROTIC ON-SCREEN MOMENTS? FIND OUT IN OUR FAMOUS ANNUAL ROUNDUP.

LEEANN TWEEDEN—SEE EVERY ENTICING INCH OF THE VIVACIOUS AND VOLUPTUOUS *POKER AFTER DARK* HOST AND FORMER FOX SPORTS NETWORK CORRESPONDENT.

CRAIG FERGUSON—IN THE *PLAYBOY INTERVIEW*, THE *LATE LATE SHOW* HOST TALKS WITH **ERIC SPITZNAGEL** ABOUT HIS COMPETITORS, HIS ACCENT AND WHY IT'S A GREAT DAY FOR AMERICA.

GENTLEMEN PREFER BLONDES—A SEXY SALUTE TO THE FAIR-HAILED BEAUTIES WHO DO INDEED HAVE MORE FUN.

THE MAKING OF SCARFACE—THE CAST AND CREW OF BRIAN DE PALMA'S EPIC, OFT-QUOTED CRIME DRAMA OPEN UP TO **STEPHEN REBELLO** ABOUT THE MAKING OF THE CULT CLASSIC.

HOW TO BUILD A TIME MACHINE—A FLUX CAPACITOR, SOME URANIUM AND A SOUPED-UP DELOREAN WERE ALL IT TOOK TO GET MARTY MCFLY BACK TO THE FUTURE, BUT IS TIME TRAVEL TRULY POSSIBLE? **BRIAN CLEGG** LOOKS AT REAL-LIFE TECHNOLOGY AIMED AT TRAVERSING THE SPACE-TIME CONTINUUM.

THE ORIGINAL BLONDE—ONE HUNDRED YEARS AFTER JEAN HARLOW'S BIRTH, **NEAL GABLER** REFLECTS ON THE ENDURING ALLURE OF THIS PLATINUM-HAIRED BOMBSHELL.

THE FIGHTER—HERSCHEL WALKER CLAWED HIS WAY TO THE TOP OF THE FOOTBALL CHAIN, OVERCAME MENTAL ILLNESS AND NOW, NEARLY 50, IS DUKING IT OUT IN THE OCTAGON. **STEVE ONEY** GETS TO KNOW THE TENACIOUS LEGEND.

KALEY CUOCO—IN *20Q*, THE *BIG BANG THEORY* ACTRESS TALKS TO **STEPHEN REBELLO** ABOUT JOHN RITTER, HER OBSESSION WITH *HOARDERS* AND BEING ASHLEY TISDALE'S PROM DATE.

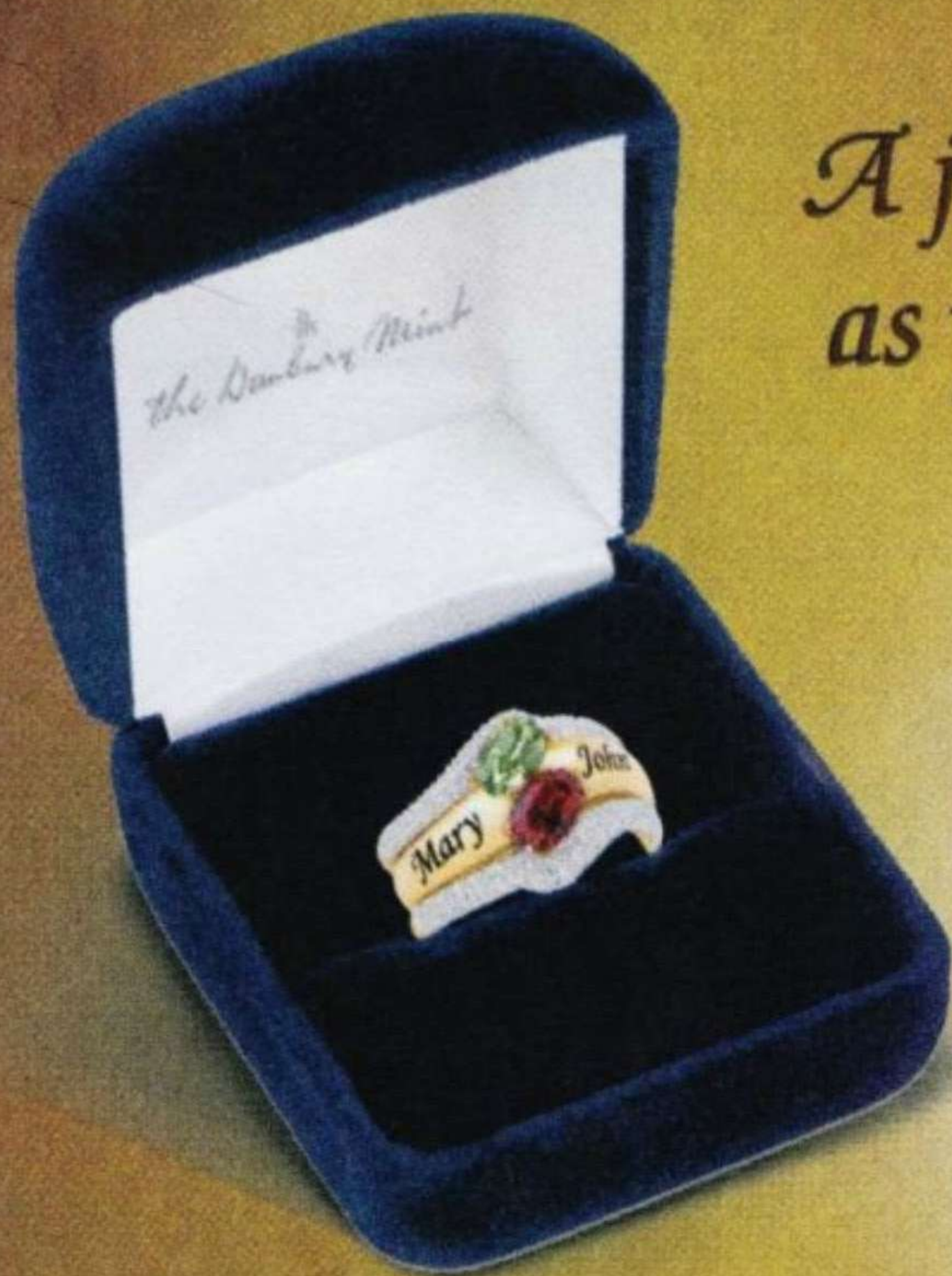
DARK WAS THE NIGHT—IN NEW FICTION BY NATIONAL BOOK AWARD WINNER **RICHARD POWERS**, A ONCE SUCCESSFUL ROCKET SCIENTIST STRUGGLES TO HOLD ON TO HIS PAST.

BREITBART VS. KRASSNER—RIGHT-WING DARLING ANDREW BREITBART AND COUNTERCULTURE FIREBRAND PAUL KRASSNER VERBALLY SPAR OVER COFFEE. WHO WILL PREVAIL?

TIP-OFF 2012—BASKETBALLPROSPECTUS.COM CONTRIBUTOR **JOHN GASAWAY** DIVULGES THE PEOPLE, RIVALRIES AND DRAMAS THAT WILL DEFINE THE APPROACHING HOOPS SEASON.

ANCIENT AND UNSPEAKABLE—ASTHMA MEDS ARE NO JOKE. IN AN EXCERPT FROM HIS NEW BOOK, *THE DAILY SHOW*'S **JOHN HODGMAN** SHARES HIS ALBUTEROL-INDUCED EPIPHANIES.

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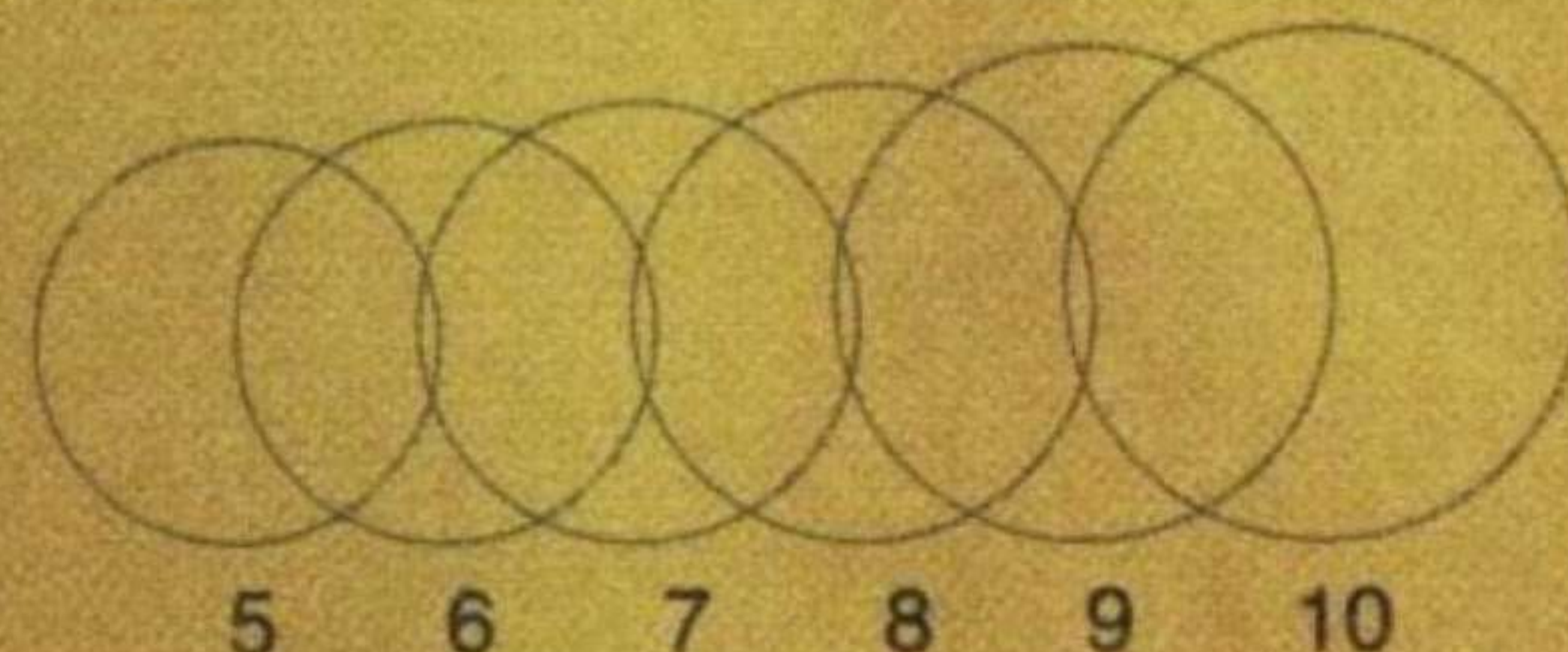
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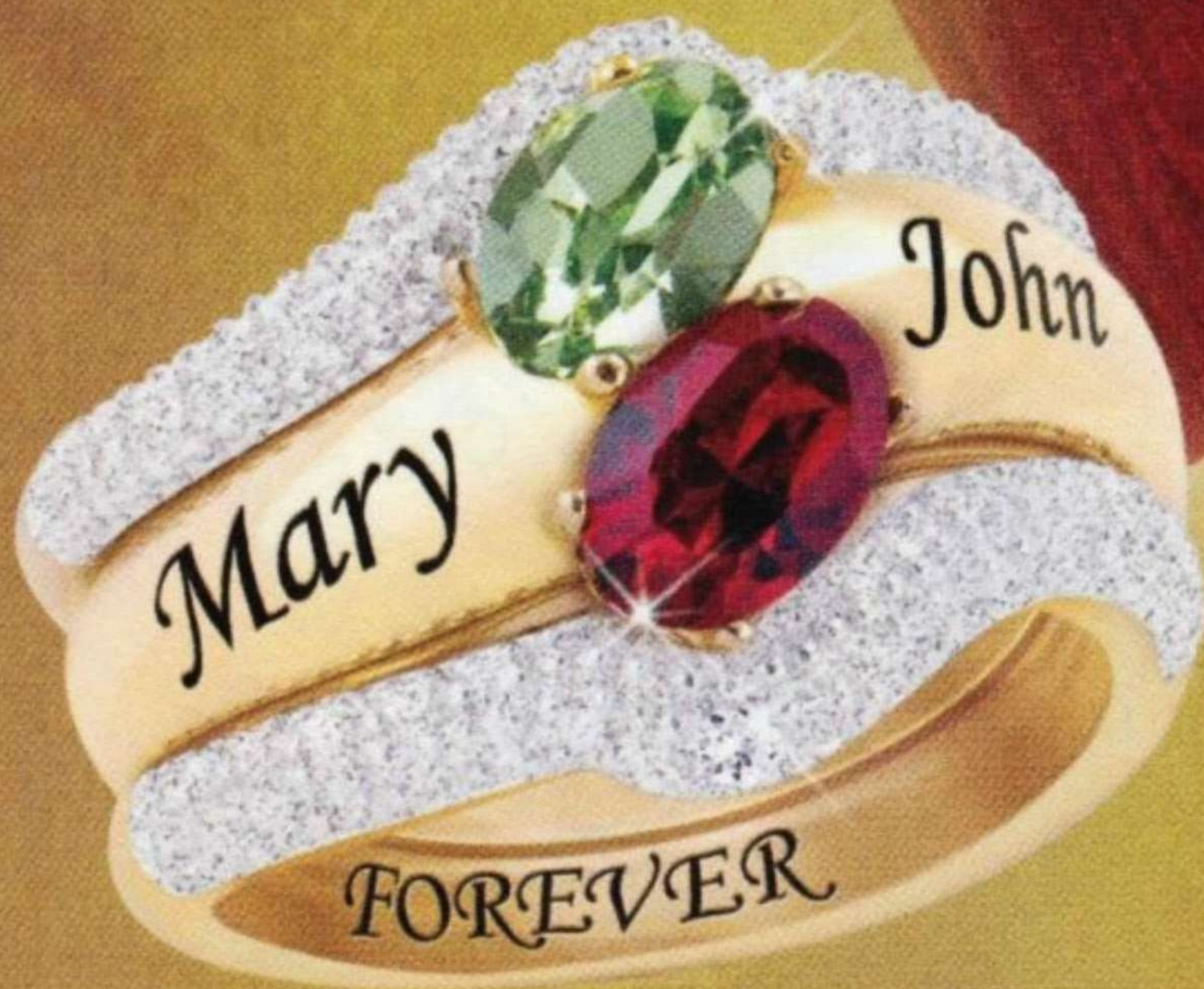
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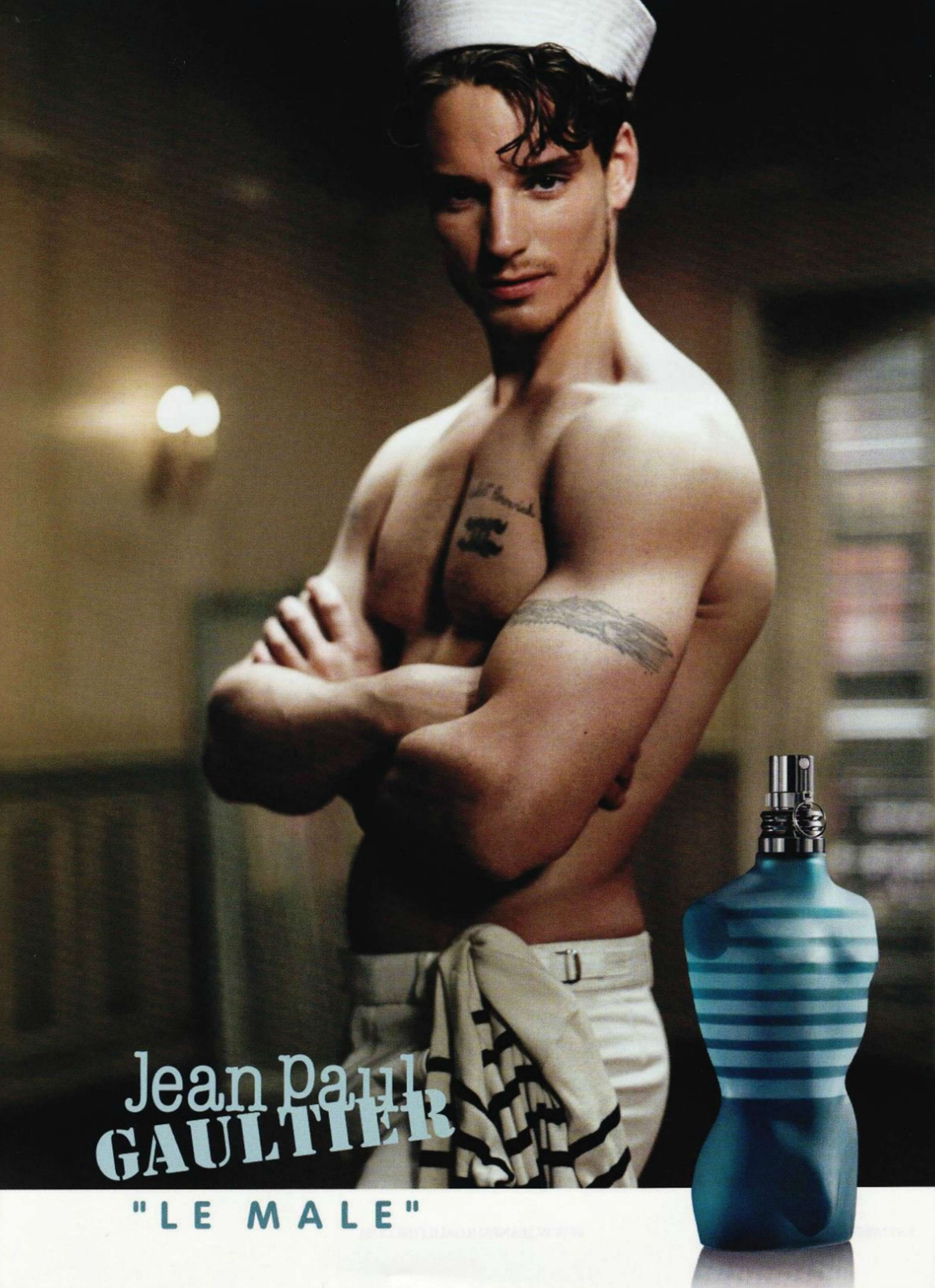
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